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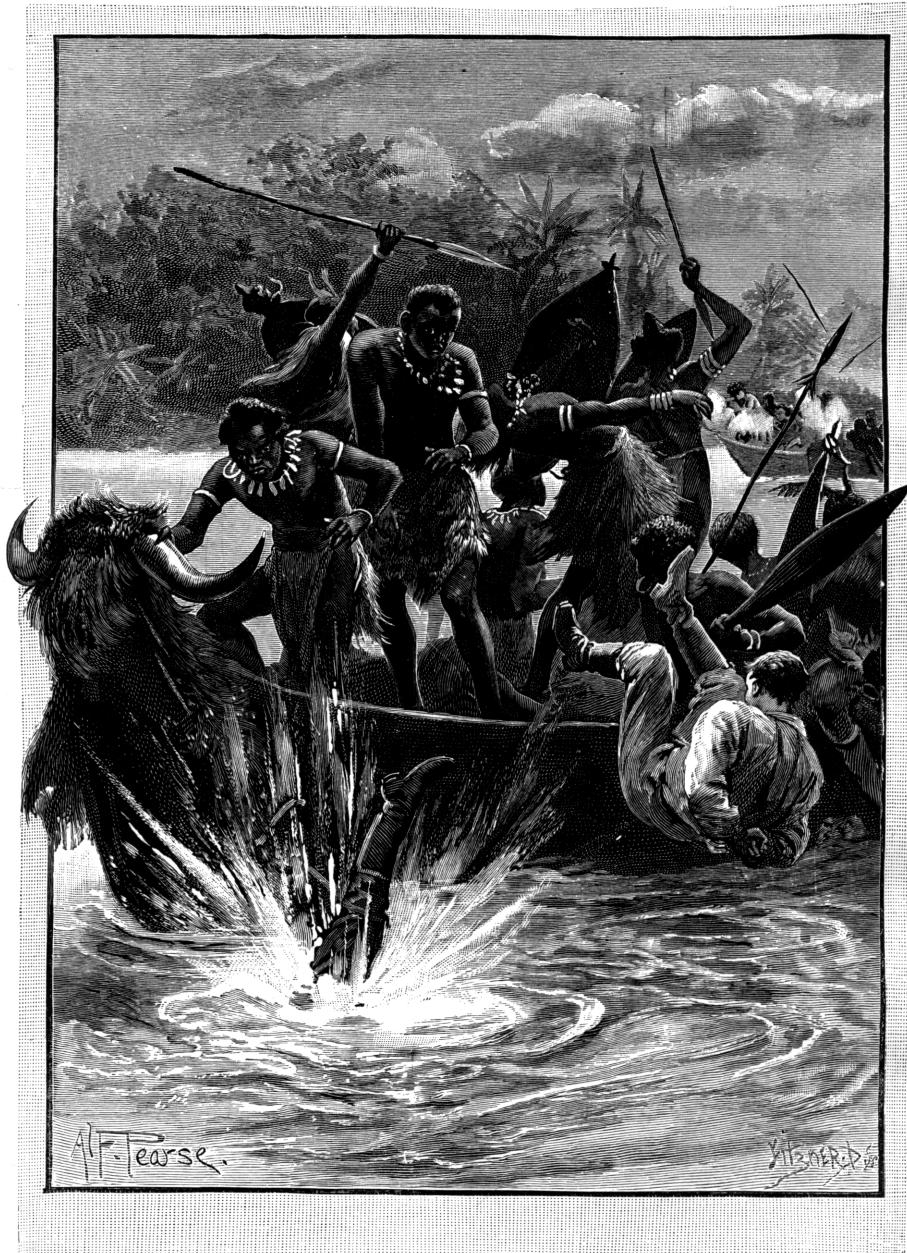
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“THE SWAZIS FLUNG US INTO THE SWAMP.”

See page 131.)

Gleams from the Dark Continent.

II.—THE WIZARD OF SWAZI SWAMP.

By CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

I.

ONGUES of silvery water ran in and lapped the rock-strewn beach of an island on which we were encamped some weeks after our adventure at the strange City of Kor. In order to rest our Wadigo followers after a dreary march, we had constructed some boats of bark, and crossed the lake with the intention of remaining several days upon the thickly-wooded island.

On the second night after our arrival it fell to the turn of Kass to keep watch, and, wishing to consult him on some matter, I joined the Wadigo. For some time afterwards we stood together, silently looking across the great sweep of waters, studded as they were with massy scarlet and white flowers, which raised their cup-like blossoms above the rippling surface of the lake. Suddenly Kass,

prow cleaving the waters, while the paddles were swiftly plied. Watching it closely in the light of the moon and yellow lantern stars, we saw that its sole occupant was a woman.

“What can she be out upon the lake alone for at night?” I asked Kass, glancing into the Wadigo’s face.

He returned no answer to my question, for, at that moment, the woman’s keen eyes caught sight of us as we stood watching her. Then, to our surprise, she rose in the canoe and seemed to beckon us. Again she grasped the paddles, and, uttering a cry of entreaty, she turned her frail vessel towards a narrow inlet, after entering which she leapt upon the low, rocky bank, and immediately afterwards flung herself prostrate before us.

Kass gently raised her, and while I looked curiously at the woman, he endeavoured to learn from her why she had so strangely



“SHE FLUNG HERSELF PROSTRATE BEFORE US.”

whose peculiar dialect had become familiar, laid his hand upon my shoulder and pointed warningly to a dark speck upon the water.

“See!” he whispered; “there; something moves upon the lake.”

Nearer and nearer the object came, until at last we knew it to be a canoe, as we saw the

sought us out. From the many rows of shells which covered the garment of goat-skin she wore, as well as from a bracelet of teeth adorning her right arm, I judged that the woman belonged to a tribe which Kass had recently described to us. Her features, however, were cast in a different mould, for in

spite of the two huge tiger's teeth which disfigured her ears, the woman seemed to represent a rather refined tribe of Africans. Her half-clothed, and somewhat slender, form was surmounted by a fine, shapely head, while her skin was olive in hue, rendering prominent the intense black colour of her thick, clustering hair. I noticed, too, that Kass, after addressing her in the Wadigo dialect, quickly changed it for another of which I knew nothing. After a few minutes had elapsed the Wadigo turned to me and asked:—

“Would the White Chiefs care to go on a journey to save a man's life?”

“Where do you want us to go, and when?” I said, answering his question with another.

“Where, I know not,” he replied; “yet if the moon departs before ye reach the place, then shall ye be too late.”

“Then I can promise nothing, Kass,” I answered; “but come, I will wake the other White Chief, and then you must explain what it is that this woman seeks.”

We moved away together to where the rude huts which our Wadigo followers had constructed were situated, and hastily rousing Denviers and Hassan, our Arab, we held a hurried consultation. From what Kass said, every minute was of importance, since we had some distance to cover if we agreed to make the adventure. We could get no clear idea from the woman's words as to what was required of us. She had somehow heard that we were encamped upon the island, and, having a very exaggerated opinion of white men and their prowess, she wildly besought us to launch a canoe and make for a spot she would point out.

“Rather a queer request to make, certainly,” commented Denviers to me, aside. “This woman evidently supposes that because we are white, instead of black, we have charmed lives.”

“Kass tells me that her name is Mwicha. She declares that our Snakes are good,” I replied, with a smile; “meaning, I suppose, that we are kindly protected by Fate from assegai thrusts. Shall we go?”

“We may as well,” he answered. “If a chance occurs on the way, we must try to learn from the woman what the object of our journey is to be, and, above all, we had better take our rifles with us.”

Leaving Hassan in charge of the camp, as we usually did, we quickly launched one of our bark canoes. The Arab watched our craft depart, little knowing under what circumstances we should see our faithful guide again. The woman sat in the stern,

Kass in the prow of the canoe, while Denviers and I used the flat paddles with a will.

Crossing the lake, we kept in the shadow of the trees which fringed the mainland, and so, for an hour or more, our frail canoe was thrust rapidly forward. Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by a great sound, the like of which, previous to that hour, we had not heard during our expedition across the Dark Continent. Mwicha, the native woman, bent forward and grasped my hands; understanding her movement, I ceased paddling, Denviers at once following my example. I heard the ripple of the water against the prow of the canoe as the latter went on some yards without being propelled, then again all was silent, till once more the place resounded with the noise which we had heard before.

Taking a paddle from Denviers's hand, Kass pressed the blade upon the bank, and then the four of us landed when the canoe lay alongside. Noiselessly we advanced, breast deep in reeds and rank herbage, till we saw before us a clear space, beyond which the trees rose once more.

“Down, Harold, down!” whispered Denviers to me, hastily. “Look!”

We stooped at once and became motionless, then, glancing ahead, we saw whence the noise had come, and its cause. Down at the water's edge we saw a lioness and a whelp, while standing as guard over them was the male, his head being turned towards us as he grandly woke the echoes of the wilds about him. With the instinct of hunters, we raised our rifles. In a moment the woman, Mwicha, grasped mine by the barrel with one hand as she raised the other warningly and pointed towards the stem of a huge tree opposite, muttering something unintelligible into my ear as she did so.

“Wait and watch,” so Kass explained her words. “We are in time at the Place of the Lions. Perhaps the lion may slay instead; who knows?”

Something moved from behind the tree which faced us, whereupon the lioness, quick to take alarm, seized the whelp in her mouth and dashed into cover, springing almost upon us as she went past. The male turned his head and faced the spot where a slight rustling had occurred—then, armed with a great shield of hide and a single assegai, there came forth a man who deliberately faced the angry beast.

A strange, weird-looking being he was at whom we glanced. His hair, which was almost white, owing probably to his extreme age, hung down to his waist in matted dis-

order ; while surmounting it he wore a curious head-dress. The latter, like the apron which fell from his loins, was made of jackal skins, while fastened upon it were numerous beads and curious charms. Although his back was bent and his black skin was shrivelled upon his long, attenuated limbs, he turned a fierce and malignant glance upon the infuriated animal, which showed that he, at least, did not fear the result of the approaching combat.

"Nyoko, the great King's wizard !" the woman muttered. "First the lion then the man will he slay, that the King may live ! Would that blunt were his assegai and blind his eyes, that his naked feet might slip in his own life-stream, and the moon light up the lion feasting on his quivering flesh !"

"A very amiable wish, certainly," commented Denviers to me, as Kass explained its meaning ; "to me it looks remarkably as if Nyoko, the distorted savage opposite, has the chance of a speedy release from life, unless when he seems to be getting the worst of it we can shoot the lion. Look !" He stopped ; for the strange combat between man and brute had begun.

With one tremendous spring the lion was upon him ; but Nyoko, the wizard, agilely slipped aside, quickly turning to face his foe in an instant. With his shield held so that it almost covered his body, the wizard peered over the top of it, holding his assegai ready. At him the lion sprang again, and a second time the wizard's skill stood him good

service in his need. Then, as the brute went by, Nyoko thrust hard at it with his assegai, but missed his mark. Retreating quickly a few yards, he waited for the attack once more. I almost betrayed our presence as I gave a sharp, though low, cry at what followed, for so far as we then knew, the natives were possibly watching the contest concealed by the trees before us, although, as we afterwards discovered, it was not so. Bounding through the air, the lion struck the wizard's shield a tremendous blow with its paws. Down to the earth the man went, covered by his shield of hide, as the maddened beast crashed heavily upon him. Then to our astonishment, just as we covered the brute with our rifles, Nyoko, raising his head and arm, suddenly lunged upward and nearly buried his assegai in the lion's body. A dull roar of mingled wrath and mortal pain seemed to shake the ground on which we stood, then we saw the wizard extricate himself from beneath the shield on which the lifeless body of the lion fell, and rising, he bent over his defeated foe, straining with his two hands to tug out the assegai.

We watched the wizard curiously, as he deftly stripped the skin from his slain enemy, then, throwing the trophy upon his arm, seized his shield and struck rapidly into the gloom of the forest trees before us. I turned hastily to Denviers and asked :—

"Shall we follow him ?"

Before my companion could reply, however, Mwicha, the native woman, who seemed to grasp the meaning of my words, motioned to where our canoe was fastened, and pointed there silently, as if our way must be upon the lake. Kass moved off immediately in the direction indicated, and knowing the value of his guidance in places so unknown as that, we at once followed him. Entering the



"THE WIZARD PEERED OVER THE TOP OF HIS SHIELD."

canoe, we forced it rapidly but cautiously forward. After a while we found ourselves coasting along a swampy part of the mainland, which, for some distance inland, the waters of the lake inundated. With considerable difficulty the canoe was paddled up a shallow arm of the lake, until beyond the swamp the ground lay high as we passed on, with a scanty fringe of trees lining either bank, which broadened out farther on into dense forest land.

"Stay!" cried Mwicha, suddenly. "When the wizard is seen to pass we must follow afoot," and accordingly we waited.

"Kass," said Denviers to our Wadigo, who had changed his position in the canoe in order to converse with Mwicha, "why have we been brought here?"

"Soon shall ye know," the Wadigo answered, "for we are past the dreaded swamp of Swazi, and Mwicha has told me why she seeks our aid. Strange is the reason; stranger still what ye shall see and hear. Listen, then!"

II.

"I AM not of the tribe that Swazi, King of the land which bears his name, has rule over, although in the hut of one of his chiefs of late have I lived," began Kass, repeating the words which Mwicha, the native woman, had used. "As many as the leaves of the forest are the young men of Swazi, whose spears and assegais are early washed in the blood of their foes. So feared are they, that the tribes dwelling about the lake to meet them in battle dare not, for their strength bends and breaks when Swazi shields crash against theirs, as they follow the chiefs who lead them on. So it comes about that, in fear, many tribes have owned Swazi's rule, and sent great presents to him that he may let them live, nor blot them out, as often they fear he will do.

"Among the tribes whom Swazi once reduced was that of the Wanas, which held out longest against him, but their King being slain, at last they yielded, and Swazi named Chika, a young chief, as their headsman under him. Much as the latter wished to shake off Swazi's yoke he could not, for the Wanas became like children; they ceased to point their assegais, nor longer slew the great forest beasts that their skins might become hard and tough for the making of shields of hide. So Swazi, who knew these things, was glad, and as the men of this conquered tribe became many, some of them he took as slaves and others he sold to the Arabs, who, as ye know, ever deal in such wares. Heavier and heavier, harder

and harder to bear, became the tribute paid to Swazi, who at last sent a chief, saying that Chika was disloyal, and calling upon the tribe to slay him. He demanded, too, that every head of cattle within the land where the Wanas dwelt should be driven into his, Swazi's, country, that he might share them among his own people.

"Chika, the chief of the Wanas, listened in silence to the demand for his death and the spoliation of his tribe, till the chief who brought the hard request had concluded it.

"'Go now,' he said; 'tell Swazi, your great King, that in three days he shall be answered.'

"'Swazi will not wait; he needs at once the Wanas' answer,' cried the other.

"'May I not live even three days?' asked Chika. 'Leave me, lest I have thee speared! My message to Swazi has been spoken.'

"Then the chief returned to Swazi. While gathering the men and women of the Wana tribe about him upon the plain where now is the great swamp, but which then was dry, Chika stood before them, spear in hand, and told of Swazi's demand.

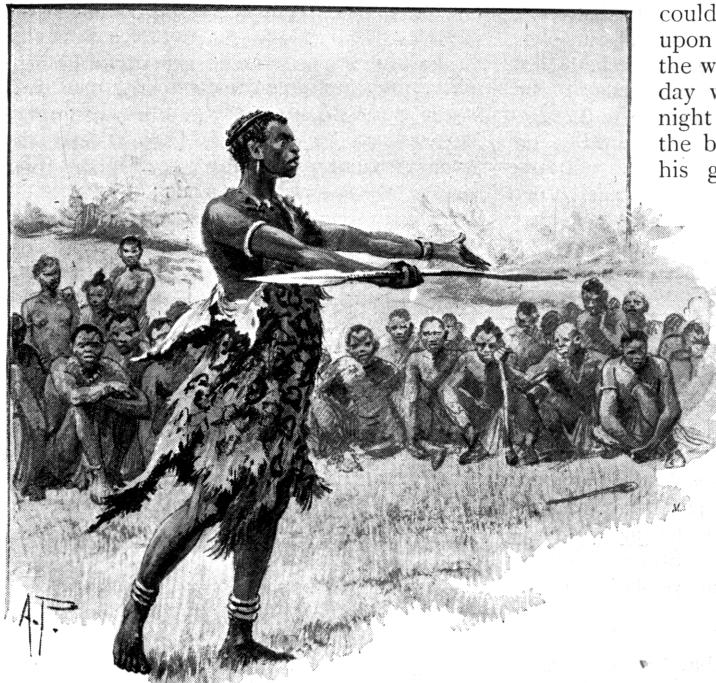
"'Ye Wana slaves,' he cried, 'how long will ye be bought and sold like dull herds of cattle, without resisting Swazi's demands? Whose hut has not lost one that he has asked for, and ye have given? Day after day ye work the ground, ye, who should leave such toil to women, and fit spear and assegai to your hands. Yet once, by Swazi's tribe, was feared the bare name of Wanas, whom then great chiefs led on. So low are ye sunk that Swazi asks for your cattle—he thinks they will sell to traders for more than ye do. Still, he remembers that once ye were men; and fearing again ye may be, he seeks to slay me, lest turning at last upon the oppressor with me, ye blot out each one of his tribe.'

"Then Chika, holding out to those about him the heavy spear he gripped, continued:

"'Spear me, spear me, ye Wanas, that, unlike ye, I may die as a man should!'

"No one took the proffered spear, and Chika, glancing at them, saw that they were slowly kindling with the fire of his words and gestures.

"'Worse things yet shall come upon ye than ye suffer now like cattle!' he went on; 'for when the tribes about shall want a word to mean a great coward, they shall call the one they taunt a *Wana*, and tell how Swazi blotted ye out. Are ye so afraid, ye who are the sons of chiefs? Chika, the one left to ye by your King, who fell in battle, asks will ye slay or be slain? If your tongues are



"SPEAR ME, YE WANAS!"

heavy with fear and ye cannot lift them to answer, let your women speak and say, which shall it be?"

"We will slay!" the Wanases cried, hoarsely, as they wildly flung up their hands in assent to Chika's words.

"Then back to your huts," the chief cried: "night and day shall ye work to make shields and assegais as best ye can, for in three days the men of Swazi shall know that the Wanases, smitten too sorely, have turned at last!"

"Throughout the tribe that night the making and fitting of weapons went on. When day dawned, the Wanases slew their cattle, drying the steaming hides quickly in the sun, to turn them into shields. At last Swazi, receiving not the cattle nor the dead body of Chika, sent a band of braves into the Wanases' territory. Of these but one returned to his tribesmen to tell them how the Wanases had risen and slain those who had gone there with him against them.

"Then Swazi sharpened his spears and assegais, and led his remaining warriors, who were as many as are the ants of a hill, against the revolted tribe.

"All that day, shield to shield, hand to hand, spear splintering spear, they fought—yea, they slew and were slain in turn, till the grey grass grew scarlet, and the earth

could not sop up the pools upon it, which were as red as the waters of the lake are each day when the sun is lost and night comes on. Ah! Chika, the brave chief, was slain, and his great men also; yet the

Wanases fought grimly on; yea, here and there a woman seized spear or assegai, as fitted her hand, and thrust at the swarming foes. On came Swazi's men, still on, till not one man of the Wanases was living—and then Swazi won! Next the great King bade his braves finish their work, and women and children, too, were blotted out. Left for dead among a heap of slain, I—for Kass still narrated the woman's story as if she told it—"yea, I

crawled out and looked sadly upon the great plain. Even then the foul beasts that prowl were gorging upon those of my hut and tribe, who were too blind to see the wound which a Swazi spear had given me—for of all, I alone lived! Then into a hut I crept to wait the day, knowing not where to go, for the tribes about would not receive me, lest Swazi slew them because of it.

"The sun was up; I rose, struck into the forest, and there was seized by a body of braves sent by Swazi to burn the huts of the slain.

"Why does a Wana still live?" cried one, and lifting his spear, he thrust it down at me as others held me fast. The point had touched me, when a young chief of Swazi thrust upward the descending spear, exclaiming:—

"Spear her not. As I am Swazi's favourite chief, the woman is fair!"

"His words were listened to, and when the braves returned to Swazi's territory, the young chief sought in turn that his deeds in battle should be rewarded by the great King. Asked what he wished, he begged a hut for me, and that I should become one of the tribe. Gladly I agreed, but Swazi, the King, at first would not. Yet were the words of the young chief smooth, and because of the

many he had slain, Swazi heard him and consented.

"Not long after this, Swazi went forth to spear lions in the land where now is the swamp and once the Wanas dwelt. At night he lay down to rest where the battle had been, of which ye have heard. Strange things saw he, and in dread, he called upon Nyoko, the wizard, to explain what they might mean. Nyoko, who had much power over Swazi and desired more, soon stood before the great King.

"'Say on, great Swazi,' he cried; 'first must thy slave hear what thou didst see, that he may tell what thou shalt see.' Then did Swazi speak strange words:—

"'Nyoko, Ruler of the Rains and Maker of Charms to thy King, listen: It was night; the moon was up; among the reeds swashed the waters of the lake; beasts that love not

when suddenly a woman lifted a spear and thrust at me. I felt no wound, yet strange it was, for in that hour I seemed to grow old; my arm failed; down dropped both spear and shield. My warriors who saw this ceased to fight, and lo! the Wanas, even they conquered my Swazi host. They smote them with assegais; thrust them through with spears; dragged them down with their hands as the wind flings down great trees. Then the waters of the lake came up and covered the land, so that I was forced for life to retreat. I made my way from the battle and sought for a place to die in, when, know that I stumbled. Looking down, I saw one of my braves. I bent and turned his body over to count the wounds upon his breast, and to see if I knew his face. He was not dead, for, lo! he rose and faced me! Then I asked why he lived when his tribe



"HE ROSE AND FACED ME."

day prowled; no wind shook the leaves; tired, I slept. Suddenly a sound woke me, a sound ever sweet to the ears of Swazi—the crash of shields and the whirring of assegais. Listening, I heard the cries of braves speared to death; the shouts of men trampling down men; the screams of some thrust into the lake and drowning. Quickly I rose, seized shield and spear and hastened to battle. There I saw the Wanas in thousands, fighting against my own braves. Into the thick of the struggle I went and fought all through that night: Wana spears splintered against my shield in vain. At last my warriors seemed to win,

had been beaten in battle, and he answered me strangely.

"'Not dead are the men of Swazi,' he cried; 'surely they live to do thy will to the last, great King!'"—and he pointed to where lay those who had gone with me to spear the wild beasts. Again I touched a Swazi brave; he also rose, and wondered why I awoke him. Hear me, Nyoko, to whom many things are known. I fought not in a dream, I say, for my eyes saw Wana and Swazi braves contending, and truly did I lead on my own men. Yet long ago it is since we blotted out the Wanas; were the men I saw then alive that

strange night? Say, Wizard of Swazi, what can this mean?

"Now, Nyoko, the wizard, glanced at Swazi's shield and spear, and saw that they were bloodless. One enemy he had who laughed at his spells and charms, the young chief Alli, who had taken me to his hut. So Nyoko planned to deceive the King, and at the same time to bring trouble upon his enemy.

"A great and a hard task is it to find out the meaning of what thou didst see, great Swazi," he answered: "yet in three days will Nyoko, thy slave, discover its meaning!"

"So back to rule his tribe went Swazi, while Nyoko plucked simples and took strange charms by which to learn what the great King would know. These he cast into a fire, and after watching the strange shapes which the smoke took, he went to Swazi and said:—

"Know, great Swazi, what thou wishest clear, is so. When the Wanas were slain, did all die? Not so; for a woman of the tribe has been permitted to dwell among us. She it was who appeared to thrust a spear at thee that dreadful night, when dead braves woke to fight in battle again. A spell is upon thee, great King, and thou shalt grow old even in a year unless it be removed. No Wana woman could bring this about; but she has taught one of thy chiefs to do evil to thee, for perhaps he longs to rule the tribe when thou art gone. Say, great Swazi, who can this chief be?"

Swazi understood, yet because he knew that Alli had killed many of his foes, he would not listen to Nyoko's counsel to slay him. Then it happened that a great storm swept the lake, so that its waters broke the banks and made the swamp which is even now before us. Again went Nyoko to the King, pretending that Alli's spell had caused this.

"Lo!" he cried, "what I saw in the smoke was true, for the swamp which came about thee, Swazi, one night, is now real. Where thou didst see the warriors fight, have the waters come. Are Nyoko's words wrong, then? Do not the men of the Swazi tribe say to each other, that every day their King becomes more bent? Hear me before it is too late, and let Nyoko cast the spell from thee."

Swazi was startled when he heard that the men of his tribe thought him old, for among them the elders are slain, that none may have to hunt to get them food—even so die their Kings. So Swazi bade the wizard

say how he could avoid death, which none save Nyoko had done through the whole Swazi tribe.

"Great Swazi, hear me," answered Nyoko. "He who has bewitched thee is one of thy four great chiefs—it may not even be Alli, but that I cannot tell. At the Place of the Lions, great beasts have been seen many nights. Call the Swazis together this night and build the test fire, as is done in our tribe. I, alone, will slay a lion and bring its skin and head as the men are waiting thy words. To each of the four will I give a tooth from the lion and with it a charm. Those who have not bewitched thee need not fear aught, for thrusting their gifts into the fire, they will smoulder away. He who holds this spell upon thee need fear alone, for the charm will betray him by its flare. Let thy warriors seize him and spear him—so wilt thou live many years and carry a shield to battle. Yet, if my words thou wilt not hear, the Swazi tribe will be blotted out, even as thou didst so strangely see, for without thee who can lead them to win battles and spear their foes?"

"So Swazi has gathered his men about a fire in the forest, and they wait for Nyoko to carry to them the spoil of the lion and his charms. Whose portion think ye will flare save that of Alli, in whose hut I dwell? Will ye not save the chief I love? Nyoko fears the waters of the swamp, or would have come the way I brought ye—"

Kass stopped suddenly. We had no time to think of the danger that such an enterprise might bring us, for the Swazi woman at that moment left the boat, and concealed by a tree from Nyoko's view, pointed out the wizard, even then on his way to the tribe.

"Come!" she cried. And gripping our rifles we followed her as she cautiously led the way through the dense forest.

III.

NYOKO, the wizard, who little suspected that he was being followed by us, kept on his way steadily for an hour or more, when the rude huts of the Swazi tribe were seen to rise up before us. Keeping under cover, we advanced until we came to a clearing, where we saw a number of Swazi's men gathered about a fire, as the woman had declared. No sooner did Nyoko appear than the braves beat their spears upon their shields and loudly cried out the wizard's name. Cautiously we drew nearer still, until we could distinguish the great King himself, who stood so that the glare of the glowing

wood lit up his face distinctly. Nyoko had evidently persuaded him that his strength was really failing him, for, although he was scarcely of middle age, the King leaned heavily upon a spear as he glanced into the wizard's face when the latter approached.

The braves drew to left and right as Nyoko advanced, and then we saw that four of them carried neither shield nor spear, while the rest glanced at them curiously as the wizard fronted the King.

"See!" cried Nyoko, as he held up the tawny hide, to which the head still adhered; "great Swazi, the lion is slain!"

The wizard flung his trophy on the ground at the King's feet; then, with the point of a spear, he dug out four of the lion's teeth. These he placed each in a small bundle of herbs, whereupon the King harangued the tribe, evidently explaining to his braves the purpose for which they were assembled. Kass explained to us his concluding words as the braves caught them up and cried:—

"Yea, the innocent shall live, the guilty shall die!"

We watched the wizard as he approached the four unarmed braves and gave to each man his portion; then, standing beside the King, he waited for them to come forward to essay the strange test. We saw the first approach and fling his share upon the glowing wood. A great wave of anxiety passed over the brave's face, as he waited in fear the result. Beyond a little smoke, nothing came from the fire, and those who favoured him at once raised a cry of satisfaction that he was not doomed to die. The second of the four next threw in his portion; he, too, escaped. Then Alli, the third of the unarmed braves, stood out. A great-limbed fellow he seemed, as he approached the fire and, without a quiver of his muscles, flung down his portion. Scornfully

he glanced into the wizard's face as, in a second, the fire leapt up with a great flame of scarlet that flung its light upon the trees around.

"Seize him!" cried Nyoko, pointing to the brave as he spoke: "Alli it is who has bewitched the King! As ye are Swazi's men and braves, seize the evil one; seize him, I say, and spear him!"

The guilt of Alli seemed to be at once accepted as proved by the others, for several of them ran forward and threw themselves upon the Swazi. Two of them he dashed to the ground with stunning blows, as they closed with him, but he was immediately overpowered. Forcing his arms behind him, the braves held him while Nyoko himself advanced, poising a great spear. Raising it in both hands he drew the weapon back above his head, the captive scorning to appeal to the King even for his life. Then, to our dismay, Mwicha, the woman who had led us there, dashed out from where we were concealed and caught from behind the wizard's arms before he could crunch the spear into the body of his enemy! At once



"HE DREW THE WEAPON BACK ABOVE HIS HEAD."

she was dragged away, while Nyoko again raised his spear, when Denviers, hastily levelling his rifle, fired at the wizard. Nyoko flung up his arms apart, then with the spear still gripped in one hand, he fell heavily forward at the feet of the brave whose death he had so subtly planned !

"Look out, we are in for it this time," cried Denviers to me as the Swazis turned and poured quickly down upon us. We beat them off with the butts of our rifles, clubbing them as they gathered about us, Kass doing all that he could to help us in that one-sided combat.

"Why are ye here?" asked Swazi, when we were overpowered and dragged before him. Kass gave a reply which, as we expected, failed to appease Swazi.

"How came ye here?" continued the King. Kass explained that we had entered his territory by way of the swamp.

"Then by way of the swamp shall ye die ; so too shall the one ye came to save, since Nyoko is slain," he answered. At a sign from the King we were thrust from his presence, shut up in a mud hut, and closely guarded till day, when we were hurried through the forest by the way we came until the waters of the swamp stretched before us. Passing along its marshy side for some distance, the Swazis led us to a spot where several peculiarly-built boats were made fast to some upright stakes. The largest of these had paddles for about twenty men ; its prow stood high out of the water, and this was adorned with a pair of buffalo horns, the skin of the slain animal hanging down loosely in front. Into this boat we were forced and held down by some of the braves, while the rest paddled vigorously forward to the middle of the swamp.

The boat then stopped, and the Swazis began to lash our limbs fast together with thongs of hide, intending, we supposed, to throw us into the swamp to drown—when, suddenly, one of the braves raised an excited cry and pointed across the lake. We caught the sound of paddles striking the water, but before we could free ourselves, as we struggled to keep the Swazis from binding us, we heard the welcome voice of Hassan loudly urging on our Wadigo followers, whose bark canoes

soon surrounded the boat in which we were held fast. Failing to keep them at bay, the Swazis flung us into the swamp and succeeded in getting their boat clear and away. With a few swift strokes of their paddles, the Swazis shot forward fifty yards or more ahead of the pursuing Wadigos.

"Call to our men to return, Hassan," said Denviers, when we had been pulled into our faithful guide's boat ; and the Arab most reluctantly did so.

Once more we struck across the swamp, then our canoes shot across the waters of the lake as we made for our island retreat.

"The sahibs have been successful, after all," said Hassan, in his grave way ; "they have saved the one in whose cause they set out." The Arab, as he spoke, pointed to a canoe close to ours, and there we saw Alli, the young Swazi chief, who had been flung into the swamp with us.

"Why, surely that is Mwicha by his side," I exclaimed, as I caught sight of the woman's face, wondering how the one who had led us to the chief's rescue came there.

"Yes, sahib," answered Hassan ; "she heard that ye three were to be drowned in the swamp at day, and so for a second time she stole from the Swazi tribe and made for the island. Hearing how badly it fared with the sahibs, Hassan, the latchet of their shoes, manned the canoes with Wadigos, and waited for the Swazis to attempt their evil deed. Allah and Mahomet prospered us—the rest, the sahibs know."

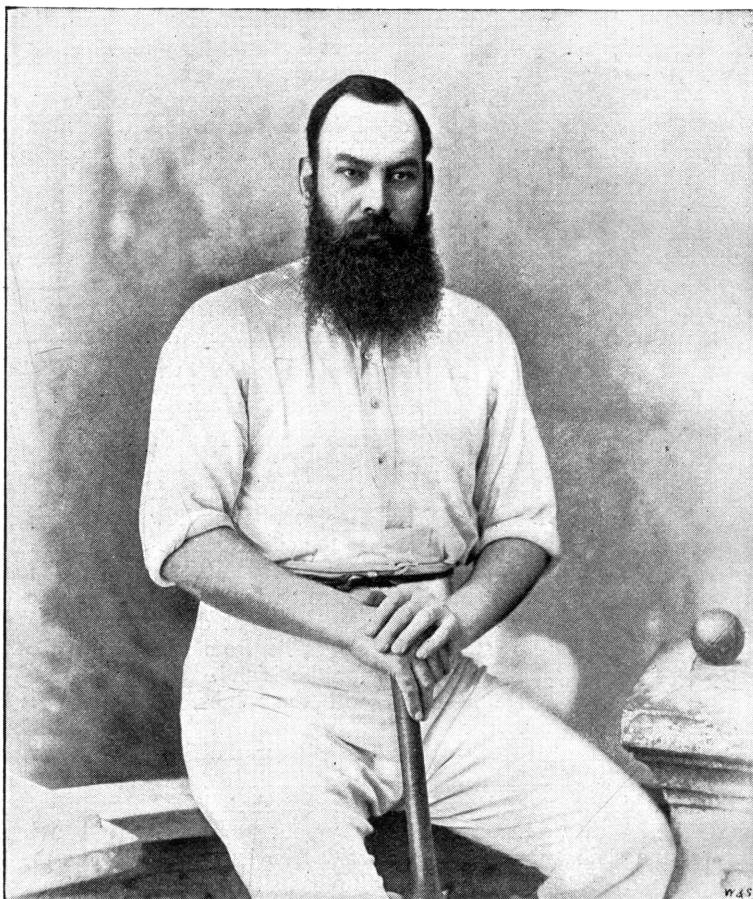
"Your promptness saved our lives, Hassan," said Denviers, glancing into the Arab's face. "What shall we do with these two : Alli, the young chief, and Mwicha, his bride ?"

"Let them journey with us at present, sahib," Hassan answered ; "for we must start at once, lest Swazi may make an attack upon us."

We changed our clothing, sodden with water and slime from the great Swazi swamp, then, having rested for a few hours, set out once more. Less than a week after, we entered the territory of a friendly tribe, to the King of which we made presents of cloth, and he, in return, allowed Alli and Mwicha to have a hut among those of his own people.

Illustrated Interviews.

NO. XLII.—MR. W. G. GRACE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.



From a Photo, by

MR. W. G. GRACE.

[Hawkins, Brighton.]

W.G.



THROUGHOUT the extent of the British Empire, be it north, south, east, or west, more this season, perhaps, than in any other, has the name of Mr. William Gilbert Grace become a household word. Be it peer or peasant, all unite in doing homage to the hero of a hundred "centuries"—the man who has done more to further the progress of the grand old English game than any other man of this or any other time; and, although he reached the age of forty-seven in July last (a period when a cricketer is generally supposed to become superfluous upon the field), Mr. Grace is yet the man who is considered the most dangerous of any side, not alone by our English teams, but by visitors from the Antipodes. No matter what the ground

may be, hard or soft, when the champion walks to his place at the wickets, who is to say when he will be again sent back to the pavilion?

And this is the position which he has occupied since so long ago as 1866, when, at the age of eighteen, he set the cricket world a-wondering by his innings of 224 not out, for England *versus* Surrey. From then until now he has stood head and shoulders above all other contemporary batsmen; he has seen younger blood infused into the county teams, and go again, yet he is now capable of as much endurance upon the grassy sward as any.

But the place he holds in first-class cricket may, perhaps, be shown best by a brief *résumé* of his performances on the pitch. In 1866 he was at the head of the batting

averages, then being, as already mentioned, but eighteen years of age, a feat which has probably been accomplished by no other player. In 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1876, 1877, 1879, and 1880 he occupied the same position, and then, taking no account of his performances during the intervening seasons, this year we find him only deposed from what may be best described as the premiership amongst wielders of the willow for a single fortnight until the end of June, when he possessed an average of 83.50 for twenty innings, while he had scored 1,000 runs before the season had become a month old. In 1868 his best average was 65 per innings, 57 in 1869, 54 in 1870, 78 in 1871, 57 in 1872, 71 in 1873, 53 in 1874, 62 in 1876, 43 in 1885, and 54 in 1887. To calculate the number of runs he has scored during all these years would be an impossible task, yet it would be well within the mark if we place the number at 70,000, and to-day he is playing as consistent a game as at any period of his career. Well, indeed, may one of the verses of an earlier song be repeated:—

There's a name which will live for ever and aye,
In the true-born cricketer's mind—
A name which is loudly re-echoed to-day,
And borne on the wings of the wind.
Britannia may gladly be proud of her sons,
Since who is more famous than he,
The stalwart compiler of thousands of runs,
"Leviathan" W. G. ?*

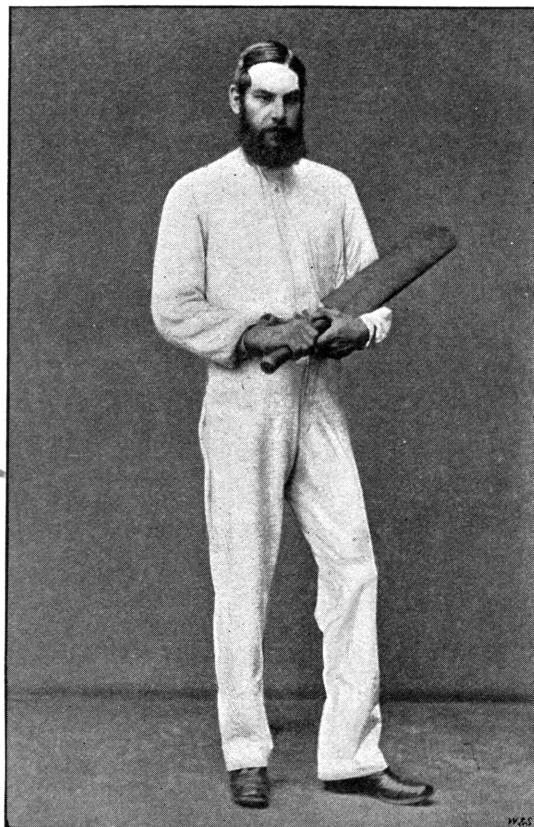
From the figures which have already been quoted, it may be rightly judged that Mr. Grace in reality inaugurated high and rapid

scoring in cricket. In 1859, the highest average was the 30.21 of Mr. V. Walker. But how would these figures strike a critical observer of the play of to-day? And yet, feted and honoured on all sides, the Gloucestershire captain is as simple and unaffected at the present time as at the period when he was just commencing to be a power in first-class cricket.

I was fortunate enough to meet him as he stepped off the field at Lord's a few weeks back with the plaudits of the spectators, in recognition of his innings of 125 for the M.C.C. against Kent, yet ringing in the air. But with kindness and good-fellowship beaming from every line of his bronzed and bearded face, the champion grasped my hand with a grip which made me wince again, and acceded to my request for a few minutes' chat on past and present cricket. With the kindly "burr" of the west country

tongue lingering on every sentence, he told me how he was born at Downend, near Bristol, on July 18th, 1848, and, plunging at once into the thread of his story, went on to speak of the first match he recollects watching, at that time a wee lad of six, seated upon his father's knee.

"That was when I saw the All England Eleven play against Twenty-two of West Gloucestershire, at Bristol," he remarked, "and I remember that two or three of the elder players at that time wore tall hats. That, as I was telling you, was the first match I can remember seeing, but as years went on I believe that I was present at every match I possibly could get at. And all the time my brothers and myself were being



From a Photo. by] MR. W. G. GRACE AT 22. [Midwinter & Co.

coached by my uncle, Mr. Pocock, into the rudiments of the game.

"He was a great enthusiast in the game, you know, and taught us the correct style, and when I was old enough I used to play for the West Gloucestershire Club, of which my father was the manager. Unfortunately, however, we had no ground at Downtend, and had to play upon the common, about a mile away; but we lads when at home used to pitch our wickets in the orchard. That was where I first got a knowledge of the game.

"The first match I played in? Well, that was when I was nine years old, and I scored 3 not out. I played three more innings that year, I remember, and scored only another single. That wasn't exactly great, was it? Nor were my records exactly as I wished for the next few years. In 1858, I played six innings for 4 runs; 1859, nine innings for 12 runs; 1860, four innings for 82; 1861, ten innings for 46; and 1862, five innings for 53.

"But all this time, you must remember, I was still practising under Uncle Pocock's eye, while beyond cricket we boys also went in for the kite carriages, of which he was the inventor. Of course, this is really outside the game, but I may mention that we used to beat the carriages drawn by horses frequently, while on one occasion he raced and defeated the Duke of York's carriage on the London Road. That was his recreation, you know; but to get back to cricket again. I left school in 1863, and after a very severe illness I was placed under the charge of a tutor by my father. That season I played nineteen innings, and hit up 350 runs, being not out on six occasions, and securing an average of 26,



MR. W. G. GRACE'S FATHER.
Photo. by Midwinter & Co.



Photo. by
MR. W. G. GRACE'S MOTHER.
[Midwinter & Co.]

"By this time, as you may imagine, I was getting pretty well known as a cricketer in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and had scored 18 and 1 in the match Gentlemen of Gloucester *v.* Gentlemen of Devon. But it was not until '64 that I accomplished my first great performance. I was only fifteen at that time, mind you, but a big boy for my age, and playing for the Gentlemen of South Wales against the Gentlemen of Sussex made 170 and 56 not out, and took two wickets in the first innings. This success led to my being requested to play in the following year for the Gentlemen *v.* the Players both at Lords and the Oval. I did fairly well, but the first century I ever hit up in first-class cricket was made in 1866. England was playing Surrey, at the Oval, and, going in fifth for the former, I did not come out again until I had

made 224, and then was not out.

"Since then I have been playing continually in first-class cricket whenever I have been available and eligible, although at times

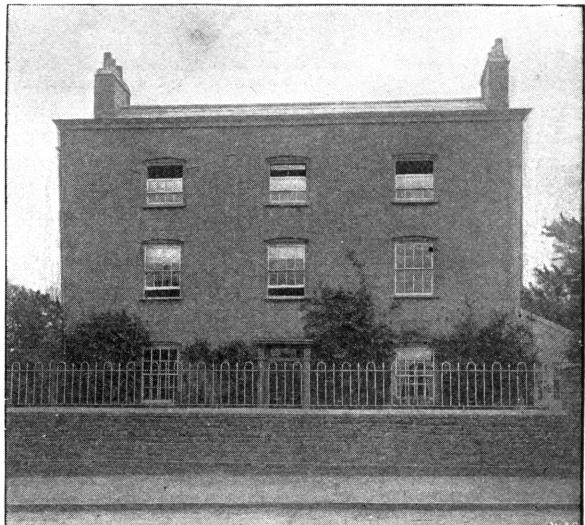


Photo. by

MR. W. G. GRACE'S BIRTHPLACE. [Midwinter & Co.]



THE CHESTNUTS, DOWNDEND—MR. GRACE'S FORMER RESIDENCE.
From a Photo. by Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.

my duties precluded all idea of my donning the flannels. In the field I used to prefer being placed at long leg, but I much prefer point now. Eighteen stone, for that is what I have weighed for a good many years past, is quite enough for me to carry when batting, and I can tell you I don't care for sprinting to the boundary in the attempt to save a four as much as I did in my younger days.

"What was my best year with the bat? Well (with a laugh) I have had so many that I almost forget, but I think you may be safe in saying that I was most successful in 1870. In that season I had 35 innings, scoring 2,739 runs, and having an average of 78 at the close.

With these figures you may perhaps think I had a little luck with the bowlers. But I don't think I had. I know I had to face J. C. Shaw, Alfred Shaw, Southerton, Martin McIntyre, and Wooton, and they were all good men.

"Then my best season with the ball, I think, was in 1867. I took 39 wickets at a cost of 6·21 each; in 1874 I secured 129 for 12; 1875, 192 for 12; and again in 1877 the same average, 179 for 12. My

highest innings, I may add, was that scored in 1876 against Twenty-two of Grimsby and District for a United South of England Eleven. When we went on the ground they grumbled because we had brought a weak



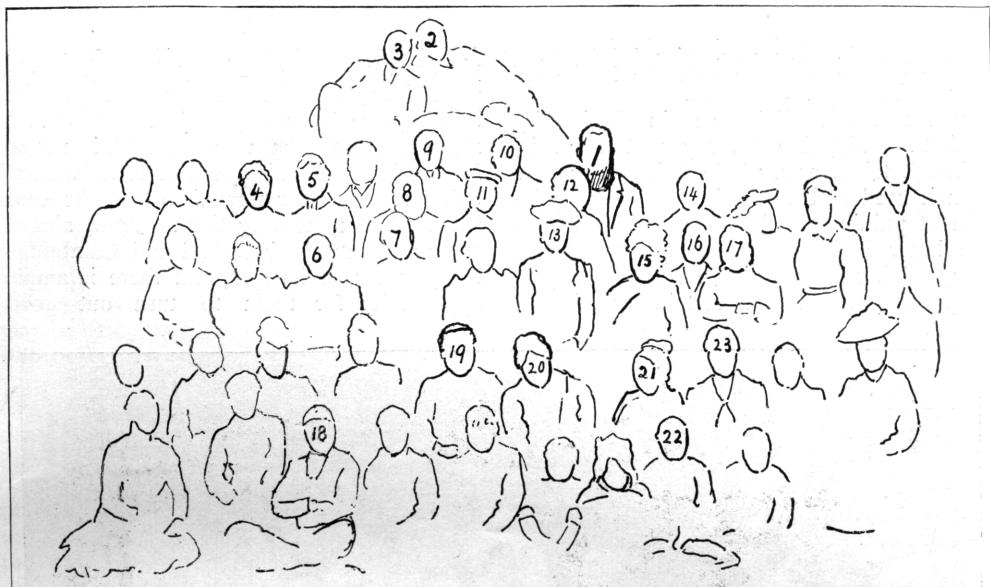
CRICKET GROUND AT THE CHESTNUTS, DOWNDEND, WHERE THE GRACES PLAYED CRICKET AS BOYS.
From a Photo. by Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.



From a Photo. by

THE GRACE FAMILY.

W.E.S.
[Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.
The persons in this group are 45 in number, and from Drs. Henry W. G., and E. M., downwards, to a very small child. They are all members of the family of celebrated cricketers. The photograph was taken on the occasion of a family picnic, which is an annual affair, and to which they invite no one but members of their own family.



SKELETON PLAN OF THE GRACE FAMILY.

1. W. G. Grace. 2. Alfie Grace (nephew). 3. Geo. Grace (nephew). 4. Mrs. E. M. Grace. 5. Mrs. Page (niece). 6. Miss Bessie Grace (daughter). 7. E. M. Grace (brother). 8. Alfd. Pocock. 9. W. G. Grace, jnr. 10. Gerald Grace (nephew). 11. Mrs. Bernard (sister). 12. Henry Grace (brother). 13. Mrs. W. G. Grace. 14. Dr. Skelton (brother-in-law). 15. Miss Fanny Grace (sister). 16. Alfd. Grace (brother). 17. Rev. J. W. Dann (brother-in-law). 18. H. E. Grace (son). 19. Mrs. Skelton (sister). 20. Mrs. Hy. Grace. 21. Mrs. Dann (sister). 22. Chas. B. Grace (son). 23. Mrs. Alfd. Grace.

team, but there wasn't much said after I made 400, not out, out of 681, and was at the wickets until nearly four o'clock on the third day. But this performance was never an actual record, you know. A few weeks after I had made the runs I have just mentioned, I made 344 for Gentlemen of M.C.C. against Kent, followed with 179 v. Notts, and 318 not out v. Yorkshire.

"Beyond these performances, I have three times scored over a hundred in each innings, and, with Mr. B. B. Cooper, made a record of 283 for the first wicket for Gentlemen of the South against Players of the South. This stood as a record until it was beaten by Messrs. H. T. Hewett and L. C. Palairat at Taunton, playing for Somersetshire v. Yorkshire. As to what I should call the best of my innings—well, you must judge that for yourself.

"And now to present-day cricket. Well, I think myself that the players who were known when I first came out would fairly hold their own now, while in many cases I fancy they might be better. Of course, we hadn't the pitches then that we have now, and every hit was run out. The consequence of this was that perhaps a batsman would get excited in trying to get a six, with a short run as the last, and the field had a better chance of running him out than they have at the present day.

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"Why, there were no boundaries at the time I am speaking of, and at Lord's and the Oval, if the ball didn't go inside the pavilion we had to run it out. This is what makes me think that it is easier to get a hundred now than it was then. The only remedy that I know for this would be to put a wooden fence right round the playing ground, say some 2ft. high. If a ball should be sent over, it should be a boundary, and count the regulation four; if not, it should be run out.

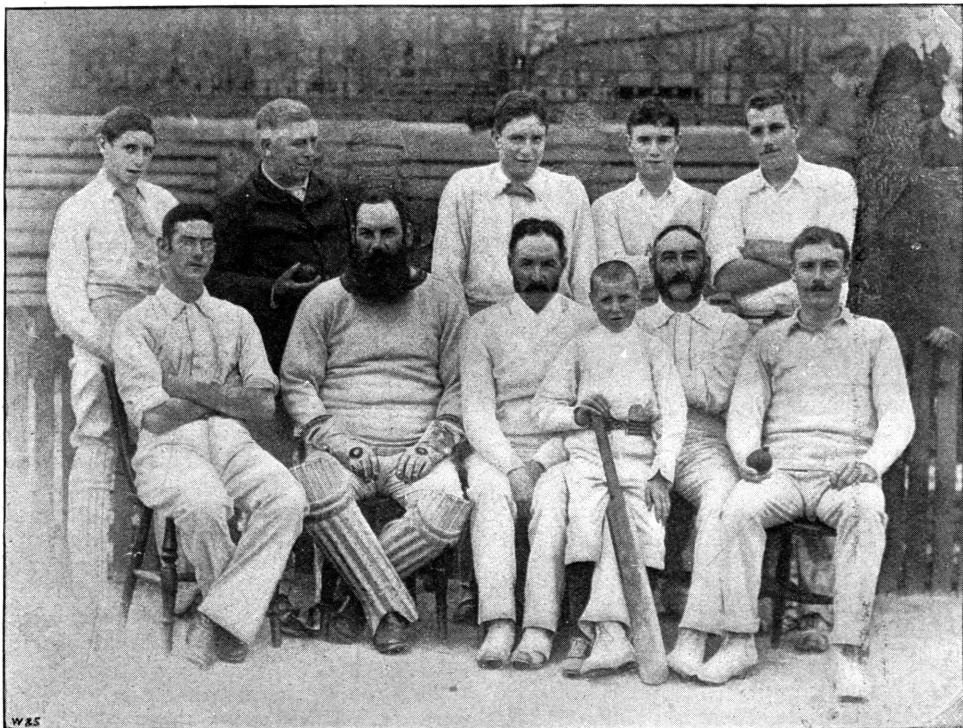
"Of course, the reason these boundaries were established had nothing to do with saving the batsmen. It was the crowd who had to be considered, for I have seen a fieldsman knock down four or five spectators when going after a ball. We used to go right in, and let everybody take care of himself. As regards the question whether batting and bowling are improving, of course, there are a great many more players now than there were twenty and twenty-five years ago, but I don't think there is much difference.

"The players, I am bound to admit, are stronger in bowling than the amateurs, but I think I can explain that. An amateur does not appear to care for bowling so much as for batting. And then, again, a professional does not go on for so many years. You hear of them, as a general rule, for a few seasons, and then they give up the game and go into

business. But with amateurs the case is very different. They play solely for the love of the thing itself, and keep on year after year, and season after season.

"Not much difference in University cricket? No, I can't say that there is, although taken as a whole it is better now than it used to be. And the same may be said of public school cricket, although with the latter I should like to point out one thing. That is this: There is a tendency to keep a boy down to a certain style in his

certain not too strict conditions, of course. When at the Universities the style of a young player has been practically formed, but it would be as well if the men were to practise bowling more than they do just now. But I suppose the reason why the ball is not so favoured as the bat is by reason of the wickets being much easier now than was the case when I first remember them. Now, almost every college at both Oxford and Cambridge has grounds of its own, and there is ample opportunity for them to turn out good



THE WINNING ELEVEN OF GRACE'S, IN THE MATCH WITH ELEVEN OF ROBINSON'S, AT BRISTOL.
From a Photo. by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

play. He must play the 'correct game,' it is said; but suppose a lad has an ugly style, and yet is a hitter who can get runs, why should he not be coached up in that? Instead of that, however, he is taught how to hold his bat by the regulation rule, and the result is that instead of being a fearless slogger he is to a great measure spoilt. These remarks, I may as well say, apply equally to the bowling as to the batting.

"My opinion is that, provided a lad is able to keep his wicket up and to get runs, although his style may not be a pretty one for a spectator to watch, he should be allowed to play his own game, under

teams. I should not say that upon the average there is much difference between either 'Varsity eleven, but you must remember that Fenners is much easier for the batsmen, and correspondingly more difficult for the bowlers, than the parks at Oxford. I should say that is why the Cantabs are not so very strong as a rule in the latter department, for it takes all the heart out of a man to send down over after over, day after day, without getting a wicket. As regards the best bowlers I have met at Cambridge, I might mention R. M. Powys, A. G. Steele, S. M. J. Woods, J. S. Jackson.

"But it is not exactly fair to judge the

capability of a team from their display upon a London ground. For one thing, the batsmen are far from being at home under the altered conditions. The men are nervous, too, especially if it should be their first appearance in London.

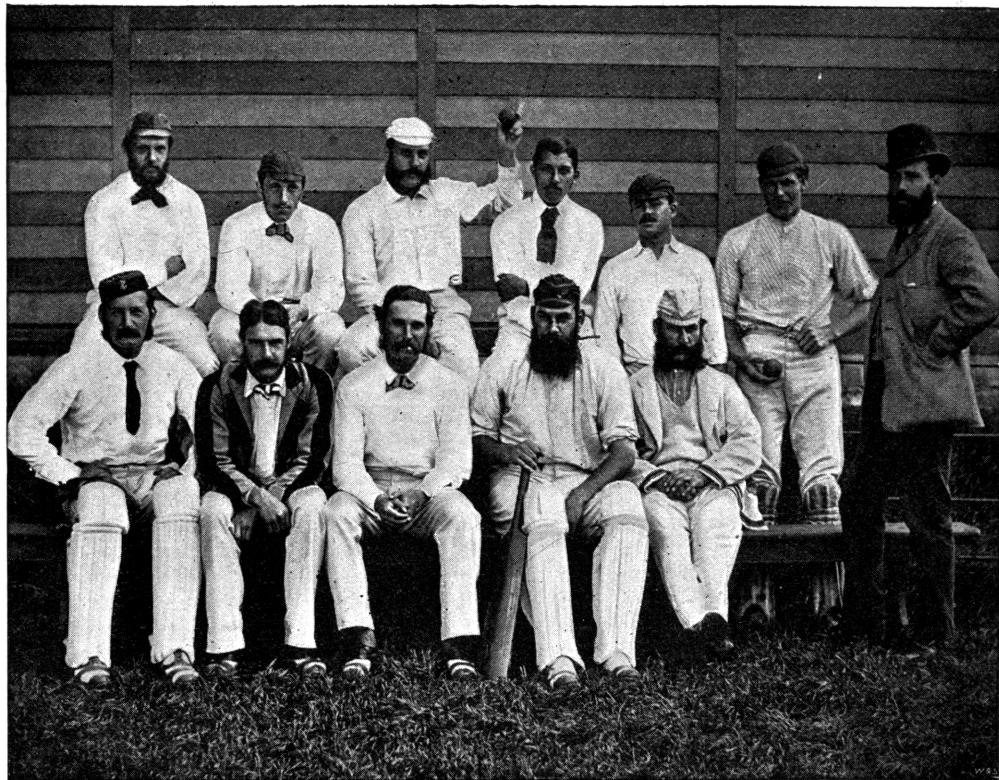
"And as regards the admission of additional counties into the championship series: this I do not think is exactly an improvement. With so many teams engaged it will be found impossible to play home and home matches with each county. The consequence of this may be that, perhaps, some strong counties will only meet some of the weaker ones; and then again, matters may get so complicated when the points come to be calculated that there will be a difficulty in really finding out who are the champions.

"Then there is another thing I am afraid of. That is, that cricket will be made too much of a business, like football—with the consequence that none but professionals will be seen playing. That, I hope, will not come in our times; but there is that probability to be faced. Should such a condition of affairs occur—well, betting and all other kindred evils will follow in its wake, and

instead of the game being followed up for love, it will simply be a matter of £. s. d.

"And then there is another thing that militates against the well-being of a team. That is the behaviour of the crowd. If a batsman is unfortunate, there is always a section of the public who starts jeering as soon as he may come in. That takes all the confidence out of a man, and if he should be an amateur, he would not stand it for long. Then, again, if a fieldsmen fails to take a difficult chance, or is slow in a return, the crowd set about him again. But I can tell you a man feels quite bad enough when he knows he has missed a chance of sending an opponent back, without having the spectators howling at him. You can't expect anyone to stand too much of this kind of treatment, and if things should reach a climax, the gentlemen always have a remedy in their own hands. All they will have to do will be to give up the county games, form clubs, and decide fixtures amongst themselves.

"How do I think the alteration in the rule of follow-on will affect the game, you ask. That all depends; and as it has been afforded such a short trial, I prefer not to say too much upon



THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE TEAM AS THE CHAMPION COUNTY, IN 1877—THE LAST GROUP TAKEN IN WHICH FRED. GRACE, WHO
From a Photo. by [Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton,

IS HOLDING UP THE BALL, APPEARED BEFORE HIS DEATH.

the subject; but I think it may make the game a little fairer for the fielding side. Say their opponents complete their first innings, and then have to follow on. Well, the chances are all in favour of a big score being knocked up. The bowlers and fieldsmen are fatigued, while the batsmen have had an opportunity of resting themselves. With the margin enlarged to 120 runs, however, it should tend to make the game of a more equal character, for it is not often that an eleven would fall so far in the rear as that figure.

"Then you mention the 'retired hurt' question, that has provoked such a discussion since the pronouncement of the secretary of the M.C.C. Of course, if a batsman is hurt he retires, and then may come out again and finish his innings if an arrangement is made with the opposing captain. As for saying that a player might retire under what practically would mean false pretences for the sake of his average, that cannot be taken into serious consideration for a moment. A man would never do

that—that is my experience of the game; and if he should do so by any chance, well, he wouldn't be played again, you may depend upon that.

"Now, that is hardly a fair question to ask."

This in reply to a question of mine respecting which ground in England was the best, in Mr. Grace's opinion.

"All county grounds are good; some are naturally slower than others, but no fault can be found with the manner in which they are kept. But if you want to know which is the easiest ground from a batsman's point of

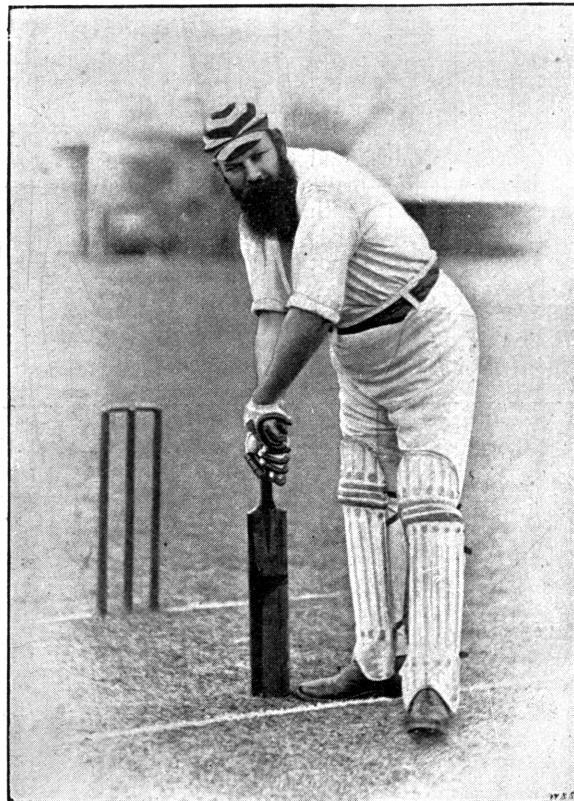
view, I should certainly pitch upon that at Brighton. There is a very small boundary there, it is fast, and a team ought to be able to score a hundred a day there in advance of the figures they might obtain upon some other grounds.

"But I think that on the whole Australian wickets are better, as a rule, than ours. They have all the climatic advantages necessary to make a pitch something like what we were getting in May and June of this year. At

Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney the grounds are as good as ours, as level as a billiard table, and much easier to score upon owing to their being so fast. But it doesn't follow from this that a player who has made a big reputation home here would do well at the Antipodes. For one thing, the climate is liable to upset a visitor, and then the glare of the sun exercises a dazzling effect upon one, which you are a considerable time in getting used to.

"In America they also have fairly good grounds; that was how I found it when I was

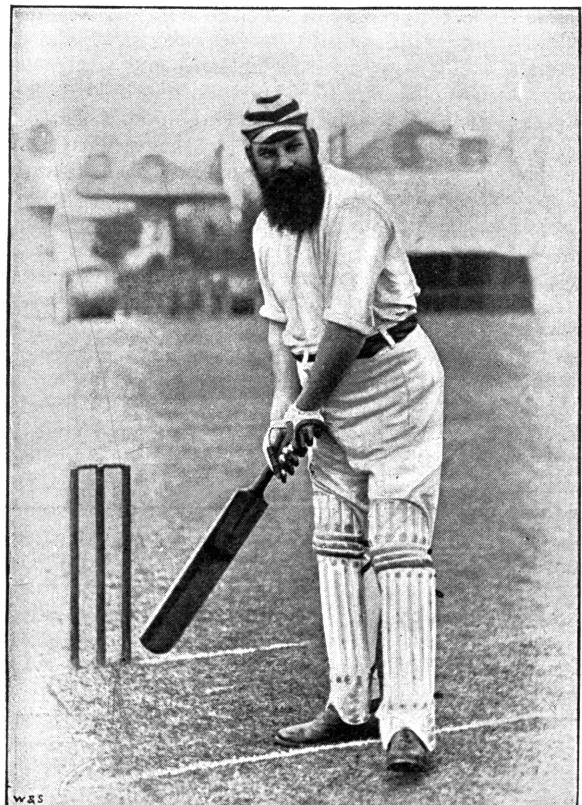
across there, and I dare say they have improved matters considerably since then. But the cricket is only about as good as that of the weakest of our counties, although the clubs are so enthusiastic over the game, that negotiations have been opened for the visit of a couple of our teams some time during the present season. But there is really no comparison between English and Colonial cricket. Why, here, at home, we ought to beat Australia every time, although when you take a team out there, there is a certainty that it would not be a really representative one. The matters I have already mentioned would



From a Photo. by]

PREPARING FOR ACTION.

[Hawkins, Brighton.



From a Photo. by] READY TO RECEIVE THE BALL. [Hawkins, Brighton.

militate against its success, while the hospitality is too much for good play.

"There is, however, one feature of the Australian cricket which I may perhaps mention. They have had a really wonderful succession of first-class bowlers in a short time. The batting, when the number of players is considered in proportion, is not nearly so good; but as they have so very few professionals, the amateurs are forced to handle the leather themselves. In the big matches and club fixtures, the latter more especially, I have found that the trundling is better there than in England.

"But I have met some capital bowlers in the past. I should class them in two sections, the slows including A. Shaw, Peate, Southerton, Mr. A. G. Steel, Watson, Mr. Buchanan; and the fasts—Freeman, Tarrant, Jackson, Hill, Willsher, Morley, J. C. Shaw, Mr. Tonge, and Mr. Appleby.

"I think myself that the bowling was quite as difficult when I came out in first-class cricket as at the present time; but amongst the most successful of the present time with the leather, I should put Peel,

Briggs, and Mr. C. L. Townsend as the slows, and Mr. S. Woods, Mr. Kortright, Mold, Richardson, and Lockwood as the fasts.

"The consideration of the various degrees of excellence amongst the bowlers takes you, as a matter of course, to the consideration of throwing. I must admit that some of the very fast bowlers (I need mention no names) are looked upon with suspicion; but I really do not think they are any worse now than they were in years gone by. There was always a certain percentage of suspicion, and so, I suppose, it will have to go on. There is one thing certain, and that is, you will never get an umpire to no-ball a suspicious bowler who is allowed to take part in present cricket.

"The only remedy I can suggest would be for a dozen umpires and a similar number of captains of the best county teams to meet together. The names of all the bowlers who were suspected of throwing should be placed upon a slip of paper. Then they should be marked, as by ballot, whether they were considered to throw or not, the decision of a two-thirds majority to be final, and if a man were convicted of throwing

he should not be allowed to bowl again. That is the only way in which the evil could be coped with, in my opinion, and when a man knew that he might be debarred from further play—well, it would make him much more careful.

"Then another thing that is often asked me is, whether I think football improves a man for cricket. No, I do not. A man cannot do well at cricket unless he has followed the game up all his life, while I could mention Rugby forwards who really run away from fast bowlers. A cricketer, however, should take plenty of exercise to keep himself fit during the winter. But people have much over-rated the methods I pursue. You read of all kinds of means, but you may take it from me that they are, in the majority of instances, untrue.

"Last winter I was certainly out once or twice a week with the Clifton Foot Beagles, but I commenced practising much later this year than usual. But it doesn't follow that even if a man is in training he will do equally well at all times. A spell of bad luck may unsettle him, or a

biting east wind may take all the suppleness out of his joints. A man who plays cricket, and cricket alone, though, is not likely to make a shining light. Exercise is what you require. If you can't run you can ride, and if you can't ride you can walk.

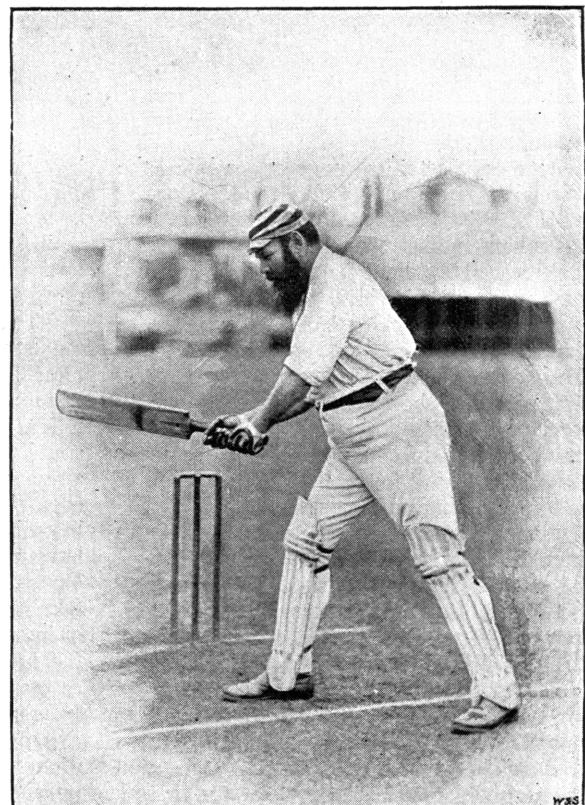
"This reminds me that I was never defeated over hurdles at 200yds., while my favourite distance on the flat was a quarter of a mile. But I have been credited with covering 100yds. in 10 4-5sec., and clearing 5ft. in the high jump, while I remember one instance in which there was an amusing dispute with my brother, E. M. You must know that he could beat me in a 100yds. sprint, but we both entered for the event and got on the mark. I kept one eye upon the starter and, poaching a couple of yards at the pistol shot, won by a foot. E. M. wouldn't speak to me after this for a time, but the coolness soon wore off with the dear old fellow. But I never possessed any style in my running. When I came out at sixteen I was unmercifully chaffed at the way I threw my legs and arms about, but I persevered, and at last, two years later, won the 300yds. strangers' race at Clifton College sports."

Upon turning up the records, it may be mentioned *en passant* that in 1869 he had gained the reputation of being one of the fastest quarter-mile runners in England, and in 1870, when giving racing up, had gained over seventy cups and medals. In 1866 Mr. Grace secured eighteen 1sts and two 2nds; 1867, one 1st; 1868, six 1sts; 1869, seventeen 1sts, nine 2nds, and one 3rd; and in 1870, five 1sts, one 2nd, and one 3rd. His best times were: 100yds., upon grass, 10 4-5sec.; 150yds. (with 5yds. start), 15 1/2 sec.; 200yds. hurdles, 28sec.; 440yds. flat race, 52 1-5sec.; long jump, 17 1/2 ft.; high jump, 5ft.; hop, step, and jump, 41ft.; pole jump, 9ft.; and throwing the cricket ball, 122yds. These figures will give an idea of what he was capable of at his best.

"How should I advise a young beginner to start learning the game? That is a somewhat difficult question, for every player possesses a style more or less distinctive. But the great thing for a youngster to secure is a good coach, who will teach him

the correct way in which to hold his bat and take up his position at the wickets. Perhaps a lad may say that the hard and fast rules may make him feel cramped and stiff at the wicket, but you may depend upon it that he will soon adapt himself to the various conditions. Then, in taking his place against the bowler, the batsman should be particular in seeing that he plays with a perfectly straight bat, while his toes should be just outside an imaginary line drawn from the leg and off stump of each wicket respectively. This will enable him to get well over his work, while he will stand less chance of being bowled off his pads.

"As for the position in which to stand, there is no hard and fast rule, but what I generally favour is the placing of the left leg about 12in. in front and at right angles to my other. The right foot should come inside the crease, and as a general rule should not be moved. Shift your left foot as much as you like when batting, but upon the right depends the stability of your defence. If you are continually shifting it, you will get out very soon.



From a Photo. by

CUTTING.

[Hawkins, Brighton.]

"And now for the bat. No doubt you have observed the peculiarity of many players in respect of the length of the handle. Some have long, others again have them shorter. I myself prefer a handle of the ordinary length, and hold it about half-way up. Then you must keep your eye upon the bowler until the instant when the ball leaves his hand, for you can generally tell by this in which way he intends to break. Then you should make the bat hit the ball, not let the ball hit the bat.

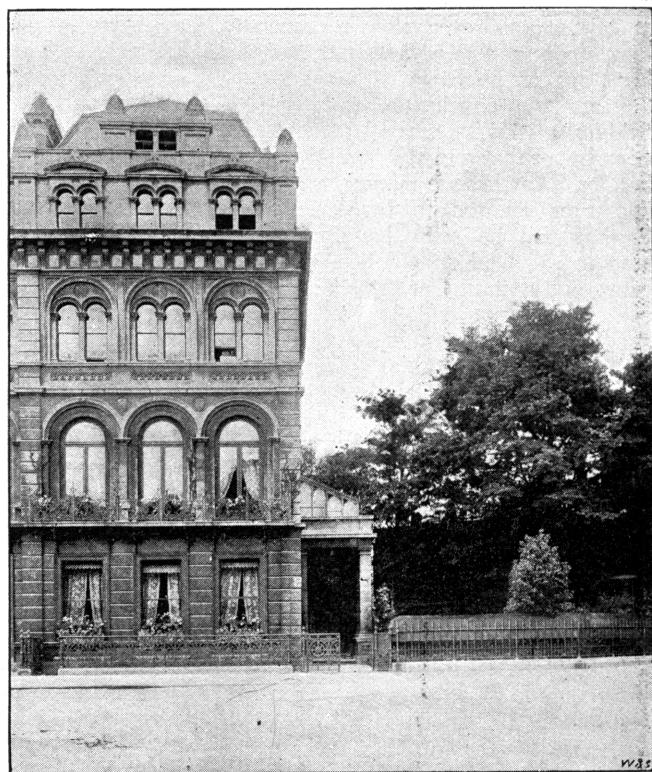
"If you make up your mind to hit, hit hard, half measures are of no use; and when you block, put just a little power into your strokes. You should not be content to stop the ball by simply interposing the bat, but play it in such a manner that runs may be secured. Hit hard, then: that is my advice to a young player; but get well over the ball and never spoon it up. A hit travels much farther when it is kept down than when sent high in the air; while it is but seldom found that a slogger, who skies all his hits, scores many runs.

"With regard to the various styles of play, it is difficult to advise. You see, each player generally has a different method, and a long-reached man will be able to get forward and smother a ball that shorter-reached batsmen can only play by getting farther back. There is consequently much that must be left to individual judgment, but I should most strongly caution a player against betraying a tendency to play across the wicket, or to pull balls. A leg ball that is a leg ball should be hit to leg, but young players are only too apt to attempt to pull almost every ball sent down. The result of this is that they fail to do much in the game owing to their faulty style.

"In cutting, you should never fail to keep the ball down, patting it down, if I may use the expression, although nothing but practice will bring the familiarity necessary for the playing of the game. You should practise frequently and play as carefully at the nets as

in an actual match; while many useful hints may be learnt by watching the best players. A beginner, mind you, should not be a copyist, but there is more to be learnt in half an hour's actual practice than can be taught in a week of theory.

"And now we come to bowling. In this department too much attention cannot be given, although the young beginner should not attempt to bowl fast at first. If he does, possibly he will sacrifice pitch and straightness. Commencing, say, at 18 yards instead of 22, he should gradually work his way back to the longer distance, and by placing a mark, easily seen, upon the pitch at a certain distance from the wicket, he will soon be able to vary his length at will, and



MR. W. G. GRACE'S RESIDENCE IN VICTORIA SQUARE, CLIFTON.

From a Photo. by Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.

bowl somewhere near the spot aimed at. Trying to twist the ball should only come after a man has learnt to bowl straight. To accomplish this the ball should be held firmly in the hand, with the fingers grasping it well over the centre and resting over the seams. Then in leaving go, the fingers should relax their grasp, imparting the twist so destructive to the unwary batsman.

"But there is more to be gained by altering your pace and length than by bowling dead upon the wicket time after time. Many batsmen will simply play maiden after maiden if the bowling is straight, but if you give them a few balls on either side of the wicket, it is probable that they will give a chance and be out. Of course, this does not apply to a poor batsman. He cannot play straight bowling for any length of time, and is bound to let the ball beat him eventually.

"Which is the best bowling, fast or slow? Well, that depends upon the ground. Although a fast bowler upon a good wicket is the easiest to score from, my eye is not so sure as it was at one time, and I think I prefer a medium-paced ball myself. Considering the two styles of bowling, however, slow is generally the best upon a soft wicket, and fast upon a hard, difficult pitch.

"Now, in conclusion, we come to the fielding. It is as much by activity in this department that a match is won as with the bat, for, if catches are missed, returns muffed, and runs allowed to be stolen—well, the bowlers will be sadly handicapped. Each man in the field should be intent upon the game, and nothing else. Talking during the over should not be allowed. A fieldsman should invariably run in to a ball, and not wait for it to come to him, while he can never tell what catches he may bring off unless he makes the attempt.

"One curious thing that is sometimes seen is that a poor field may take a catch coming

off the bat at a tremendous pace, while he may miss an easy one. When making a catch off a swift ball, the hands should 'give' a few inches involuntarily, but with a slow the ball is apt to jump out of your grip before the fingers can close round it.

"Then there is another point worth attention. Suppose you miss a ball. The best do this at times, but never lose a moment in vain regrets, but sprint off and save the runs. Then in returning the ball, unless you have an excellent reason, never throw to the bowler's end. When returning from the long field send the ball low and straight. The greater the curve, the longer it takes to reach the wicket, and the less chance is there of running the batsman out. By the due observance of these rules, there is no reason, if a young player is possessed of a good eye and head, why he should not prove a successful exponent of our noble game.

"There is one thing, however, in addition to these I have already enumerated, that has been discussed considerably; that is, upon either a wet or drying wicket, if you are successful in the toss, should you put your opponents in or have first knock yourself? The latter, most decidedly, I should say; for in this climate of ours you can never be certain of the weather for two days in succession. In fact, I may safely say that only about once in thirty or forty times does the experiment of putting your opponents in first prove successful."

F. W. W.

Marlborough House.
Pall Mall S.W.

1st June 1895

Dear Sir,

The Prince of Wales has watched with much interest the fine scores which you continue to make in the great matches this year. He now learns that you have beat all former records by

scoring 1000 runs during the first month of the cricket season as well as completing more than 100 centuries in first class matches. His Royal Highness cannot allow an event of such deep interest to all lovers of our great national game to pass unnoticed by him, and he has desired me to offer you his hearty congratulations upon this magnificent performance.

I remain
Dear Sir
Yours truly
Prince of Wales
W. G. Grace Esq.

Copied by] * FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, SENT TO MR. GRACE JUNE 1, 1895. [Midwinter.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. G. Falconer King for permission to use the following illustrations: W. G. Grace at 22, his Birthplace, his Parents, the Eleven of Grace's, and the Prince of Wales's Letter.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

VIII.—ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.

HE study of the human character in its many complex forms has always been of deep interest to the doctor. From long practice, he becomes to a great extent able to read his many patients, and some characters appear to him as if they were the pages of an open book. The hopes, fears, aims, and motives which influence the human soul are laid bare before him, even in the moment when the patient imagines that he is only giving him a dry statement of some bodily ailment. The physician believes fully in the action of mind on body, and can do little good for any patient until he becomes acquainted with his dominant thought, and the real motive which influences his life.

For the purpose of carrying on what has become such an absorbing study of my own life, I have often visited places not at all connected with my profession in the hope of getting fresh insight into the complex workings of the human mind.

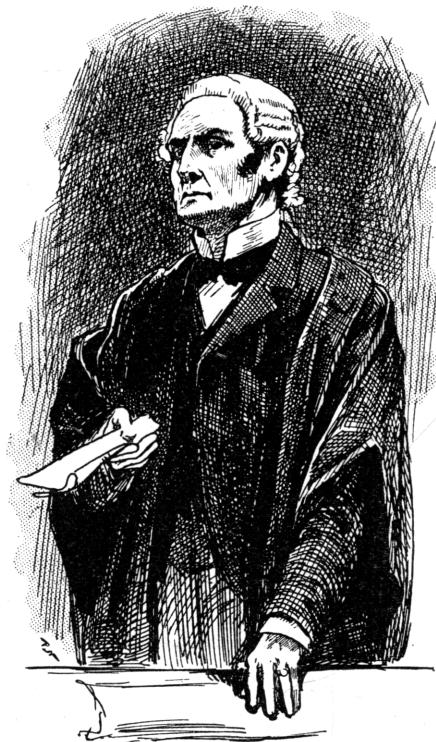
Not long ago, having a day off duty, I visited the Old Bailey while a celebrated trial was going on. The special case which was engaging the attention of judge, learned counsel, and twelve intelligent members of the British jury was one which aroused my professional acumen from the first. The man who stood in the prisoner's dock was a gentleman by birth and appearance. He was young and good-looking—his face was of the keenly intelligent order—his eyes were frank in their expression—his mouth firm,

and his jaw of the bulldog order as regards obstinacy and tenacity of purpose. I judged him to be about twenty-eight years of age, although the anxiety incident to his cruel position had already slightly sprinkled the hair which grew round his temples with grey.

His name was Edward Bayard—the crime he was being tried for was forgery—he was accused of having forged a cheque for

£5,000, and I saw from the first that the circumstantial evidence against him was of the strongest. I listened to his able counsel's view of the case, watching the demeanour of the prisoner as I did so. He leant the whole time with his arms over the rail of the dock, looking straight before him without a vestige of either shame or confusion on his fine face. I observed that his intellect was keenly at work; that he was following the arguments of his counsel with intense interest. I also noticed that once or twice his lips moved, and on one occasion, when a very difficult point was carried, there came the glimmer of a smile of satisfaction round his firmly-set lips.

The counsel for the prosecution then stood up and pulled the counsel's argument for the defendant to pieces. The case seemed black against the prisoner—still he never moved from his one position, and stood perfectly calm and self-possessed. The case was not finished that day. I went away so deeply interested, that I resolved at all hazards to return to the Old Bailey on the following afternoon. I did so—the case of Edward Bayard occupied another couple of hours—



"THE COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION."

in the end, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and the prisoner was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I watched him when the sentence was pronounced, and noticed a certain droop of his shoulders as he followed his gaoler out of the dock. My own firm conviction was that the man was innocent. There was nothing for me to do, however, in the matter. A jury of his countrymen had pronounced Edward Bayard guilty. He had been employed in the diplomatic service, and hitherto his career had been irreproachable; it was now cut short. He had metaphorically stepped down, gone out, vanished. His old place in the world would know him no more. He might survive his sentence, and even live to be an old man, but practically, for all intents and purposes, his life was over.

I am not given to sentimentalize, but I felt a strange sensation of discontent during the remainder of that day; in short, I almost wished that I had taken up the law instead of medicine, in order that the chance might be mine to clear Bayard.

That evening at my club a man I knew well began to talk over the case.

"It is a queer story altogether," he said; "it is well known that Levesen, the man who prosecuted, is in love with the girl to whom Bayard was engaged."

"Indeed!" I answered. "I know nothing whatever of Bayard's private history."

"Until this occurred," continued Teesdel, "I would have trusted Bayard, whom I have known for years, with untold gold—the evidence against him, however, has been so overwhelming that, of course, he had not the ghost of a chance of acquittal; still, I must repeat, he is the last man I should ever have expected to do that sort of thing."

"I was present at the trial," I answered,

"and followed the story to a certain extent, but I should like to hear it now in brief, if I may."

"I will present it in a nutshell," said Teesdel, in his brisk way. "Levesen, the prosecutor, is a tolerably rich man—he has a house in Piccadilly, where he lives with his sister. Levesen is guardian to a very beautiful girl, a ward in Chancery—her name is Lady Kathleen Church. She has lived with Levesen and his sister for the last couple of years. Lady Kathleen is only nineteen, and it was whispered a short time ago in Levesen's circle of friends that he intended to make the fair heiress his wife. She is a very lovely girl, and, as she will inherit a large fortune when she attains her majority, is of course attractive in every way. Lady Kathleen met Bayard at a friend's house—the young people fell in love with each other, and became engaged. Bayard was rising in his profession—he was far from rich, but was likely to do well eventually. There was no reasonable objection to the engagement, and Francis Levesen did not attempt to make any. Levesen took Bayard up—the two men were constantly seen together—the engagement

was formally announced, although the wedding was not to take place until Lady Kathleen's majority. One fine morning it was discovered that Bayard's banking account was augmented to the tune of £5,000, that Levesen's account was short of precisely that sum, that a cheque had been presented by Bayard at Levesen's bank, with Levesen's signature, for exactly that sum of money. The cheque was, of course, a forgery. Bayard was arrested, prosecuted, and found guilty. His version of the story you have, doubtless, followed in court. Levesen is in Parliament, and has a secretary; Bayard was in money difficulties. He asked Levesen to help him, and declares



"LADY KATHLEEN CHURCH."

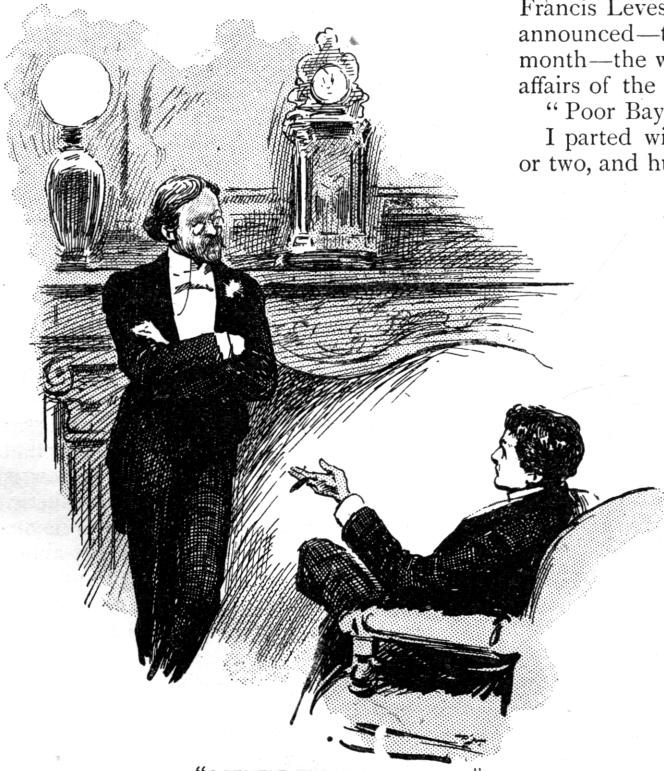
that the cheque was handed to him by Mr. Franks, Levesen's secretary. There is no evidence whatever to support this story, and Bayard has, as you know, now to expiate his crime in penal servitude. Well, I can only repeat that he is the last man in existence I should ever have expected to do that sort of thing."

"We none of us know what we may do until we are tried," said a man who stood near.

"The story is undoubtedly a strange one," I answered. "I have listened carefully to the evidence on both sides, and although the verdict is evidently the only one which could be expected under the circumstances, my strong feeling is that Bayard did not commit that forgery."

"Then how do you account for the thing?"

"I wish I could account for it—there is something hidden which we know nothing about. I am convinced of Bayard's innocence, but my reason for this conviction is nothing more than a certain knowledge of character which from long experience I possess. Bayard is not the sort of man who, under any circumstances, would debase himself to the extent of committing a crime. The whole thing is repugnant to his character—in short, I believe him to be innocent."



"I BELIEVE HIM TO BE 'INNOCENT.'

My words evidently startled Teesdel; he gazed at me attentively.

"It is queer that you, of all men, should make such a remark, Halifax," he said. "You must know that character goes for nothing in moments of strong temptation. It was clearly proved that Bayard wanted the money. Franks, the secretary, could not have had any possible motive for swearing to a lie. In short, I can't agree with you. I am sorry for the poor fellow, but I am afraid my verdict is on the side of the jury."

"What about Lady Kathleen?" I asked, after a pause.

"Of course the engagement is broken off—people say the girl is broken-hearted—she was devoted to Bayard; I believe Miss Levesen has taken her out of town."

I said nothing further. It was more than a year before I heard Bayard's name mentioned again. Walking down Piccadilly one day I ran up against Teesdel; he stopped to speak to me for a minute, and as we were parting turned back to say:—

"By the way, your face reminds me of something—yes, now I know. The last time I saw you, you had just come from poor Bayard's trial—well, the latest news is, that Lady Kathleen Church is engaged to Francis Levesen—the engagement is formally announced—they are to be married within a month—the wedding is to be one of the big affairs of the season."

"Poor Bayard!" was my sole exclamation.

I parted with Teesdel after another word or two, and hurried off to attend to my duties.

A week later two ladies were ushered into my consulting-room. One was elderly, with a thin, somewhat masculine, type of face, shrewd, closely set dark eyes, and a compressed mouth. She was dressed in the height of the reigning fashion, and wore a spotted veil drawn down over her face. Her manner was stiff and conventional. She bowed and took the chair I offered without speaking.

I turned from her to glance at her companion—my other visitor was a girl—a girl who would have been beautiful had she been in health. Her figure was very slight and willowy—she had well-open brown eyes, and one of those high-bred faces which one associates

with the best order of English girl. In health, she probably had a bright complexion, but she was now ghastly pale—her face was much emaciated, and there were large black shadows under her eyes. Looking at her more closely, I came to the quick conclusion that the state of her bodily health was caused by some mental worry. The melancholy in her beautiful eyes was almost overpowering. I drew a chair forward for her, and she dropped into it without a word.

"My name is Levesen," said the elder lady. "I have brought my ward, Lady Kathleen Church, to consult you, Dr. Halifax."

I repeated the name under my breath—in a moment I knew who this girl was. She had been engaged to Bayard, and was now going to marry Francis Levesen. Was this the explanation of the highly nervous condition from which she was evidently suffering?

"What are Lady Kathleen's symptoms?" I asked, after a pause.

"She neither eats nor sleeps—she spends her time irrationally—she does everything that girl can do to undermine her health," said the elder lady, in an abrupt tone—"in short, she is childish to the last degree, and so silly and nervous that the sooner a doctor takes her in hand, the better."

"What do you complain of yourself?" I said, turning to the patient.

"I am sick of life," said the girl. "I am glad that I am ill—I don't wish to be made well."

"It is all a case of nerves," said Miss Levesen. "Until a year ago there could not have been a healthier girl than Lady Kathleen—she enjoyed splendid health—her spirits were excellent—from that date she began to droop. She had, I know, a slight disappointment, but one from which any sensible girl would quickly have recovered. I took her into the country and did what I could for her; she became better, and is now engaged to my brother, who is deeply attached to her. They are to be married in a month. If ever a girl ought to enjoy life, and the prospect before her, she ought."

"Ill-health prevents one enjoying anything," I answered, in an enigmatical voice. "Will you tell me something more about your symptoms?" I said, turning again to my patient.

"I can't sleep," she replied. "I do not care to eat—I am very unhappy—I take no interest in anything—in short, I wish to die."

"Your manner of speaking is most reck-

less and wrong, Kathleen," said the elder lady, in a tone of marked disapproval.

"Forgive me, but I should like to question Lady Kathleen without interruption," I said, turning to Miss Levesen.

Her face flushed.

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "I know that I ought not to speak—I sincerely hope that you will get to the bottom of this extraordinary state of things, Dr. Halifax, and induce my ward to return to common-sense."

"May I speak to you alone?" suddenly asked the young lady, raising her eyes, and fixing them on my face.

"If you wish it," I replied. "It may be best, Miss Levesen, to allow me to see Lady Kathleen for a few moments by herself," I continued, in a low voice. "In a case like the present, the patient is always much more confidential when quite alone with the doctor."

"As you please," she replied; "only, for Heaven's sake, don't humour her in her fads."

I rang the bell, and desired Harris to take Miss Levesen to the waiting-room. The moment we were alone, Lady Kathleen's manner completely changed; her listlessness left her—she became animated, and even excited.

"I am glad she has gone," she said; "I did not think she would. Now I will confess the truth to you, Dr. Halifax. I asked Miss Levesen to bring me to see you under the pretence that you might cure my bodily ailments. My real reason, however, for wishing to have an interview with you was something quite apart from anything to do with bodily illness."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in astonishment.

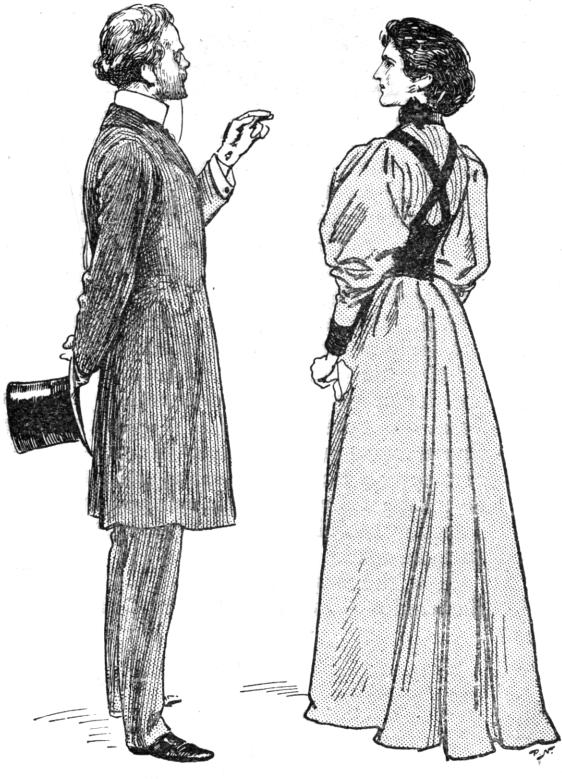
"What I say," she answered. "I think I can soon explain myself. You know Mr. Teesdel, don't you?"

"Teesdel," I replied; "he is one of my special friends."

"He called at our house last week: I was alone with him for a moment. He saw that I was unhappy, that—that a great sorrow is killing me—he was kind and sympathetic. He spoke about you—I just knew your name, but no more. He told me something about you, however, which has filled my mind with the thought of you day and night ever since."

"You must explain yourself," I said, when she paused.

"You said, doctor"—she paused again, and seemed to swallow something in her throat—"you said that you believed in the innocence of Edward Bayard."



"HE SAW THAT I WAS UNHAPPY."

"My dear young lady, I do," I replied, with emphasis.

"God bless you for those words; you will see now what a link there is between you and me, for you and I in all the world are the only people who believe in him."

I did not reply. Lady Kathleen's eyes filled with tears; she took out her handkerchief and wiped them hastily away.

"You will understand at once," she continued, "how I have longed to come and see you and talk with you. I felt that you could sympathize with me. It is true that I am ill, but I am only ill because my mind reacts on my body—I have no rest of mind day or night—I am in the most horrible position. I am engaged to a man whom I cordially loathe and hate, and I love another man passionately, deeply, distractedly."

"And that man is now enduring penal servitude?" I interrupted.

"Yes, yes. Did Mr. Teesdel tell you that I was once engaged to Edward Bayard?"

"He did," I answered.

"It is true," she continued; "we loved each other devotedly—we were as happy as two people could be—then came the first

cloud—Edward in a weak moment signed his name to a bill for a friend—the friend failed, and Edward was called upon to pay the money. He said that he would ask my guardian, Francis Levesen, to help him. He did so in my presence, and Francis refused. Edward said that it did not matter, and was confident that he could get the money in some other way. Immediately afterwards came the horrible blow of his supposed forgery—he was arrested—he and I were together when this happened. All the sun seemed to go out of my sky at once—hope was over. Then came the trial—the verdict, the terrible result. But none of these things, Dr. Halifax, could quench my love. It is still there—it consumes me—it is killing me by inches—my heart is broken: that is why I am really dying."

"If you feel as you describe, why do you consent to marrying another man?" I asked.

"No wonder you ask me that question. I will try and answer it. I consent because I am weak. Constant, ceaseless worrying and persuasion have worked upon my nerves to such an extent that, for very peace, I have said 'yes.' Miss Levesen would like the marriage; she is a good woman, but she is without a particle of sentiment or romance. She believes in Edward's guilt, and cannot understand how it is possible for me to love him under existing circumstances. She would like me to marry her brother because I have money and because my money will be of use to him. She honestly thinks that he will make me a good husband, and that after my marriage I shall be happy. I respect her, but I shrink from him as I would from a snake in the grass—I don't believe in him. I am certain that he and his secretary, Mr. Franks, concocted some awful plot to ruin Edward Bayard. This certainty haunts me unceasingly day and night. I am a victim, however, and have no strength to resist the claim which Mr. Levesen makes upon me. When Mr. Teesdel called, however, and told me that you believed in Edward, a faint glimmer of light seemed to come into my wretchedness; I resolved to come and see you. I told Miss Levesen that I should like to see a doctor, and spoke of you. She knew your name, and was delighted to bring me to you—now you know my story. Can you do anything for me?"

"I can only urge you on no account to marry Mr. Levesen," I answered.

"It is easy for you to say that, and for me to promise you that I will be true to my real lover while I am sitting in your consulting-room; but when I return to my guardian's house in Piccadilly I shall be a totally different girl. Every scrap of moral strength will have left me—in short, I shall only be capable of allowing matters to drift. They will drift on to my wedding-day. I shall go to church on that day, and endure the misery of a marriage ceremony between Francis Levesen and myself—and then I only sincerely trust that I shall not long survive the agony of such a union. Oh, sometimes I do not believe my mind will stand the strain. Dr. Halifax, is there anything you can do to help me?"

The poor girl was trembling violently—her lips quivered—her face wore a ghastly expression.

"The first thing you must do is to try and control yourself," I said.

I poured out a glass of water, and gave it to her. She took a sip or two, and then placed it on the table—her excessive emotion calmed down a little.

"I will certainly do what I can to help you," I said, "but you must promise on your part to exercise self-control. Your nerves are in a very weak state, and you make them weaker by this excessive emotion. I can scarcely believe that you have not sufficient strength to resist the iniquity of being forced into a marriage which you abhor. You have doubtless come to me with some idea in your mind. What is it you wish me to do?"

"I have come with a motive," she said. "I know it is a daring thing to ask. You can help me if you will—you can make matters a little easier."

"Pray explain yourself," I said.

"I want you to do this, not because you are a doctor, but because you are a man. I want you to go and see Edward Bayard—he is working out his sentence at Hartmoor. Please don't refuse me until I have told you what is exactly in my mind. I have read all the books I can find with regard to prisons and prisoners, and I know that at intervals prisoners are allowed to see visitors. I want you to try and see him, and then tell him about me. Tell him that my love is unalterable—tell him that when I marry Mr. Levesen, I shall only have succumbed to circumstances, but my heart, all that is worth having in me, is still his, and his only—tell him, too, that I shall always believe in his innocence as long as I live."

"You make a strange request," I said, when she had finished speaking. "In the first place, you ask me to do something outside my province—in the next, it is very doubtful, even if I do go to Hartmoor, that I shall be allowed to see the prisoner and deliver your message. It is true that at stated intervals prisoners are allowed to see friends from the outside world, but never alone—a warder has always to be present. Then why disturb Bayard with news of your marriage? Such news can only cause him infinite distress, and where he is now he is not likely to hear anything about it."

"On the other hand, he may hear of it, any day or any hour. Prisoners do get news from the outside world. Newspapers are always being smuggled into prisons—I have read several books on the subject. Oh, yes, he must get my message; he must know that I am loyal to him in heart at least, or I shall go quite mad."

Here the impetuous girl walked to one of the windows, drew aside the blind, and looked



"SHE DREW ASIDE THE BLIND."

out. I saw that she did so to hide her intense emotion.

"I can make no definite promise to you," I said, after a pause; "but I will certainly

try if it is in my power to help you. I happen to know the present Governor of Hartmoor, and perhaps indirectly I may be able to communicate with Bayard."

"You will do more than that—you will go to Hartmoor—yes, I am sure you will. Don't call this mission outside your province. You are a doctor. Your object in life is to relieve illness—to soothe and mitigate distress. I am ill, mentally, and this is the only medicine which can alleviate my sufferings."

"If possible, I will accede to your request," I said. "I'm afraid I cannot speak more certainly at present."

"Thank you; thank you. I know that you will make the thing possible."

"I can at least visit the Governor, Captain Standish; but remember, even if I do this, I may fail utterly in my object. I must not write to you on the subject—just rest assured that I will do my utmost for you."

She gave me her hand, turned aside her head to hide her tears, and hurried from the room. I thought a good deal over her sad story, and although I was doubtful of being able to communicate her message to Bayard, I resolved to visit Hartmoor, and trust to Providence to give me the opportunity I sought.

Some anxious cases, however, kept me in town for nearly ten days, and it was not until a certain Saturday less than a week before the day appointed for the wedding that I was able to leave London. I went to Plymouth by the night mail, and arrived at the great, gloomy-looking prison about eleven o'clock on the following morning. I received a warm welcome from the Governor and his charming wife. He had breakfast ready for me on my arrival, and when the meal was over told me that he would take me round the prison, show me the gangs of men at their various works of stone-quarrying, turf-cutting, trenching, etc., and, in short, give me all the information about the prisoners which lay in his power.

He was as good as his word, and took me first through the prison, and afterwards to see the gangs of men at work. I was much interested in all I saw, but had not yet an opportunity of saying a special word about Bayard. After dinner that evening Captain Standish suddenly asked me the object of my visit.

"Well," he said, "has your day satisfied you?"

"I have been much interested," I replied.

"Yes, yes, but you must have had some

special object in taking this journey—a busy man like you will not come so far from town, particularly at this time of year, without a motive—even granted," he added, with a smile, "that we are old friends."

I looked fixedly at him for a moment, then I spoke.

"I have come here for a special object," I said.

"Ah, I thought as much. Do you feel inclined to confide in me?"

"I certainly must confide in you. I have come to Hartmoor to see a man of the name of Bayard—Edward Bayard; he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude about a year ago—I was present at the trial—I have brought him a message—I want, if possible, to deliver it."

While I was speaking, Captain Standish's face wore an extraordinary expression.

"You want to see Bayard?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"And you have brought him a message which you think you can deliver?"

"Yes. Is that an impossibility?"

"I fear it is."

He remained silent for a minute, thinking deeply—then he spoke.

"One of the strictest of prison rules is, that prisoners are not allowed to be pointed out to visitors for identification. It is true that at stated times the convicts are allowed to see their own relations or intimate friends, always, of course, in the presence of a warder. Bayard has not had anyone to see him since his arrival. Are you personally acquainted with him?"

"I never spoke to him in my life."

"Then how can you expect—?"

I broke in abruptly.

"The message I am charged with is in a certain sense one of life or death," I said; "it affects the reason, perhaps the life, of an innocent person. Is there no possibility of your rule being stretched in my favour?"

"None whatever in the ordinary sense, but what do you say"—here Captain Standish sprang to his feet—"what do you say to seeing Bayard in your capacity as physician?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I should be glad if you would see him in consultation with our prison doctor. I know Bruce would be thankful to have your views of his case."

"Then he is ill?" I said.

"Yes, he is ill—at the present moment the prisoner whom you have come to see is in a state of complete catalepsy—stay, I will send for Bruce and ask him to tell you about him."

Captain Standish rose and rang the bell. When the servant appeared he asked him to take a message to Dr. Bruce, begging him to call at the Governor's house immediately.

"While we are waiting for Bruce," said Standish, "I will tell you one or two things about Bayard. By the way, we call him Number Sixty here. He came to us from Pentonville with a good character, which he has certainly maintained during the few months of his residence at Hartmoor. He is an intelligent man, and a glance is sufficient to show the class of society from which he has sprung. You know we have a system of marks here, and prisoners are able to shorten their sentences by the number of marks they can earn for good conduct. Bayard has had his full complement from the first—he has obeyed all the rules, and been perfectly civil and ready to oblige.

"It so happened that three months ago a circumstance occurred which placed the prisoner in as comfortable a position as can be accorded to any convict. One morning there was a row in one of the yards—a convict attacked a warder in a most unmerciful manner—he would have killed him if Sixty had not interfered. Bayard is a slightly built fellow, and no one would give him credit for much muscular strength. The doctor placed him in the tailoring establishment when he came, declaring him unfit to join the gangs for quarrying and for outside work. Well, when the scuffle occurred, about which I am telling you, Sixty sprang upon the madman, and, in short, at personal risk, saved Simpkins's life. The infuriated convict, however, did not let Bayard off scot-free; he gave him such a violent blow in the ribs that one was broken—it slightly pierced the lung, and, in short, he had to go to hospital, where he remained for nearly a fortnight. At the end of that time he was apparently well again, and we hoped that no ill-consequences would arise from his heroic conduct. After a consultation with Bruce, I took him from the tailoring and gave him book-keeping and the lightest and most intelligent employment the place can afford. He has a perfect genius for wood-carving, and only this morning was employed in my house, directing some carpenters in putting together a very intricate cabinet. He is, I consider, an exceptional man in every way."

"But what about these special seizures?" I asked.

"I am coming to them. Ah, here is Bruce. Bruce will put the facts before you from a medical point of view. Bruce, let

me introduce my friend, Dr. Halifax. We have just been talking about your patient, Number Sixty. What do you say to consulting Halifax about him?"

"I shall be delighted," answered Bruce.

"I think I understood you to say, Standish, that Bayard is ill now?" I asked.

"That is so. Pray describe the case, Bruce."

"Your visit is most opportune," said Dr. Bruce. "Sixty had a bad attack this morning. He was employed in this very house directing some carpenters, when he fell in a state of unconsciousness to the floor. He was moved at once into a room adjoining the workshop—he is there now."

"What are his general symptoms?" I asked.

"Complete insensibility—in short, catalepsy in its worst form. His attacks began after the slight inflammation of the lungs which followed his injury. Captain Standish has probably told you about that."

"I have," said Standish.

"He may have received a greater shock than we had any idea of at the time of the accident," continued Dr. Bruce, "otherwise, I can't in the least account for the fact of catalepsy following an injury to the lungs. The man was in perfect health before this illness, since then he has had attacks of catalepsy once and sometimes twice in one week. As a rule, he recovers consciousness after a few hours; but to-day his insensibility is more marked than usual."

"You don't think it by any possibility a case of malingering?" I inquired. "One does hear of such things in connection with prisoners."

The prison doctor shook his head.

"No," he said, "the malady is all too real. I have tested the man in every possible way. I have used the electric battery, and have even run needles into him. In short, I am persuaded there is no imposture. At the present moment he looks like death; but come, you shall judge for yourself."

As Dr. Bruce spoke, he led the way to the door; Captain Standish and I accompanied him. We walked down a stone passage, entered a large workshop with high guarded windows, and passed on to a small room beyond. The one window in this room was also high, and protected with thick bars. On a trundle bed in the centre lay the prisoner.

For a moment I scarcely recognised the man. When I had last seen Bayard, he had been in ordinary gentleman's dress; he was now in the hideous garb of the prison—

his hair was cut within a quarter of an inch of his head—his face was thin and worn, it looked old, years older than the face I had last seen above the dock of the Old Bailey. There were deep hollows, as if of intense mental suffering, under the eyes—the lips were firmly shut, and resembled a straight line. The bulldog obstinacy of the chin, which I had noticed in the court of the Old Bailey, was now more discernible than ever.

"If ever a man could malinger, this man could," I muttered to myself; "he has both the necessary courage and obstinacy. But what could be his motive?"

I bent down and carefully examined the patient. He was lying flat on his back. His skin was cold—there was not a vestige of colour about the face or lips. Taking the wrist between my fingers and thumb, I felt for the pulse, which was very slow and barely perceptible—the man's whole frame felt like ice—there was a slight rigidity about the limbs.

"This is a queer case," I said, aloud.

"It is real," interrupted Bruce; "the man is absolutely unconscious."

When he spoke, I suddenly lifted one of the patient's eyelids, and looked into the eye—the pupil was contracted—the eye was

glazed and apparently unconscious. I looked fixedly into it for the space of several seconds—not by the faintest flicker did it show the least approach to sensibility. I pressed my finger on the cornea—there was not a flinch. I dropped the lid again. After some further careful examination, I stood up.

"This catalepsy certainly seems real," I said—"the man is, to all appearance, absolutely unconscious. I am sorry, as I hoped to have persuaded you, Captain Standish, to allow me to have an interview with him. I came to Hartmoor to-day for that express purpose. I have been intrusted with a message of grave importance from someone he used to know well in the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message—but in his present state this is, of course, impossible."

"What treatment do you propose?" asked Bruce, who showed some impatience at my carefully-worded speech.

"I will talk to you about that outside," I answered—I was watching the patient intently all the time I was speaking.

Standish and Bruce turned to leave the room, and I went with them. When I reached the door, however, I glanced suddenly back at the sick man. Was it fancy, or had he

looked at me for a brief second? I certainly detected the faintest quiver about the eyelids. Instantly the truth flashed through my brain—Bayard was a malingerer. He had feigned catalepsy so cleverly that he had even imposed upon the far-seeing prison doctor. He would have imposed upon me, but for that lightning quiver of the deathlike face. I had spoken on purpose about that message from the outside world. Mine was truly an arrow shot at a venture, but the arrow had gone home. When I left the room, I knew the man's



"I SUDDENLY LIFTED ONE OF THE PATIENT'S EYELIDS."

secret. I resolved, however, not to reveal it.

Bruce consulted me over the case. I gave some brief suggestions, and advised the prison doctor not to leave the man alone, but to see that a warder sat up with him during the night. Standish and I then returned to the drawing-room. We spent a pleasant evening together, and it was past one o'clock when we both retired to rest. As we were going to our rooms, a sudden idea flashed through my mind.

"Have you any objection," I said, turning suddenly to Standish, "to my seeing Number Sixty again?"

"Of course not, Halifax; it is good of you to be so interested in the poor chap. I will ask Bruce to take you to his room to-morrow morning."

"I want to see him now," I said.

"Now?"

"Yes, now, if you will allow me."

"Certainly, if you really wish it—I don't suppose there is the least change, however, and the man is receiving every care—a warder is sitting up with him."

"I should like to see him now," I repeated.

"All right," answered Standish.

We turned and went downstairs; we entered the cold stone passage, passed through the workshop, and paused at the door of the little room where the sick man was lying. Standish opened the door, holding a candle in his hand as he did so. We both looked towards the bed; for a moment we could see nothing, for the candle threw a deep shadow, then the condition of things became clear. The warder, who had charge of Bayard, lay in an unconscious heap

on the floor—the prisoner himself had vanished.

"Good God! The man was malingering after all, and has escaped," cried the Governor.

I bent down over the warder; he had been deprived of his outer garments, and lay in his shirt on the floor. I turned him on his back, examined his head, and asked Standish to fetch some brandy; a moment or two later the man revived.

He opened his eyes and looked at me in a dazed way.

"Where am I?" he said. "What, in the name of wonder, has happened? Oh, now I remember—that scoundrel—let me get up, there is not a moment to lose."

"You must not stir for a minute or two," I said. "You have had a bad blow, and must lie still. You are coming to yourself very fast, however. Stay quiet for a moment, and then you can tell your story."

"Meanwhile, I will go and give the alarm," said Standish, who had been watching us anxiously.

He left the room. The warder had evidently been only badly stunned—he was soon almost himself again.

"I remember everything now, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon, sir, I don't know your face."

"I am a friend of the Governor," I answered, "a doctor from London. Now tell your story, and be quick about it."

"We all had a good word for Sixty," replied the man; "'e was a bit of a favourite, even though 'e wor a convict. To-night he laid like one dead, and I thought, pore chap, 'e might never survive this yere attack; all of a sudden I seed his eyes wide open and fixed on me."

"Simpkins," he says, "don't speak—you are a dead man if you speak, Simpkins, and I saved your life once."

"True for you, Sixty," I answered him.

"Well," he says, "it's your turn now to save mine. You 'and me over your hat,



"THE WARDER LAY IN AN UNCONSCIOUS HEAP ON THE FLOOR."

and jacket, and trousers,' says 'e. 'Be quick about it. If you say "no," I'll stun you—I can—I've hid a weapon under the mattress.'

"Oh, don't you go and break prison, Sixty," I answered; 'you'll get a heap added to your sentence if you do that.'

"I must," he said, his eyes wild-like. 'I saw it in the papers, and I must go—there is one I must save, Simpkins, from a fate worse than death. Now, is it "yes" or "no"?'

"It's "no,"" I answered, as I makes for him.

"I'd scarcely said the words," continued the man, "before he was on me—he leapt out of bed, and caught me by the throat. I remember a blow and his eyes looking wild—and then I was unconscious. The next thing I knew was you pouring brandy down my throat, sir."

"You are better now," I replied; "you had better go at once, and tell your story to the authorities."

The man left the room, and I hastened to find Standish. There was hurry and confusion and a general alarm. There was not the least doubt that Bayard had walked calmly out of Hartmoor prison in Warder Simpkins's clothes. One of the porters testified to this effect. A general alarm was given, and telegrams immediately sent to the different railway and police stations. Standish said that the man would assuredly be brought back the following morning. Even if by any chance he managed to get as far as London, he would, in his peculiar clothes, be arrested there immediately.

I remained at Hartmoor for a good part of the following day, but Standish's expectations were not realized. Although telegrams were sent to the different police-stations, there was no news with regard to Edward Bayard. It was presently ascertained that Simpkins had money in the pocket of his jacket—he had just received his week's wages, and had altogether about £3 on his person. When this fact became known the success of the escape was considered probable. As there was nothing more for me to do, I returned to London on the evening of the following day, and reached my own house in time for breakfast.

I was anxious to see Lady Kathleen, but was puzzled to know how I could communicate with her. My doubts on this point, however, were set to rest in a very unexpected manner. When I returned home after seeing my patients that afternoon, Harris surprised me with the information that Miss Levesen

was waiting to see me. I went to her at once. She came forward to greet me with a look of excitement on her face.

"You remember your patient, Lady Kathleen Church?" she asked.

"Perfectly," I replied. "I hope she is better."

"Far from that, she is worse—I consider her very ill. Her wedding is to take place in a few days, but unless something is done to relieve her terrible tension of mind, we are more likely to have a funeral than a wedding on that day."

"What are her special symptoms at present?" I asked.

"She has been going from bad to worse since you saw her, Dr. Halifax. This morning she went out by herself for a short time, and returned in a very strange state of excitement. Her own impression was that she was losing her senses. She begged and implored that I would send for you. And I resolved to come to fetch you myself. Can you come to see her?"

"Certainly," I replied; "at what hour?"

"Now, if you will; there is no time to be lost. Will you return with me? Your patient is very ill, and ought to have attention without a moment's delay."

"My carriage is at the door; shall we go back to your house in it?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied Miss Levesen.

She rose from her chair at once—she was evidently impatient to be off. As we were driving to Piccadilly, she turned and spoke to me.

"While we have an opportunity, I wish to say something," she said.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I should naturally be glad if Lady Kathleen married my brother, but I wish you clearly to understand that I am not one to force the marriage. I fear the poor girl has not got over another most unfortunate attachment. Under present circumstances, I have made up my mind to cease to urge the wedding which we had hoped would so soon take place. I can't get my brother, however, to view matters in the same light; he is determined at any risk to keep Lady Kathleen to her promise."

"He cannot force her," I said.

"By moral suasion, yes—you do not know the man, Dr. Halifax."

I said nothing further—we had drawn up at the magnificent mansion in Piccadilly, and a few moments later I found myself in the presence of my patient. Miss Levesen brought me as far as the door, then she withdrew.

"Go in alone," she said, "that will be best. I don't want my brother to think that I'm in any way plotting against his interests."

She said these last words in an almost frightened whisper, and vanished before I had time to reply. I knocked at the door—a man's voice called to me to enter, and I found myself in a pretty boudoir.

The young girl whom I had come to see was lying on a sofa—her eyes were shut—a handkerchief, wrung out of some eau de Cologne and water, was placed over her brow. A man was seated by her side—he was evidently nursing her with extreme care, and there was a look of solicitude on his face. I guessed at once that this man was Levesen. A hasty glance showed me that he was in the prime of life. He was dressed irreproachably, and looked not only gentlemanly, but aristocratic. He rose when I entered, and bowed to me rather stiffly. I hastened to tell him my name and errand. Without a word he offered me his seat near the patient. Lady Kathleen had opened her eyes when I came in—she roused herself from the sort of deathlike stupor into which she had sunk, and gave me one or two glances of interest and relief. I put some questions to her, but I quickly saw that in Levesen's presence she was constrained and uncomfortable.

"Do you object to my seeing the patient for a few moments alone?" I asked of him.

His answer surprised me.

"I do," he said; "there is nothing you can say to Lady Kathleen that I have not a right to listen to. She is suffering from nervousness—nervousness bordering on hysteria—she needs sleep—a sedative will supply her with sleep. Will you have the goodness to write a prescription for one?—you will find paper, pen, and ink on this table."

He spoke in a quiet voice, the rudeness underneath being covered by a very suave manner. I was just turning to put some more questions to Lady Kathleen, when she surprised me by sitting up on the sofa and speaking with startling emphasis and force.

"You won't go away?" she said to Levesen.

"I will not," he replied.

"Then I will speak before you. No, you cannot cow me—not while Dr. Halifax is here. You shall hear the truth now, Francis, unless you change your mind and leave the room."

"I prefer to remain," he answered, with a sneer. "I should be glad to know what is really in your mind."

"I will tell you. I only marry you because I am afraid to refuse you. The only influence you have over me is one of terror. At the present moment I feel strong enough to defy you. That is because Dr. Halifax is here. He is a strong man, and he gives me courage. I don't love you—I hate you—I hate you with all my heart and strength. You don't love me—you only want to marry me for my money."

While Lady Kathleen was speaking, Levesen rose.

"You see how ill your patient is, doctor," he said, "you perceive how necessary a sedative is. My dear child," he added, "you are not quite accountable for your words at the present moment. Pray don't talk any more while you are so feverish and excited."

"But I have something more to say," she answered. "Perhaps you will think me mad—perhaps I am mad—still, mad or sane, I will now say what is in my mind. I hate you, and I love Edward Bayard. I saw Edward in the park this morning. He was standing close to Stanhope Gate. I passed him. I wanted to turn and speak to him, but before I could do so, he had vanished. Yes, I saw him. It was that sight which completely upset me—it took my last remnant of strength away. When I returned home I thought I should die—the shock was terrible—perhaps I did not really see him—perhaps I am mad, and it was a case of illusion. Oh, Francis, don't ask me to marry you—don't exercise your strength over me—give me back my freedom. Don't make a girl who hates you as I do, your wife."

"Come," said Levesen, "this is serious. Stay quiet, my dear child; you are really not in a condition to excite yourself. I did not know, doctor," he added, turning to me, "that the case was so bad. Of course, Lady Kathleen is suffering from illusion, seeing that Bayard is at present working out the sentence he richly deserves at Hartmoor."

"He is an innocent man, and you know it," said Lady Kathleen.

"Poor girl, her malady has grown much worse than I had any idea of," continued Levesen.

I interrupted.

"That does not follow," I replied. "Lady Kathleen is very ill, but she is not suffering from illusion. It is very probable that she did see Bayard this morning, seeing that he escaped from Hartmoor two nights ago."

"What?" said Lady Kathleen.

My words seemed to electrify her. She



"HE IS AN INNOCENT MAN, AND YOU KNOW IT."

sprang from the sofa, and clasped one of my hands in hers.

"Edward has escaped from prison?" she said, with a sort of gasp.

Levesen said nothing, but his face assumed an ugly, greenish tint.

"It is true——" I began.

My words were interrupted. A sudden noise was heard in the drawing-room which communicated with the boudoir. Quick footsteps approached, the door of the boudoir was burst open, and a man whom I had never seen before rushed in, and clasped Levesen by one of his hands.

"What in the world is the matter, Franks?" said Levesen, in a tone of displeasure.

"Matter!—it is all up," said Franks, in a choking, trembling voice—"that—that poor fellow has escaped—he is in the house. Oh, I know he has come for me—he—he'll murder me—he'll shoot us both, Levesen. I saw him in the hall, and he carried a revolver. He'll kill us, Levesen, I say—he will—there is murder in his eyes—he is a madman—oh, what shall we do?"

"For God's sake restrain yourself," said Levesen; "it is you who have taken leave of your senses."

"No, it isn't," said another voice; "he has reason enough for his fears."

The door had been opened a second time, and Bayard, the man I had seen last in

prison garb, looking like death upon his trundle bed, stood before us; he carried a revolver, but did not use it. Franks, who had been almost beside himself, rushed now towards Bayard and flung himself on his knees at his feet.

"Spare my life," he said; "don't take my life. I have repented for months. Spare me—don't murder me—I'm afraid of you. Let me go, I say."

The wretched man raised his voice almost to a shriek.

"Don't kneel to me," said Bayard. "I won't take your wretched life—I don't want it. Tell the truth, you coward. You gave me that cheque?"

"I did, Bayard, I did. I've been in misery ever since—I was tempted and I fell. It is true. Don't take my life."

"I don't want your life," said Bayard. "I would not soil my hands with you—I would not pollute myself with your blood. You have got to answer me one or two questions, however. You gave me the cheque for £5,000?"

"Yes, yes."

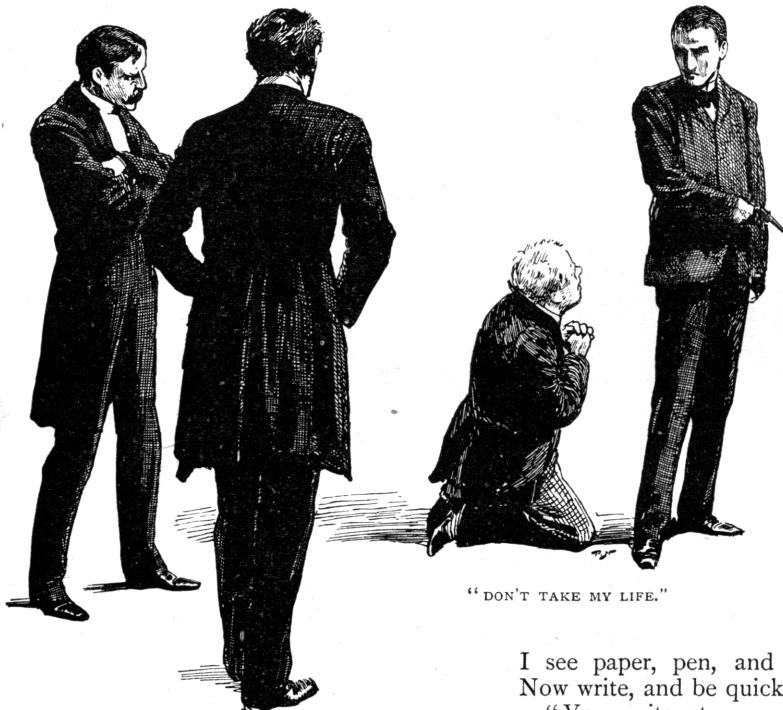
"Levesen gave it to you for the purpose?"

"He did."

"Franks, you don't know what you are saying," interrupted Levesen; "terror has turned your head."

"No, it hasn't, Levesen," replied Franks. "You did give me the cheque to give to Bayard. I can't help telling the truth. I would do a great deal for you, but I prefer ruin and disgrace to the mental anguish our crime has caused me. This fellow will shoot me if I don't tell the truth now, and by heavens, I'm not going to lose my life for you, Levesen."

"As far as I am concerned, you are safe," said Bayard, laying his pistol on the table. "You have admitted the truth, that is all I want. As to you, Levesen, the game is up."



“DON’T TAKE MY LIFE.”

You never guessed that I should break prison to confront you. You and Franks between you invented the most malicious conspiracy which was ever contrived to ruin an innocent man—you got me false imprisonment, but it is your turn now. You sha’n’t escape, either of you. This gentleman here, I think I know him—I saw him two days ago at Hartmoor—will be my witness. Your game is up; I, too, can plot and contrive. I feigned serious illness in order to lull suspicion, and so got out of prison. I did this because you, Levesen, goaded me to madness—you took away my liberty—my character—you ruined my entire life; but when, added to these iniquities, you determined to force the girl whom I love, and who loves me, to be your wife, I felt that matters had come to an extremity. By a mere accident, I saw the notice of your engagement to Lady Kathleen in a paper which another convict lent me. I was in hospital at the time. From that moment I played a desperate game. I escaped from prison with the intention of shooting you, if necessary, you black-hearted scoundrel, rather than allow you to become the husband of the girl I love.”

“The girl who loves you, Edward,” said Lady Kathleen.

She flew to his side, and threw her soft, white arms round his neck. He gave her a

quick, passionate glance, but did not speak.

“You must make a statement in writing,” he said to Franks. “As to you, Levesen — No, you don’t leave the room” — for Levesen had softly approached the door—“I have a pistol here, and I’m a desperate man. You will know best if it is worth exciting my rage or not. You will witness Franks’s confession. Now then, Franks, get your deposition down.

I see paper, pen, and ink on that table. Now write, and be quick about it.”

“You write at your peril, Franks,” said Levesen. “Are you mad to give yourself away as you are doing? What is this fellow here, but an escaped convict? Don’t put anything on paper, Franks.”

“Yes, but I will,” said Franks, suddenly. “It is not only that I am frightened, Levesen — upon my word, I am almost glad of the relief of confession. You don’t know what I’ve been through—perfect torture—yes, no more and no less. Bayard was no enemy of mine. I know you gave me money, and I have not much moral courage, and I fell; but the fact is, I’d rather serve my own time at Hartmoor than go through the mental misery which I have been enduring of late.”

“Put your confession on paper without a moment’s delay,” said Bayard, in a stern voice.

His words rang out with force. Notwithstanding his dress, his shaven head, his worn and suffering face—he had the manner of the man who conquers at that moment. The spell of fear which he had exercised over Franks he so far communicated to Levesen that he ceased to expostulate, and stood with folded arms, sullen face, and lowered eyes, not far from the door. I saw that he would escape if he could, but Bayard took care of that.

“Write, and be quick about it,” he said to Franks.

The wretched Franks bent over his paper. He was a short, thickly-set man, of middle age. His face was red and mottled. Large beads of perspiration stood on his brow. His iron-grey head was slightly bald. The hand with which he wrote shook. All the time he was writing there was absolute silence in the room. Lady Kathleen continued to stand by Bayard's side. She had lost her nervousness and hysteria. Her cheeks were full of beautiful colour, her eyes were bright—she had undergone a transformation.

At last Franks laid down his pen. He took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"Give me the paper," said Bayard.

Franks did so.

"Will you, sir, read this aloud?" said the ex-prisoner, turning suddenly to me.

"Certainly," I answered.

The queer group stood silent around me, while I read the following words:—

"On the 4th of May, 189—, Francis Levesen, whose secretary I have been for several years, brought me a cheque for the sum of £5,000, which he had made payable to Edward Bayard. He told me to give the cheque to Bayard, remarking, as he did so:—

"The fellow is in difficulties, and will find this useful."

"Bayard at the time was engaged to Lady Kathleen Church, Francis Levesen's ward. I replied that I did not know Mr. Bayard was in money difficulties.

"He is," said Levesen; "he has been fool enough to put his name to a bill for a friend, and has to meet a claim for £3,000 within the next ten days. He asked me to lend him that sum to meet the difficulty in Lady Kathleen's presence yesterday. I refused to grant his request at the time, and he seemed in distress about it."

"And yet you are now giving him £5,000," I said. "That seems strange, seeing that he only requires a loan of £3,000."

"Never mind," said Levesen, "a little ready cash will be acceptable under the

circumstances. Get him to take the cheque. The fact is, there is more in this matter than meets the eye. I want you to help me in a small conspiracy, and will make it worth your while. You are to give this cheque to Bayard when no one is present. See that he presents it at my bank. If you can act quietly and expeditiously in this matter, I will give you that thousand pounds you want so badly in cash."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at him in fear and astonishment.

"You know you want that money," he replied.

"God knows I do," I answered.

"To meet that bill of sale on your



"I WILL GIVE YOU THAT THOUSAND POUNDS."

furniture," continued Levesen. "Your wife is just going to have a baby, and if the furniture is sold over her head, you fear the shock will kill her. Is not that so? Oh, yes, I know all about you — a thousand

pounds will put all straight, will it not?"

"Yes, yes; but the deuce is in this matter," I replied. "What are you up to, Levesen—what is your game?"

Levesen's face became ashen in hue.

"My game is this," he hissed into my ear: "I mean to do for that wretched, smooth-tongued sneak, Bayard."

"I thought he was your friend," I answered.

"Friend!" said Levesen. "If there is a man I hate, it is he. He has come between me and the girl I intend to marry. I have made up my mind to ruin him. In short, he sha'n't have Lady Kathleen—I shall lock him up. Now, if you will help me, the deed

can be done, and you shall have your £1,000.'

"I was as wax in his hands, for the state of my own affairs was desperate. I asked what I was to do.

"I mean to have Bayard arrested," said Levesen. "I mean to have him arrested on a charge of forgery. When the moment comes, you are to help me. I mean to prove that Bayard forged the signature to the cheque which you now hold in your hand. He will declare that you gave it to him—you are to deny the fact—in short, you and I will have to go through a good deal of false swearing. If we stick together and make our plans, I am convinced that the thing can be carried through. My ward can't marry a man who is going through penal servitude, and, by Heaven, Bayard shall have a long term."

"I said I couldn't do it, but Levesen said : 'Sleep over it.' I went home. The Evil One fought with me all night, and before the morning he had conquered me. That thousand pounds and the thought of saving the home were what did for me. We carried out our scheme. I am prepared to swear to the truth of this statement before a magistrate.

"JOHN FRANKS."

"It would be well to have witnesses to this," I said, when I had done reading. "Lady Kathleen, will you put your name here?"

She came forward at once, writing her full name in a bold, firm hand. I put mine under hers.

"And now, Bayard," I said, "this is not a moment for showing mercy; a foul deed has been committed, and only the stern arm of justice can set matters right. Will you have the goodness to go at once for the police? Levesen and Franks must be taken into custody to-night on the charge of malicious conspiracy against you, for causing you to be falsely imprisoned, and for perjury."

"One moment before you go, Bayard," said Levesen—moving a step forward and speaking with the studied calm which all through this strange scene had never deserted him. "There is another side to Franks's

story, and when I have said my say to-morrow morning before the magistrate, I can easily prove that the statement made on that piece of paper is worth no more than the paper on which it is written. There is not a magistrate on the Bench who is likely to give even a moment's serious consideration to such a trumped-up tale told under pressure, and at the instigation of an escaped convict. You can do your worst, however—I am so conscious of my own innocence that I have no wish to escape."

"Have you done speaking?" said Bayard.

"I have—you will repent of this."

Bayard left the room. In less than half an hour, Levesen and Franks had been carried off to the nearest police-station, and Bayard was left alone with Lady Kathleen. I went then to find Miss Levesen. I had a painful task in telling the poor lady the shameful truth. She was a hard woman, but she at least had been no partner in Levesen's horrible conspiracy.

The events which followed can be told in a few words. The next morning, early, I took Bayard to see my own solicitor, who instructed him to return to Hartmoor, and to give himself up; in the meantime, a petition would be immediately presented to the Queen for his free pardon.

That pardon was obtained in less than a week—although Bayard had to go through a short nominal punishment for his assault on the warder and his escape from Hartmoor.

One of the sensational trials at the autumn assizes was that of Levesen and Franks. The intelligent jury who listened to the trial were not long in making up their minds with regard to the verdict. I do not know that I am a specially hard man, but I could not help rejoicing when the judge's sentence was known. Levesen and Franks are now serving their time at Hartmoor—their sentence was seven years' imprisonment.

As to Lady Kathleen, she has completely recovered her health, and the long postponed wedding took place before the Christmas of that year.

The Sea - Serpent.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

HERE is a general disposition to regard the sea-serpent and all the tales of him as an everlasting joke. He only turns up, say the jokers, when Parliament is out of Session and the silly season arrives with its prize gooseberries and showers of frogs ; and he usually turns up in America, in a local paper. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the sea-serpent is a living fact ; or, perhaps, it is safer to say that there is evidence that great living creatures of a kind or kinds as yet unclassified by science inhabit the sea ; probably in small numbers, and quite possibly not serpents in the usual sense of the word.

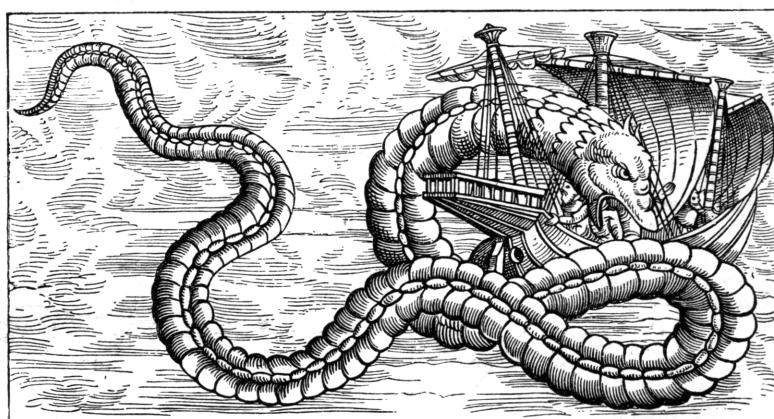
Every circumstance tends to deny a fair hearing to evidence as to the sea-serpent. A man reporting having seen it is laughed at, and a sailor doesn't like being laughed at by a landsman. Of course, a long trail of seaweed rocking upon the sea surface may, at one time and another, have been mistaken for a living thing, or a procession of porpoises may have been thought to be one great organism. But a sailor, as a rule, knows seaweed or a porpoise when he sees it, and is more likely to know actually what he does see on the water than a landsman who wasn't there ; and it is unlikely that every sailor who reports a sea-serpent must be drunk, blind, or a fool. It has, however, become customary to assume that he is, and, as a result, a sailor is disposed to keep quiet about anything out of the ordinary which he may see, since he has nothing to gain by making announcement of it.

It may be remembered that tales of gigantic cuttle-fishes were regarded, until comparatively recently, with as much incredulity as those of the sea-serpent, yet the existence of such cuttle-fish is now as much a recognised scientific fact as that of the whale. Let us, then, examine such small

part as we may of the large body of evidence on the subject.

The Norwegian fishermen regard the existence of the sea-serpent as a thing beyond all dispute, and can tell any number of stories of his appearance in their fiords ; and a Norwegian book of travel published in the sixteenth century describes its appearance in the year 1522.

Olaus Magnus, who is careful to say that his description is from hearsay and not from personal observation, describes the sea-serpent as being 200ft. long and 20ft. in circumference, having fiery eyes and a short mane. He also gives a very surprising picture wherein the sea-serpent is represented curling about

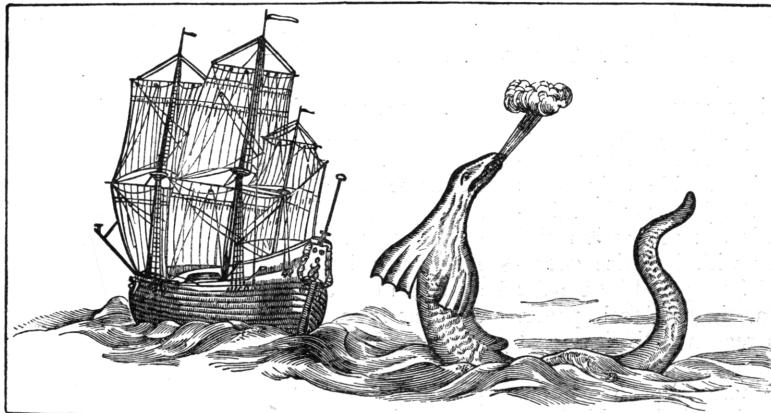


SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING A VESSEL. FROM OLAUS MAGNUS.

entirely out of the water, and reaching over to snap a man from the deck of a ship.

Hans Egede, who afterwards became a bishop, travelled to Greenland in the year 1734 as a missionary. In his account of the voyage, he describes a sea-monster which appeared near the ship on the 6th of July. "Its head," he says, "when raised, was on a level with our main-top. Its snout was long and sharp, and it blew water almost like a whale ; it had large, broad paws or paddles ; its body was covered with scales ; its skin was rough and uneven ; in other respects it was as a serpent ; and when it dived, the end of its tail, which was raised in the air, seemed to be a full ship's length from its body." A companion of Egede's, also a missionary, made a sketch of the monster, which is here reproduced.

Erik Pontoppidan (Bishop of Bergen), the



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY HANS EGEDE IN 1734.

famous Norwegian naturalist, at first disbelieved in the sea-serpent, but confesses his conversion in his book (published in 1755) since he had received "full and sufficient evidence from creditable and experienced fishermen and sailors in Norway, of whom hundreds testify that they have seen them annually." Pontoppidan tells us that it is the habit of the sea-serpent (which he identifies with the Leviathan of Scripture) to keep at the bottom of the sea except in their spawning time, in July and August, when they rise to the surface occasionally, if the weather be calm, but make their way below immediately should the least disturbance take place. He discriminates between the Greenland and the Norwegian sea-snakes, the former being scaly as to the outer skin, but the latter perfectly smooth, and with a mane about the neck, hanging like a bunch of seaweed. From the various accounts he estimates the length of the serpent at about 600ft., this length lying on the surface in many folds in calm weather. The forehead in all varieties is high and broad, though some have a sharp and others a flat snout. The eyes are large and bluish, looking like bright pewter plates. The colour is dark brown, variegated in places. Thus Erik Pontoppidan.

The *Zoologist* for the year 1847, too, contained many accounts of the appearance, during that year, of sea-serpents in the Norwegian fiords.

One of the most famous and best authenticated appearances of the monster is that recorded to have been observed by the

officers and crew of H.M.S. *Dædalus* in 1848. We reproduce, entire, the official report of Captain M'Quhae to Admiral Sir W. H. Gage on the subject:—

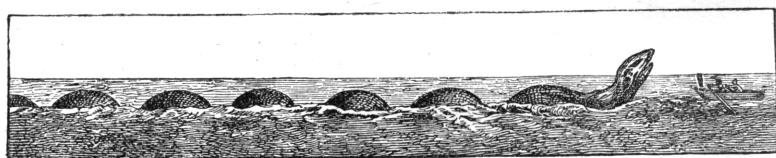
"H.M.S.
Dædalus,
Hamoaze,

Oct. 11th.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of this day's date, requiring information

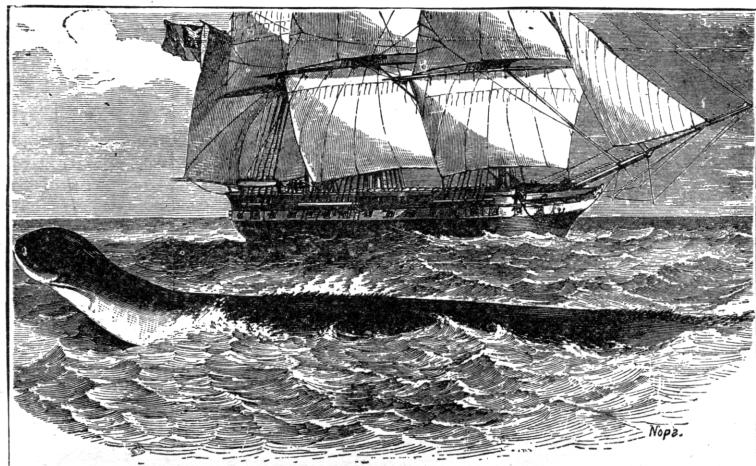
as to the truth of a statement, published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, under my command, in her passage from the East Indies, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at 5 o'clock p.m., on the 6th of August last, in latitude $24^{\circ} 44'$ S and longitude $9^{\circ} 22'$ E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., with a long ocean swell from the S.W., the ship on the port tack, heading N.E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom, and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about 4ft.



THE SEA-SERPENT ACCORDING TO PONTOPPIDAN.

constantly above the surface of the sea; and, as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our main-topsail yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60ft. of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, in our perception, used in propelling it



THE SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.S. "DODALUS."

Nop.

through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that, had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognised his features with the naked eye ; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose. The diameter of the serpent was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake ; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water ; its colour, a dark brown with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel in addition to myself and officers above mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"PETER M'QUHAE, Capt.

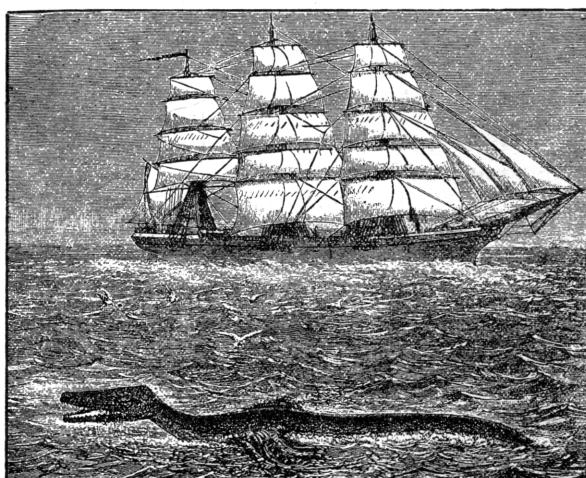
"To Admiral Sir W. H. Gage,
G.C.B., Devonport."

This is unassailable evidence from the best source possible—the ob-

servation of several educated men used to the sea, and set down in a sober, official report. A letter was printed shortly after in the *Globe* newspaper, giving an account of the appearance of a similar (very possibly the same) monster to the American brig *Daphne*, 20deg. further south, soon after it was seen from the *Dædalus*. The publication of the *Dædalus*

adventure led to many stories of similar encounters being brought forward in the Press of the time.

Captain W. H. Nelson, of the American ship *Sacramento*, reported catching a glimpse of a strange sea-monster on July 30th, 1877, in latitude $31^{\circ} 59' N.$, and longitude $37^{\circ} W.$ The man at the wheel (his name was John Hart) had a better view than Captain Nelson, since he first caught sight of it, and the captain did not arrive upon deck until it had proceeded some distance on its way. Some 40ft. of the creature, the helmsman estimated, was seen above the surface, and its girth appeared to be about that of a flour barrel. He afterwards made a pencil sketch, from which it would appear to be a different animal altogether from those usually reported, and somewhat resembling the ancient ichthyosaurus.



SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE SHIP "SACRAMENTO."

The next account I shall quote is that of an officer of H.M.S. *Plumper*, whose description is as follows:—

“On the morning of the 31st of December, 1848, lat. $41^{\circ} 13' N.$, and long. $12^{\circ} 31' W.$, being nearly due west of Oporto, I saw a

it moved through the water, kept washing about; but before I could examine it closely it was too far astern.” The illustration is from a sketch by the officer.

The following account of a sea-serpent was communicated to the *Illustrated London News*:—

“Colonial Agency,
“4, Cullum St.,
“London,
“Sept. 25th, 1853.

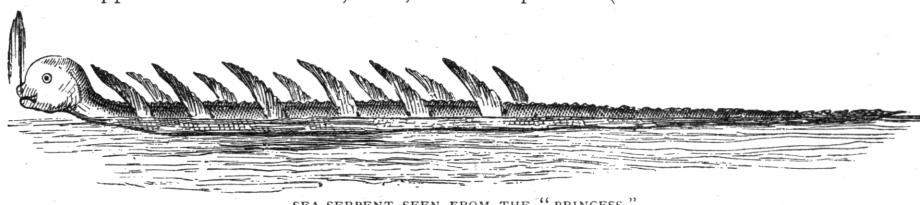
“We hand you the following extract from the log-book of our ship *Princess*, Captain A. K. N. Tremaine, in London Docks, 15th instant, from China, viz.: ‘Tuesday, July 8th, 1853; latitude (accurate) $34^{\circ} 56' S.$; longitude (accurate) $18^{\circ} 14' E.$ At 1 p.m. saw a very large fish, with a head like a walrus,

SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.S. “PLUMPER.”

long, black creature with a sharp head, moving slowly, I should think about two knots, through the water, in a north-westerly direction, there being a fresh breeze at the time and some sea on. I could not ascertain its exact length, but its back was 20ft., if not more, above the water, and its head, as near as I could judge, from 6ft. to 8ft. I had not the time to make a closer observation, as the ship was going six knots through the water, her head E. half S., and S.S.E. The creature moved across our wake, towards a merchant barque on our lee-quarter and on the port tack. I was in hopes she would have seen it also. The officers and men saw it, and (those) who have served in parts of the world adjacent to whale and seal fisheries, and have seen them in the water, declare they have never seen or heard of any creature bearing the slightest resemblance to the one we saw. There was something on its back that appeared like a mane, and, as

and twelve fins similar to those of the blackfish, but turned the contrary way. The back was from 20ft. to 30ft. long; also a great length of tail. It is not improbable that this monster has been taken for the great sea-serpent. Fired and hit it near the head with rifle ball. At eight, fresh wind and fine.’ The monster was seen by the entire ship’s crew, as also by Captain Morgan, a passenger by the *Princess*.”

Another well-authenticated sea-serpent is that seen by Dr. Biccard, of Cape Town, in February, 1857, a month later seen by Mr. Fairbridge and others. Dr. Biccard was at the lighthouse at Green Point in the afternoon of the day in question, about 5 p.m., when the lighthouse-keeper asked him to “come and see a sea-monster.” “I proceeded to the lighthouse,” wrote Dr. Biccard, “and from thence I saw on the water, about 150yds. from the shore, a serpent, of which some details have already appeared in print. (This refers to the account by

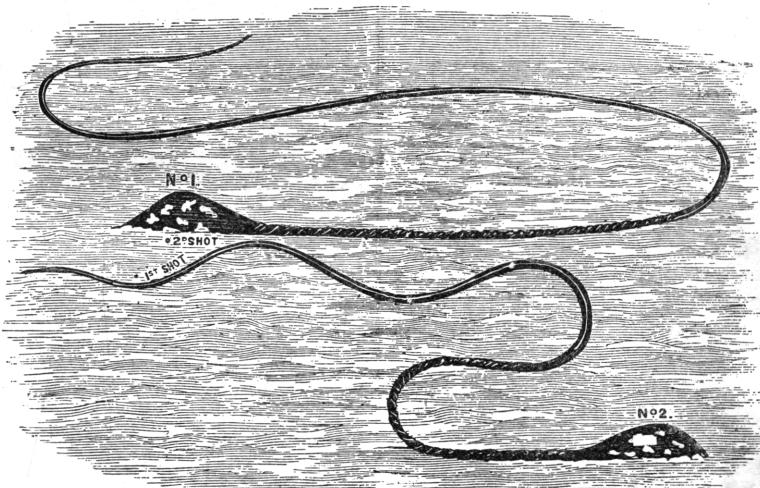


SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE “PRINCESS.”

Mr. Fairbridge.) It was lying in the position shown in the accompanying sketch, No. 1. I borrowed a rifle from Mr. Hall (the father-in-law of the lighthouse-keeper), and fired at the animal. The ball fell short in front of it by about four yards, as shown in the sketch. The animal did not move, and I then fired a second shot, the ball striking about 1ft. or $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. from it. The serpent then, apparently startled, moved from its position, and straightened himself out, and went under water, evidently getting out of the way. He was invisible about

calm. Besides Dr. Biccadr, the animal was seen by seven other persons.

One of our illustrations is of the great American sea-serpent, a young one of which was actually caught and dissected by members of the Linnaean Society of Boston (some of the parts being here shown). In consequence of the reports of a great sea-serpent having been frequently seen during the month of August, 1817, in the harbour of Gloucester, Mass., and at a short distance at sea, the Linnaean Society appointed a committee to collect evidence with regard to the



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY DR. BICCARD, OF CAPE TOWN.

ten minutes, at the expiration of which interval he reappeared at about 200yds. distance, and, I should say, about 40yds. farther off. He then came right on towards the place where I first saw him; but before arriving there, my son, who had joined me, fired at the animal. Unluckily the discharge broke the nipple of the rifle, and I was thus prevented from further firing. Upon reaching the place which he first occupied, the serpent formed himself into the position delineated in sketch No. 2, and then stood right into the bay, and soon afterwards we lost sight of him altogether."

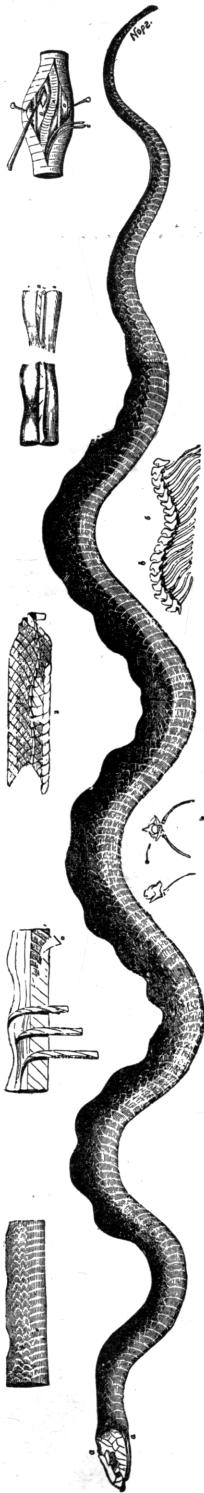
Dr. Biccadr goes on to say that the animal was about 200ft. in length, but its thickness he could not tell, only the upper part of its body being visible; the head could be seen but indistinctly. He considered the protuberance to be the upper part of the head, but he could not discover the eyes. The body was of a dull, dark colour, except the head, which was maculated with white spots. The water at the time was very

existence and appearance of such an animal. In due course a report appeared, and if that alone was not convincing, the receipt by the Society a month later of an actual sea-serpent left the matter beyond dispute. It was of remarkable appearance, was decided by the Society to be the young of the great sea-serpent, and was named *Scoliophis Atlanticus*. It was killed on the sea-shore at no great distance from Cape Ann. The next cut is from an engraving of it in a pamphlet relating to the sea-serpent published by the Society.

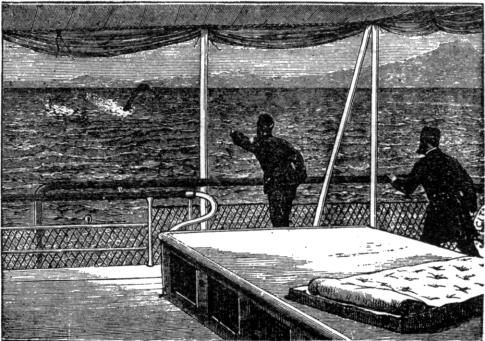
In its issue of April 19th, 1879, the *Graphic* gave an illustration of a sea-serpent seen by its correspondent, Major H. W. J. Senior, of the Bengal Staff Corps, from a sketch by that gentleman, together with a description of the monster, as it appeared to him from the poop deck of the steamship *City of Baltimore*, in latitude $12^{\circ} 28' N.$, longitude $43^{\circ} 52' E.$ Major Senior first saw the creature about three-quarters of a mile distant, "darting rapidly out of the water and splashing in

again, with a noise distinctly audible," and rapidly approaching the ship. It arrived within 500 yards before turning its course and finally disappearing. It moved so rapidly that it was impossible to fix it with the telescope, so that Major Senior is doubtful whether it had scales or not, but as well as could be ascertained by the unaided eye it had none. "The head and neck," says Major Senior, "about two feet in diameter, rose out of the water to a height of about twenty or thirty feet, and the monster opened its jaws wide as it rose, and closed them again as it lowered its head and darted forward for a dive, reappearing almost immediately some hundred yards ahead. The body was not visible at all, and must have been some depth under water, as the disturbance on the surface was too slight to attract notice, although occasionally a splash was seen at some distance behind the head. The shape of the head was not unlike pictures of the dragon I have often seen, with a bulldog appearance of the forehead and eyebrow. When the

monster had drawn its head sufficiently out of the water, it let itself drop, as it were, like a huge log of wood, prior to darting forward under the water." Major Senior's statement was countersigned by Dr. Hall, the ship's surgeon, and Miss Greenfield, a passenger, both of whom saw the creature.



SEA-SERPENT CAUGHT BY THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY, 1817.

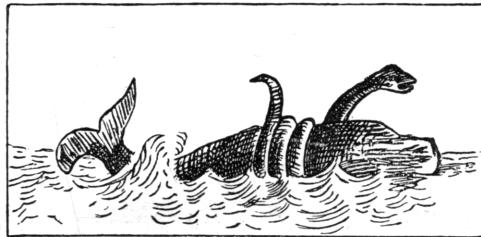


SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE SS. "CITY OF BALTIMORE."

One of the most extraordinary accounts of the sea-serpent was that given by Captain Drevar, of the barque *Pauline*, and declared before a magistrate by himself and his crew. Much ridicule was cast upon the story by certain journalists, who felt it necessary to be funny on the occasion, and Captain Drevar bitterly resented the doubts cast upon his veracity and capabilities for observation. It is difficult to dismiss the story as not proven, except upon the assumption that Captain Drevar and his crew agreed to tell a great lie for no earthly reason, and without the slightest inducement. This is the narrative, shortened in places, for considerations of space:—

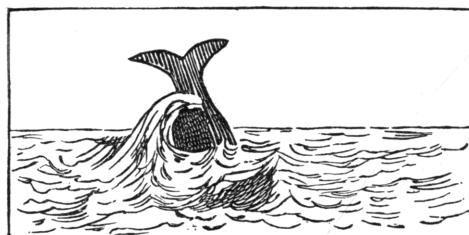
"Barque *Pauline*.—July 8th, 1875; lat. $5^{\circ} 13' S.$, long. $35^{\circ} W.$; Cape Roque, north-east corner of Brazil, distant twenty miles at 11 a.m.

"The weather fine and clear, the wind and sea moderate. Observed some black spots on the water and a whitish pillar, about 35ft. high, above them. At first I took it all to be breakers, as the sea was splashing up fountain-like about them, and the pillar, a pinnacle rock bleached with the sun; but the pillar fell with a splash and a similar one rose. They rose and fell alternately in quick succession, and good glasses showed me it was a monster sea-serpent coiled twice round a large sperm whale. The head and tail parts, each about 30ft. long, were acting as levers, twisting itself and victim around with great velocity. They sank out of sight about every two minutes, coming to the surface still revolving, and the struggles of the whale and two other



SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING WHALE. SEEN BY CAPTAIN DREVAR IN 1875.

whales that were near, frantic with excitement, made the sea in this vicinity like a boiling caldron, and a loud and confused noise was distinctly heard. This strange occurrence lasted some fifteen minutes, and finished with the tail portion of the whale being elevated straight in the air, then waving backwards and forwards and lashing the water furiously in the last death struggle, when the whole body disappeared from our view, going down head foremost towards the bottom, where, no doubt, it was gorged at the serpent's leisure Then two of the largest sperm whales that I have ever seen moved slowly thence towards the vessel, their bodies more than usually elevated out of the water, and not spouting or making the least noise, but seeming quite paralyzed with fear; indeed, a cold shiver went through my own frame on beholding the last agonizing struggle of the poor whale that had seemed as helpless in the coils of the vicious monster as a small bird in the talons of a hawk. Allowing for two coils round the whale, I think the serpent was about 160ft. or 170ft. long and 7ft. or 8ft. in girth. It was in colour much like a conger eel, and the head, from the mouth being always open, appeared the largest part of the body. . . . I wrote thus far, little thinking I should ever see the serpent again. But at 7 a.m., July 13th, in the same latitude, and some eighty miles east of San Roque, I was astonished to see the same or a similar monster. It was throwing its head and about 40ft. of its body in a horizontal position out of the water, as it passed onwards by the stern of our vessel. . . . I was startled by the cry of 'There it is again,' and, a short distance to leeward, elevated some 60ft. in the air, was the



SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING WHALE—THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

great leviathan, grimly looking towards the vessel. . . . This statement is strictly true, and the occurrence was witnessed by my officers, half the crew, and myself, and we are ready at any time to testify on oath that it is so, and that we are not in the least mistaken. . . . A vessel, about three years ago, was dragged over by some sea-monster in the Indian Ocean.

“GEORGE DREVAR,

“Master of the *Pauline*. ”

Upon seeing doubts cast upon his account in certain newspapers, Captain Drevar appeared before Mr. Raffles, stipendiary magistrate at the Dale Street Police Court, Liverpool, accompanied by some of his officers and crew, and made the following declaration:—

“We, the undersigned, captain, officers, and crew of the barque *Pauline*, of London, do solemnly and sincerely declare that on July 8th, 1875, in latitude 5° 13' S., longitude 35° W., we observed three large sperm whales, and one of them was gripped round the body with two turns of what appeared to be a large serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about 30ft., and its girth 8ft. or 9ft. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whole to the bottom, head first.

“GEORGE DREVAR,
Master.

“HORATIO THOMPSON.

“HENDERSON LANDELLO.

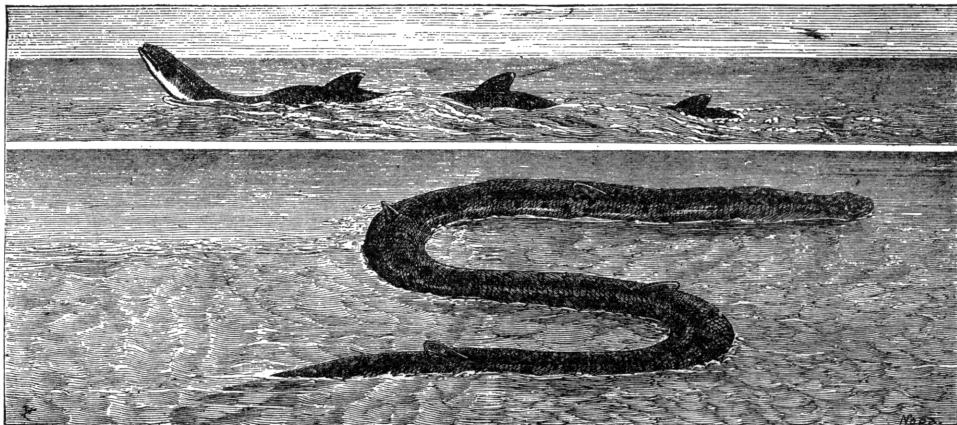
“OWEN BAKER.

“WILLIAM LEWAN.”

There were also two other declarations, relating to the subsequent appearance, and the declaration was again made at a Liverpool police-court.

Captain Hassel, of the barque *St. Olaf*, from Newport to Galveston, Texas, testifies to having seen, two days before arrival at the latter port, on May 13th, 1872, a large sea-serpent lying upon the surface of the water. Such part of the creature as was visible seemed about 70ft. long, and had four fins along the back. It was about 6ft. in diameter, and it was of a greenish-yellow colour, with brownish spots over the upper part. One of the mates made a sketch of the animal.

In June, 1877, the officers and crew of the Royal yacht *Osborne* encountered a sea-monster off the coast of Sicily. Lieutenant



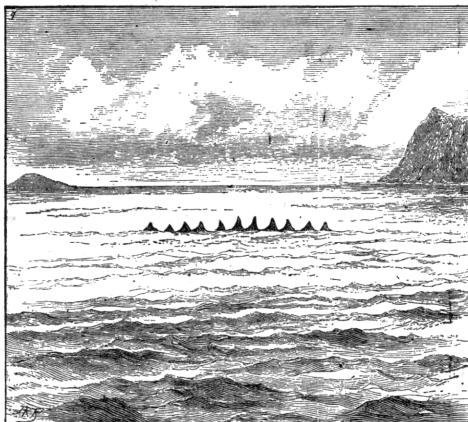
SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY CAPTAIN HASSEL.

Haynes describes it thus: "My attention was first called by seeing a long row of fins appearing above the surface of the water at a distance of about 200yds. from the ship, and away on our beam. They were of irregular heights and extending about 30ft. or 40ft. in line (the former number is the length I gave, the latter the other officers). In a few seconds they disappeared, giving place to the forepart of the monster. By this time it had passed astern, swimming in an opposite direction to that we were steering, and as we were passing through the water at ten and a half knots I could only get a view of it 'end on,' as shown in the sketch. The head was bullet-shaped, and quite 6ft. thick, the neck narrow, and its head was occasionally thrown back out of the water, remaining there for a few seconds at a time. It was very broad across the back or shoulders, about 15ft. or 20ft., and the flappers appeared to have a semi-revolving motion, which seemed to paddle the monster

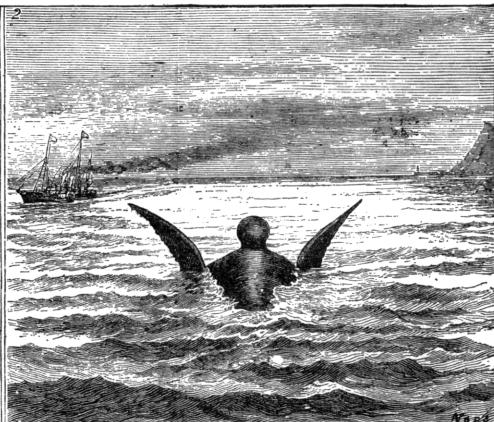
along. They were about 15ft. in length. From the top of the head to the part of the body where it became immersed, I should consider 50ft., and that seemed about one-third of the whole length. All this part was smooth, resembling a seal. I cannot account for the fins, unless they were on the back below where it was immersed."

But we have still more recent witnesses to the fact of the existence of a sea-monster than the above. Captain R. J. Cringle, of the steamship *Umfuli*, one of the ten vessels of the Natal Line, belonging to Messrs. Bullard, King, and Company, less than two years ago commanded the following to be written in his ship's log:—

"Ss. *Umfuli*, Monday, Dec. 4th, 1893, 5.30 p.m., lat. 23deg. N., long. 18deg. W.—Sighted and passed, about 500yds. from ship, a monster fish of serpentine shape, about 80ft. long, with shining skin, and short fins, about 20ft. apart, on the back; in



1. ROW OF FINS AS FIRST SEEN.



2. HEAD AND FLAPPERS.

SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.Y. "OSBORNE."

circumference, about the dimensions of a full-sized whale."

The position indicated, as will be seen by reference to a map, is off the coast of Africa, a little south of the Canary Islands, and, broadly speaking, between Cape Bojador and Cape Blanco. When questioned more narrowly about the monster he had seen, Captain Cringle said he had never set eyes upon anything of the kind before, nor had any of the sailors on board the *Umfuli*. People had laughed at him for what they called his credulity, and said that both he and his crew and the passengers on board had been deceived; but he was quite certain his eyes did not deceive him. The sea was like a mirror at the time, with not a cat's-paw nor a ruffle upon it; "and this thing," he added, "whatever it was, was in sight for over half an hour. In fact, we did not lose sight of it until darkness came on."

Questioned as to how far the creature was away when they first saw it, Captain Cringle said, "When we first saw it I estimated that it would be about 400yds. away. It was rushing through the water at great speed, and was throwing water from its breast as a vessel throws water from her bows. I saw full 15ft. of its head and neck on three several occasions. They appeared and disappeared three times. The body was all the time visible."

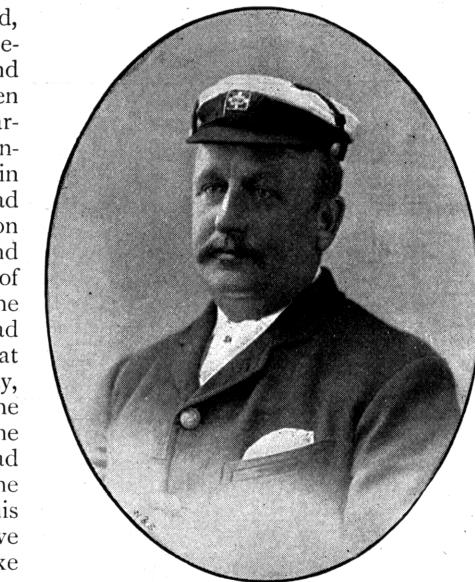
Asked what the body looked like, Captain Cringle said he could liken it to nothing so well as to a hundred-ton gun partly submerged. It showed three distinct humps or swellings above the waves. Taking a pencil, he made a rough sketch of what he saw. (This was afterwards filled out by our artist, and is given in our illustration.) "The base,

or body," said he, "from which the neck sprang was much thicker than the neck itself, and I should not, therefore, call it a serpent. Had it been breezy enough to ruffle the water, or hazy, I should have had some doubt about the creature; but the sea being so perfectly smooth, I had not the slightest doubt in my mind as to its being a sea-monster. I turned the ship round to get closer to it, and got much nearer than we were at first; but the sun was then setting and the light gone, so that to have run the ship nearer to the coast would have been folly."

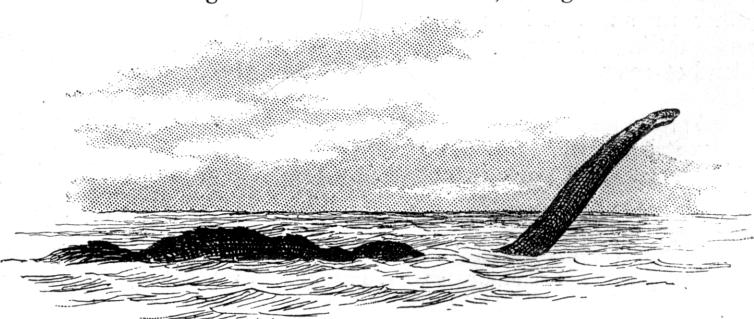
In reply to a question as to whether the creature seemed scaled, Captain Cringle said that so far as he could judge it was not. It appeared to have a smooth skin, and to

be of a dark brown colour. They were at one time so near to it that one of the passengers, a Mr. Kennealy, a gentleman of some scientific attainments, said he could hear the creature hiss, but the first officer said, "No, that is the rushing of the water from his bows." The scientific gentleman had a camera on board, but he was so excited that he never thought of it. A little less excitement, and Mr. Kennealy might have immortalized himself.

It will be seen from the photograph of the *Umfuli*'s log that the chief officer, who has the keeping of it, had a look at the monster through his glass, and describes it as having an enormous mouth, with great rows of teeth.



CAPTAIN R. J. CRINGLE.
From a Photograph by W. F. Greene.



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY CAPTAIN CRINGLE.

Log of the S.S. *Umfuli* from London towards Natal

H.	K.	F.	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEE-WAY.	Devia-tion.	REMARKS.
1	10	5-	340 15 14 N	S SSW			Monday Dec 4th 1893 9 A.M.
2	10	5-	"	"			2. Light wind & forecast.
3	10	5-	"	"			
4	10	5-	"	"			4. clo — clo
5	10	5-	"	"			
6	10	5-	"	"			
7	10	5-	"	"			
8	10	5-	"	"			
9	10	5-	"	"			
10	10	5-	"	"			
11	10	5-	"	"			
12	10	5-	"	"			

Course	Dist.	Dif. Lat.	Dep.	Lat. by Ast.	Lat. by Obs.	Dif. Long.	Long. by Acct.	Long. by Obs.
South	255.7	32		Barometer. 30.20	21 38 54 N Sympiesometer.	nii.	Thermometer. 78°	Aneroid. 17.26.00

1	10	5-	"	Calm	PM			
2	10	5-	"	"	2. Calm & smooth sea			
3	10	5-	"	"				
4	10	5-	"	"	4. Same weather. 9 A.M.			
5	10	5-	"	"				
6	10	5-	"	"				
7	10	5-	"	"				
8	10	5-	"	"				
9	10	5-	"	"				
10	10	5-	"	"				
11	10	5-	"	"				
12.	10	5-	"	"				

just like a Conger Eel, ~~had been~~ ^{had been} ~~seen~~ ^{seen} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~shape~~ ^{shape} of a ~~circle~~ ^{circle}. Mate

Master

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF PAGE OF CAPTAIN CRINGLE'S LOG, WITH ENTRY REGARDING SEA-SERPENT.

Captain Cringle, however, who does not appear to have seen the creature's mouth open, said nothing about it.

In concluding his account of what he saw on that notable 4th of December, Captain Cringle said, "I have been so ridiculed about the thing that I have many times wished that anybody else had seen that sea-monster rather than me. I have been told that it was a string of porpoises, that it was an island of seaweed, and I do not know what besides. But if an island of seaweed can travel at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, or if a string of porpoises can stand 15ft. out of the water, then I give in, and confess myself deceived. Such, however, could not be."

Three months before Captain Cringle turned the *Umfuli* round in order to get a nearer sight of his sea-monster, Dr. Farquhar Matheson, of London, had a still closer view of a similar creature. Dr. Matheson is a

trained observer, and one of the men least likely to be the subject of an illusion. What he saw he described shortly afterwards to several gentlemen. They laughed at him at first, because it is so usual to laugh at sea-serpent stories; but they afterwards confessed that they thought there must be something in what he described, as he was not a person likely to be deceived. The ridicule to which he was subjected, however, made him decide to say very little about the matter. He gave the writer a succinct account of the monster he saw, which was made a note of at the time; but, as he declined to have his name go forth in connection with it, no use was made of the narrative. Having now, however, given his consent for his name to be mentioned, his interesting experience is here for the first time put on record.

The occurrence took place in September,

1893, while Dr. Matheson was spending some time at his home in the north-west of Scotland. He was at the time enjoying a sail with his wife on Loch Alsh, which separates the Island of Skye from the mainland. "It was a beautiful day," said Dr. Matheson, "clear as possible, the sun shining brightly, and without clouds. The time was between one and two. Our sail was up and we were going gaily along, when suddenly I saw something rise out of the Loch in front of us—a long, straight, neck-like thing as tall as my mast. I could not think what it was at first. I fancied it might be something on land, and directed my wife's attention to it. I said, 'Do you see that?' She said she did, and asked what it could be, and was rather scared. It was then 200yds. away and was moving towards us. Then it began to draw its neck down, and I saw clearly that it was a large sea-monster—of the saurian type, I should think. It was brown in colour, shining, and with a sort of ruffle at the junction of the head and neck. I can think of nothing to which to compare it so well as the head and neck of the giraffe, only the neck was much longer, and the head was not set upon the neck like that of a giraffe; that is, it was not so much at right-angles to it as a continuation of it in the same line. It moved its head from side to side, and I saw the reflection of the light from its wet skin."

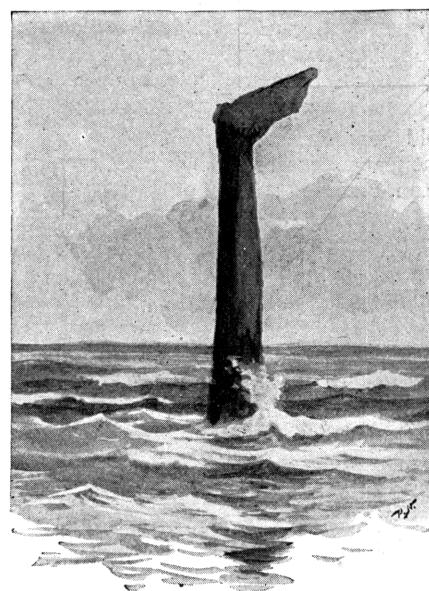
Asked if the creature appeared to have scales, Dr. Matheson said he should judge not. It showed a perfectly smooth surface. He went on to say that it was in sight about two minutes and then disappeared. Then it rose again three different times, at intervals of two or three minutes. It stood perpendicularly out of the water, and

seemed to look round. "When it appeared the second time," said Dr. Matheson, "it was going from us, and was travelling at a great rate. It was going in the direction of the northern outlet of the Loch, and we were sailing in its wake; I was interested, and followed it. From its first to its last appearance we travelled a mile, and the last time we saw it it was about a mile away."

As to the body of the monster, Dr. Matheson said, "I saw no body—only a ripple of the water where the line of the body should be. I should judge, however, that there must have been a large base of body to support such a neck. It was not a sea-serpent, but a much larger and more substantial beast—something of the nature of a gigantic lizard, I should think. An eel could not lift up its body like that, nor could a snake."

As to the possibility of his being the subject of an optical illusion, Dr. Matheson said, "That is a common theory. But what I saw precludes all possibility of such an explanation. In the case of an optical illusion, what the eye sees becomes attenuated, and thus gradually disappears. But in the case of the creature I saw, it slowly descended into the water; it reappeared the same way, gradually ascending. I saw it move its head from side

to side, and I noticed the glistening of the light on its smooth, wet skin." The doctor added, "In the evening at dinner I described to some gentlemen who were present, Sir James Farrar amongst the number, what I had seen. As I said, they laughed at the story at first, and suggested various ways in which I might have been deceived; but when I showed them that none of their theories would fit the case, they admitted that the sea-serpent, or sea-monster, could not be altogether a myth."



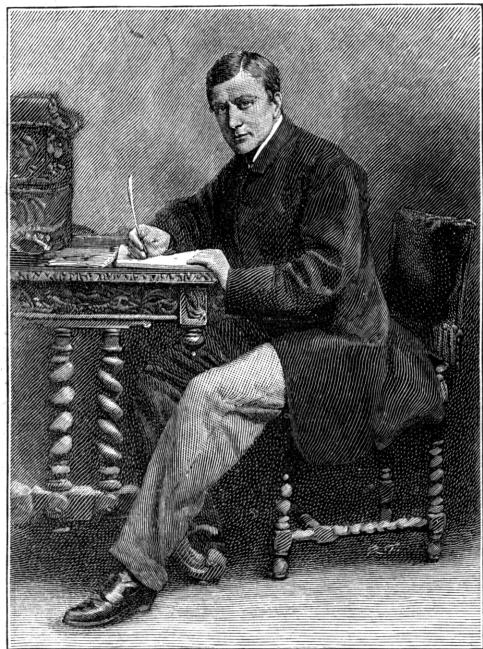
SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY DR. MATHESON.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD.

BORN 1833.

IR ARTHUR ARNOLD, third son of Robert Coles Arnold, Esq., married Amelia, only daughter of Captain H. B. Hyde. On the passing of the Public Works Act in 1863, to meet the necessities of the



From a Photo. by]

AGE 22.

[Bassano.]

cotton famine, Mr. Arnold was Assistant Commissioner, and in that capacity wrote "The History of the Cotton Famine"; he



AGE 31.

From a Photo. by Fratelli Alinari, Florence.



AGE 47.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

published "From the Levant" in 1868. He then became the first editor of the *Echo*, but resigned that post in 1875. He was elected to Parliament for Salford in 1880, and has contributed to the passing of several important measures. Sir Arthur is Chairman of the L.C.C., and in 1885 established



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Russell & Sons.]

and was elected President of the Free Land League. He is the author of many important works, and was knighted in June of this year.



AGE 4.
From a Painting.



AGE 15.
From a Painting.



AGE 31.
From a Painting.



From a] AGE 24. [Painting.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



AGE 50.
From a Painting.



AGE 11.
From a Painting.

H.R.H. GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK CHARLES, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,
K.G., K.P., G.C.M.G., G.C.H., ETC.

MR. FELIX FAURE,

PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



MR. FRANÇOIS FELIX FAURE

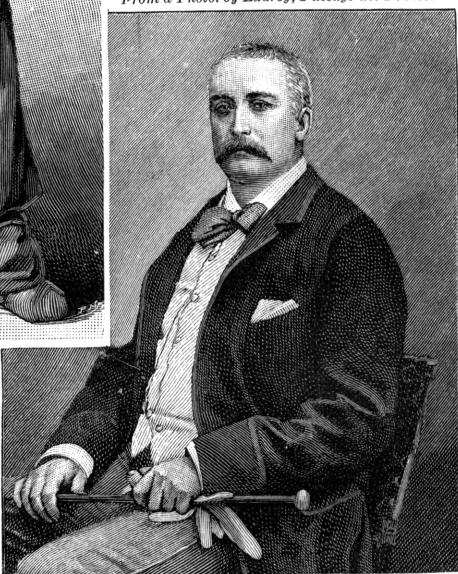
was born in Paris on Jan. 30, 1841, and began life as a journeyman tanner. He subsequently rose to the position of ship-owner in Havre, and in 1881 presented himself as a Parliamentary candidate for the third division of that town, and was elected. He was Under Secretary of State in Gambetta's Cabinet of 1881; he afterwards resigned this post, but was recalled to it in Mr. Jules Ferry's last Cabinet, in September, 1883. After holding several positions in various Cabinets, he became Minister of Marine under the Dupuy Government, and on January 17, 1895, he was elected President of the French Republic.



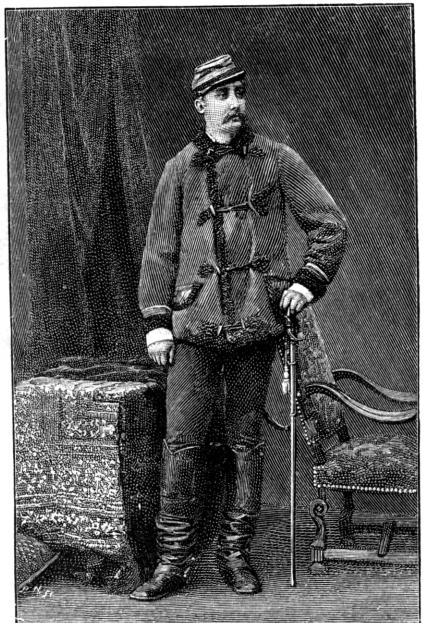
AGE 20.
(As a journeyman tanner.)
From a Photograph.



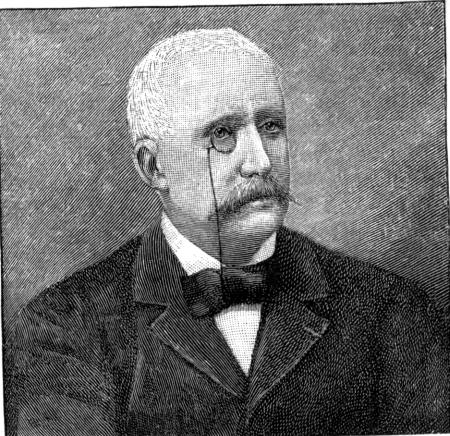
AGE 42.
From a Photo. by Ladrey, Passage des Princes.



AGE 49.
From a Photo. by Emile Fourtin, Havre, Rouen, and Paris.



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Emile Fourtin, Havre, Rouen, and Paris.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by M. Pirou, Rue Royale, Paris.



AGE 12.

From a Photo. by Wood & Co., London.

MRS. HELEN ALLINGHAM.

MRS. HELEN ALLINGHAM, eldest child of Alexander Henry Paterson, M.D., was born near Burton-on-Trent. After Dr. Paterson's death the family removed to Birmingham. At the beginning of 1867 Miss Paterson came to reside in London under the care of her aunt, Miss Laura Herford, who about five years previous had practically opened the schools of the Royal Academy to women. Miss Paterson herself entered the Royal Academy Schools in April,



AGE 23

From a Photo. by M. Boness, Ambleside.

1867. She afterwards drew on wood for several illustrated periodicals. She also furnished illustrations to novels running in

the *Cornhill Magazine*—“Far From the Madding Crowd” and “Miss Angel.” In the intervals of drawing on wood she produced several water-colour drawings, some being exhibited at the Dudley Gallery; “The Milk-maid” and “Wait for Me” being hung in the Royal Academy, 1874. In 1875 she was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of



AGE 35.

From a Photo. by E. Stanley, Guildford.

Painters in Water-Colours, and in 1890 to the honour of full membership. Among her later works are several portraits of Thomas Carlyle. Miss Paterson was married in 1874 to the late Mr. Wm. Allingham, the poet.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



THE GREAT CALIFORNIAN HEIRESS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

DO sit up by the fire and talk with me, May, dear. I've got a fancy to tell you a story about something that once happened to me. Generally speaking, we American women don't want to get confidential with you English girls, somehow. You seem so official ; you kind of shut one up, as if one were a concertina. But *you*--you're different. From the moment I first saw you, I felt like telling you almost anything, any way.

It's just about those jewels of mine. Your Poppa was talking of them. When he asked me at dinner whether I wasn't afraid of ever having them stolen, and I answered, "Oh, my, no," you looked across at me quite curious. And I know I blushed. And you wondered what I did it for. Well, that made me want, somehow, to make a clean breast of it and tell you all about my burglar.

It was when I was staying in the country with Lady Cowperthwaite. Her husband was in the Indian General way, I fancy ; or perhaps he was one of your Colonial Governors ; I never *can* remember what each particular person in your country gets knighted for. Anyway, Lady Cowperthwaite is one of those folks who advertise in the *Times* : "A lady of title, moving in the very

highest circles, would receive into her house an American lady of good social position, as a Paying Guest. References given and required. Address, in strict confidence, Lady C. Jones's Governess Agency, 999, Piccadilly, W." That's the sort of thing, you know. She charges you fifteen guineas a week for your board, and introduces you for the change to English society.

Well, I was fresh from California then, and everybody in England had heard that Poppa was the richest man in the southern section of the State, so I was soon pretty popular. In short, my dear, I was the fact of the season. Everybody talked of me, but especially of my diamonds. If I'd cared to let them, more than one of your peers would have married those diamonds. Elder sons were nuts upon them. But I'm Californian, don't you see, and I suppose you English girls would call me romantic ; any way, I didn't feel to want a blessed one of those peers ; I had a sort of notion the peers were more dead stuck on the diamonds themselves than on the girl that wore them. That put me off, of course ; for an American woman likes to be taken for herself, not for her real estate or her family jewellery.

At the end of the season, when London began to thin, Lady Cowperthwaite observed

we must do the right thing, and pay a round of visits at country houses. Well, I wanted to do the right thing while I was about it, of course—I was paying my money for it; so I let Lady Cowperthwaite walk me off like a lamb, wherever she'd a mind to. That suited Lady Cowperthwaite down to the ground, you must know: because, with me and my diamonds in tow, she got invited everywhere; and, as I handed her over her fifteen guineas a week, in town or country, board or visit, why, she was pretty pleased, you may be sure, to trundle me off to her fine acquaintances. She was glad I hadn't taken a fancy, my first season, to any of her marquises; it was a mutual convenience. It suited me to pay her fifteen guineas a week for chaperoning me about through the English aristocracy, and it suited her to pocket fifteen guineas a week for being asked to houses she'd never have entered but for the American heiress and her diamond necklace. I tell you there were no flies on Lady Cowperthwaite.

About the third visit we paid was to a country house down in the hills in Hampshire. They had laid on a courtesy lord specially on my account, a duke's youngest son, with an eye to the diamonds. For the first three days I felt rather bored. Everybody about the place seemed so painfully conscious that Poppa was the biggest holder of Sacramento Southerns in the State of California. And it was dull—oh, dull—my dear, you know your aristocratic fellow-countrywomen! But the third night an incident occurred that lightened the gloom a bit. I had an interesting episode with a real live man; a romantic episode, like a bit out of a story.

At dinner that night I wore my famous diamond necklace. The courtesy lord took me in; he eyed it hungrily. But he wasn't amusing. About eleven o'clock we all went to bed—the women, that is to say, for the men stopped up, the same as usual, saying ugly things about us to one another in

the billiard-room. (Oh, don't talk to *me*, my dear: I know the ways of them.) I went to my own room, and sent away my maid, as soon as she'd taken down my hair. I never was accustomed to maids, of course, before Poppa struck silver, and I've got no use for them. Then I began to undress, and took off my necklace, which I laid on the dressing-table. I meant to put it in the jewel-case; but I was lazy, I presume, for any way I didn't. Then I took off a few things, and looked about for my dressing-gown. It wasn't on the chair, so I went to the wardrobe. I was just going to unhook it, when, to my great surprise, something moved quickly away in the bureau, and hid itself behind one of my best evening dresses. At first I thought it was a rat, and was just going to scream; then I felt conscious it was white and warm, like a human hand; and feeling sure it was only a man after all, I didn't scream, but just pulled back the dress and looked at it.

My dear, it *was* a man; and he was standing there, skulking. I ought to have been frightened, I suppose; but, somehow, I wasn't, not to speak of, that is to say. I



"IT WAS A MAN!"

just stood a second and looked at him.* He looked back at me, such a look! Rather curious and inquiring than angry or frightened. Then all at once it came over me that I was half undressed, and the man was staring at me. I blushed till I could feel my face and neck like fire. The man seemed to know what I was thinking—he couldn't well help it, seeing I had turned as red as a turkey-gobbler; and without one word, he unhooked my dressing-gown, and flung it carefully round me. He flung it like a gentleman accustomed to offering ladies their wraps at a dance or theatre. "Thank you," I said, smiling at him, and feeling real grateful, though, of course, very red still, at the thought that a man should have caught me so lightly robed in my own bedroom. "Do please excuse me!"

"Not at all," he answered, stepping out, and facing me. "It's *I* who should apologize for so unwarrantable an intrusion."

He looked like a gentleman. "Well," I said, "what you are here for, any way?"

"Don't be alarmed," he replied, staring hard at me once more as I drew the dressing-gown carefully round me. "I have no right to be here. I'm sorry to have frightened you. I shall withdraw at once, quite quietly, if you'll allow me to do so. I'll leave the house this instant."

He took a step towards the door. I placed myself in front of him. "No, no," I said, "not that way. And not at all till you've explained yourself."

He eyed me most oddly. "You compel me to explain?" he asked.

I nodded my head. "Why, certainly; I compel you."

"I was after your diamonds," he answered, seeming to confront me, half defiantly.

"So is every other man I ever meet in England," I answered, laughing. "I thought, for once, you were something original."

He smiled a curious smile. "You misunderstand me," he put in. "It was the diamonds alone I came for, not *you* with them."

"That's not very polite," I said. "Most people are more courteous. They're ready to take them with all the encumbrances."

"But I hadn't *seen* you then, Miss Flanagan," he replied, looking amused.

"Excuse me," I went on, "but how do you know my name?"

"I heard you were here, and I came to find you."

"Do you mean you are a burglar?"

"Not a professional," he answered; "but an amateur—yes. For this occasion only."

"Well, give *me* England for culture!" said I. "This does beat everything! I never thought I could stand and talk quietly like this with a man who was a housebreaker. You do things in style over here! I took you for a gentleman."

"So I am, I hope," he answered, stammering and growing hot. "At least, I have been hitherto. But to-night I was making a fresh start as a criminal."

I looked him up and down. I'd got over my terror by now, and was really enjoying the humour of the situation. I suppose an English girl would have been frightened—too frightened to speak; but my Irish blood and my Californian training made me see after a minute only the comic side of it. He was evidently a gentleman—most likely an officer. I longed to know what had brought him round to my room that night; but I felt, of course, the situation was too compromising. People might hear us talking and misunderstand the circumstances. "You'd better go now, then," I said, putting back my necklace in its place in the jewel-box. "If people were to hear you—"

He dropped his voice still lower. "Thank you," he answered, with a suppressed tremor; "how very, very good you are. Then you will let me go? You won't rouse the house upon me?"

"Rouse the house!" I cried. "And let everybody know a man's been in the room with me! Why, what do you take me for?"

He looked at me harder still. "Oh, thank you," he said, again. "How can I ever repay you?" And he moved towards the door, with an uneasy movement.

I stopped him instantly. "Not that way," I said. "As you came. Go out by the window."

"How do you know I came by the window?" he said, pausing.

"Because the fastener's twisted," I answered. "I noticed that even before I saw you." I held out my hand. "Good-night," I said, "Mr. Burglar. I'm very much obliged to you; you've behaved like a gentleman."

He took my hand hurriedly. "How strange you are!" he said, "and how brave! Not in the least like an Englishwoman."

He pressed it slightly for a second. Then he turned to the window. "I must go, then," he went on. "It was wrong of me to stay, but I couldn't help it. I wanted to reassure you."

He threw up the sash, and was just going to jump out on to the flat roof outside.

"Stop, stop!" I cried, holding out my jewel-box, "you've forgotten the diamonds!"

My dear, you never saw a man so astonished in your life. He came back like a lamb.

"Miss Flanagan," he cried, blushing just as red as I'd blushed myself, "what do you mean by this generosity? Or is it that you want to rouse the house, and let them catch me with the jewels?"

It was my turn to blush. "Well, if you

"Wanted them? Oh, yes; I wanted them, desperately," he cried. "But, take them—how could I? And you've behaved so wonderfully, so bravely, so generously."

"I guess you'll have to tell me now why you wanted them so badly, then," I said. "Men don't generally require diamond necklets for themselves. And as the night's rather cold, I think I'll just trouble you to shut down that window."



"YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE DIAMONDS!"

think I could behave as mean as that——" I said, quite hurt.

He seized my hand, took the jewel-box out of it, and—laid it back on the dressing-table.

"Forgive me," he said, very low, but earnestly. "You didn't deserve it. I admit you didn't. But do you really mean to say you thought I was to take them?"

"You came after them, you say?" I answered.

"Oh, yes; I came after them."

"Well, naturally, then, I thought you wanted them. A gentleman doesn't try to rob a woman's jewel-box unless he's in straits—and I see you're a gentleman."

He shut it like a lamb. I dropped in an easy chair, and motioned him to another one.

"Well, this *is* the oddest position," he said.

I nodded and smiled. "That's just what I like about it," I answered. "That gives it its beauty. In a world where it's so hard to raise a sensation, there's something quite original and novel, don't you think, in entertaining the man who's come to your rooms to steal your jewels."

He paused a moment and reflected. I fancy I seemed to surprise him. "Well, this is an adventure for me too," he went on, at last; "the queerest I've ever had. But it

has turned out quite differently from anything I expected."

"What did you expect, then?"

"Why, I hoped to get your jewels and make off with them undisturbed. But your maid most fortunately came in and prevented me. So I had only just time to hide in the wardrobe. There I stopped till you came. And you know the rest of it. What a lucky escape! And I might have taken them!"

"Excuse me," I put in. "I don't want to pry into anybody else's business; but might I ask the reason that made you take this rather unusual step? You'll admit it isn't quite in the ordinary course to enter a lady's room to abstract her diamonds?"

"Miss Flanagan," he cried, "you're the most extraordinary woman I ever met. I do admire you!"

"Oh, that's nothing," I answered. "I'm accustomed to being thought extraordinary in England. It's my *rôle*, don't you know, and I'm used to playing it."

"So it seems," he replied, looking at me quite curiously.

"But why did you want to take my diamonds?" I asked, again. "You'll pardon me for my national habit of sticking close to my question."

"Why did I want them?" he repeated, drawing his hand across his forehead. "Oh, Miss Flanagan, why did I want them? Can't you guess? Can't you think? Are you so rich yourself that it never even occurs to you that others may be poor—in difficulties, desperate?"

"Oh, my," I said, staring at him; "you don't look as if you were poor. You've the dress and manners and voice of a gentleman."

"I was one, I hope—till to-night," he replied, with that repressed little tremor again. "But doesn't it ever occur to you that even a gentleman may be in difficulties—in terrible straits, where he's ready to do anything, almost anything, for money?"

I rose from my seat and moved over again to the dressing-table. "Take them," I said. "Take them." And I handed him the necklace. "You've struck it rich this time. They're real fine, those diamonds. But they'll be more use to you, I reckon, than ever they've been to me. I tell you, my Poppa can buy me some better ones."

My dear, you won't believe it, but the tears fairly started into that burglar's eyes. He waved my hand away and stood there like a schoolboy. For a minute, I thought he was going to come forward and kiss me. But he

didn't; he only wrung my hand very hard. "Miss Flanagan," he said, "I didn't know there was such kindness and generosity on earth before. You—you've unmanned me—unnerved me. Or, rather, you've made a new man of me."

"How so?" I asked, trying to look as modest and retiring as I could, since the circumstances demanded it.

"I'll never touch those confounded cards again," he cried, suddenly, clasping his hands "As long as I live, I'll never again touch them!"

"Oh, it was gambling," I said, "was it?"—beginning to understand, and to grow quite sympathetic. For in California, you know, dear, all our men are born gamblers; they go it on anything, from poker to a bonanza; and I suppose my Poppa made his pile in his day pretty much like the rest of them.

He looked at me, red in the face. I could see he was much moved. "Yes, it was gambling," he said, slowly, "but for the very last time. I see now where it leads one. I was desperate—desperate; my last hope gone. I was ready for anything. I didn't know where to turn for hope or comfort. Oh, I can't bear to think to what wild crimes I was being driven! I had almost lost all self-respect. You have brought me back to it."

My fingers twitched. I couldn't bear to see him grieved so. "Look here," I said; "you'd better take them, they'd set things all straight. I guess you've as good a right to them as I have, any way. My Poppa made his pile out of gambling in silver mines. And they tell me there are folks in California to-day who are beggars just because my Poppa's rich; one man can't make a dollar, my Poppa always says, without another man's losing it. He bought me these diamonds out of money he'd taken indirectly from others; you were going to take them directly again from me. Tweedledum and tweedledee! Come to think of it, after all, there ain't so much difference."

He shook his head firmly. My dear, he was handsome!

"No, no," he answered, "I won't allow you to take me in with your generous sophisms. An hour ago I'd have stolen those diamonds, I confess, and got clean off with them if I could; now, you make me wonder how I could ever have been such a vile, wicked blackguard."

"Most likely," I answered, "when it came to the pinch, you wouldn't have taken them at all. You're not that sort. You'd have

been struck with remorse, and crept out again quietly."

"How good you are!" he cried, tears in his eyes once more. "Charity thinketh no evil. Well, you've taught me a lesson, and I mean to remember it. Henceforth—" and he rose as if he meant to leave me.

"You're not going?" I said, quite anxiously, forgetting my costume; for he *was* so nice—the nicest man, my dear, I'd met, since I came across to England.

"Yes, I'm going," he answered, in a fixed sort of way. "I ought to have gone half an hour ago. For your sake, it would be wicked of me to remain any longer. Just consider how compromising if anyone were to find me here!"

"That's true," I answered, holding out my hand; "though I've enjoyed my talk with you. But we may meet again. We must arrange this matter. You'll give me your card and let me see you, won't you?"

He drew back quite ashamed. Then he hid his face in his hands and broke down utterly.

"What! after this?" he exclaimed. "Oh, no; never, never!"

"I have deserved it," I said, half reproachfully.

"Yes, yes," he replied; "you have indeed deserved it. But myself—oh, how could I hold my head up again, I ask you, if I knew anyone could say I had done such a thing as this?"

I grasped his hand for a moment. "Well, let us leave it then," I answered. "Don't fancy I want to pry into the question of your name, if you don't wish to give it. Though I had hoped—" and then I broke off, for I really didn't know what I might be tempted to say to him.

He walked towards the window again. I held my hand up. "No, not that way, this time!" I cried. "Suppose anyone were to see you trying to get out there? They'd think you were a burglar."

"So I am," he said, bitterly.

"No, no," I answered. "You're here as my visitor. You must let me let you out by the front door quite properly."

"I can't," he cried, trembling. "That would be wrong, very wrong. If anybody met us, it would give rise to most unjust, most cruel suspicions about your conduct, which you don't deserve. I'd ten thousand times rather be taken and punished as a burglar to-night, than expose any woman as good as you to such wicked and unworthy imputations."

And he raised up the window-sash.

"Well, you *are* good," I said. "I suppose you must do it so. But remember, if ever you change your mind, and are willing to let me know your name and address, I shall be so glad to see you."

"Thank you," he answered; and then he stooped down and kissed my hand. My dear, I suppose I oughtn't to say so; but I was quite

in love with him by that time. He behaved so nicely.

Well, he put his foot on the window-sill. "Good-bye," he said, once more, with a strange sort of choke deep down in his voice. "I thank you from my heart. You have behaved most nobly to me."

I took up the diamonds one last time. "Oh, do take them!" I said, imploring him. "Remember, you'll be just as desperate as ever by-and-by."



You have still your debts to pay. Why shouldn't you take them? You need them ten thousand times more than I do."

He looked back at me, all remorse. I assure you, May, the tears were just rolling down his cheeks. "Never, my dear brave young lady," he answered, solemnly. "But you have saved a man's soul. Let that be something to you."

Then he jumped and disappeared. I leaned out and looked after him. I won't deny, I felt real bad that minute. To think the poor fellow should be in such dreadful trouble!

Well, weeks and weeks passed. And the longer time went on, the more and more I thought of my burglar. He was the only person who seemed to interest me. I liked that man; I did want to see him. I thought he'd behaved so nicely and manfully. As to his trying to be a burglar, well, that, you know, doesn't count for much on the Pacific slope, where there's been a lot of rough-and-tumble sort of work in the Pikes: most of our millionaires have a sin or two to answer for. My Poppa didn't build a Franciscan church at Sant' Antonio for nothing, I reckon. So I went on and on, going out in London, and hoping some day I'd meet my burglar. They brought up young men to me, on the diamond hunt, don't you know—courtesy lords and such folks, who had heard I was an heiress, and wanted to try their luck in the game. But I didn't care to look at them. They were nothing compared to *him*. He was a man! My dear, as time went on, I just knew I was in love with him.

I idealized him, I suppose—what's a woman for, if not to idealize whatever she loves?—but I *did* want to see him.

At last, one evening, a year or two later, I was out at Lady Arcady's. A lady sat near me, rather young and pretty, a typical Englishwoman—the sort that's born to be a good wife and mother. I didn't notice her much; I only observed she was good and comely. Presently Lady Arcady came up to me where I sat, and began to talk to me.

"So glad you could come, dear Miss Flanagan," she said, "for I want to introduce you to my friend, Lord Alfred Macdougall." ("Another of them," thought I; "bring him on and get it over!") "He knew your father, he says, when he was out in California."

Before I could take good stock of the watery-looking young man in the background, however, the wife and mother turned round and stared hard at me.

"Is that Miss Flanagan, of California?" she asked, half-aside, of Lady Arcady. "Oh, then, I *must* be introduced to her."

Lady Arcady waved aside Lord Alfred for a minute. "Mrs. Mainwaring," she said, introducing her (that wasn't the name, but it'll do just as well as any other)—"Miss Flanagan, of Sacramento."

Mrs. Mainwaring drew me aside. "I felt I *must* know you," she said. "I owe you so many thanks. You've done me such a service. You mayn't know it yourself, but you've saved my husband's soul for him, as he often tells me. I don't quite understand how, but he's been a different man ever since he met you."

For a minute I couldn't think what the good lady was driving at. "Saved his soul?" I repeated. "Oh, my, that's not much in my line, I'm afraid. Though, of course, there are ways of saving and saving!"

"That's just what my husband says," the lady answered. "You *must* recollect him. He met you two years ago, when you were down in Hampshire; and ever since he's been another man. Not that he wasn't always the dearest and best fellow on earth, except for one bad habit; but from that day forth, he has never touched a card; and whenever I speak of it, he always says, 'If I'm a better man now, you and the boys have only that American angel to thank for it.'"

My dear, I almost broke down. It had never even occurred to me for one moment as possible. A married man! A husband and father! In my horror and disappointment, I could hardly restrain myself from exclaiming, "What, not my burglar!"

She followed my eyes with hers, as I glanced round the room. Yes, there he stood by the piano, as handsome as ever. My heart went out to him.

His wife brought him over. "See, Harry," she said, "who I've found."

He gave a sudden start. Then he gazed at me steadily. My eyes met his. I felt faint with my misery.

"Miss Flanagan," he murmured, very low, "thank you."

He said nothing else, but just stood looking at me.

"I've told her what you say, Harry," the little wife went on, never noticing our embarrassment, thank goodness. "And though I can't imagine what it was you said to him, I shall be grateful to you, Miss Flanagan, as long as I live, for what you've done for us."

She stopped by my side a little while

talking ; then she moved away. I had one minute alone with him.

" You were kind to me once," he began ; " how kind I don't believe you realize yourself. Will you be kind once more, and forget my name—or else that episode ? "

precious hard work ; but, thank Heaven, I'm doing it. And once they're paid, I shall never have another one."

" If only you would allow me to lend you a few thousands—" I began.

He waved his hand and checked me,



"I HAD ONE MINUTE ALONE WITH HIM."

I raised my eyes. " It is forgotten," I said, slowly. Oh, dear, he didn't know how hard a thing it was for me to say it.

" Thank you," he answered, again. " From that day forth, I have never touched a card. I had come from a brother officer's rooms, a ruined man. If *you* hadn't saved me, I don't know what might have become of me."

" And your debts ? " I asked, trembling.

" I'm paying them off piecemeal. It's

hurriedly. " Not for worlds," he answered. " You taught me a better way. I have begun life afresh. The discipline of saving and paying is good for me."

I never saw him again. My dear, I couldn't bear it. But they may bring up their courtesy lords by the gross now, if they like. I have made up my mind I shall die Norah Flanagan.

So that's why I turned red at your Poppa's question.

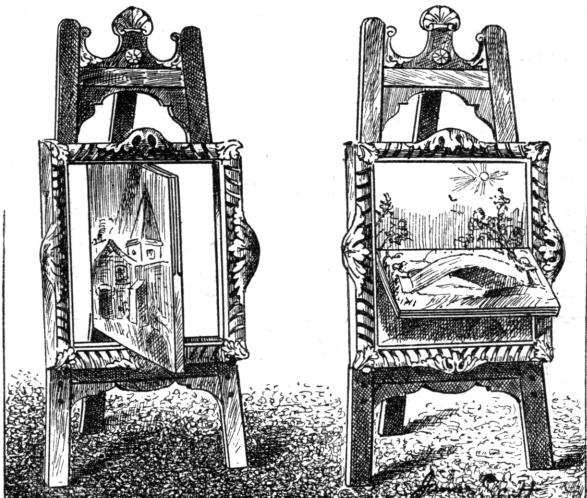
STRANGE SERVICES

BY
JAMES SCOTT.



WAS permitted the pleasant opportunity to describe and illustrate in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* for March, 1895, under the heading "Eccentric Ideas," some peculiar notions of mankind. Although I then exemplified that much inventiveness appertained to humanity, I was careful to point out the considerable difference existing between an "idea" and an "invention" in the true meanings of those words. I then dilated upon some very novel suggestions, and referred to their ludicrousness and impracticability. Now I propose to occupy the reader's time and patience by parading before him the particulars of several really novel ideas which have developed into actual inventions. In my selection I have made as great a variety as possible, and am satisfied that, in nearly every case, the articles must have been as efficient in practice as they are ingenious in conception.

The simple yet effective contrivance depicted in No. 1, which is an invention by a private conjurer, deserves a greater publicity than it has hitherto secured.



NO. 1.—THE TRANSFORMATION PICTURE.

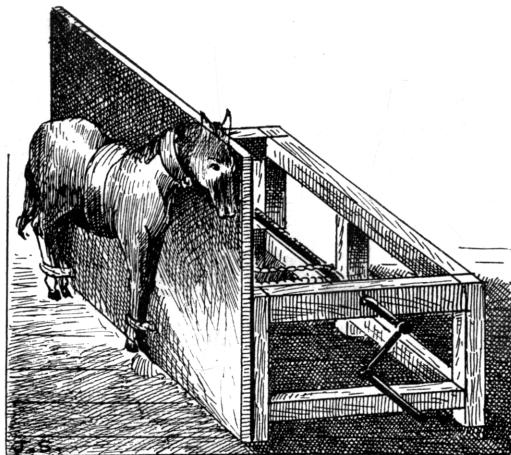
Of course, just as a joke will lose its essential qualities when explained, so a trick or illusion may appear to have been less interesting when a detailed account of its inner working is provided. But I can assure the reader that the deception, aided by this invention, was, and would still be, very startling, notwithstanding the simplicity of the means employed to deceive.

The conjurer drew a large cloth off an easel, upon which was reclining a good oil-painting set in a massive gilt frame. He lifted the top of the frame forward to the extent of a few inches, and also passed a long stick behind the easel in order to show that it bore no connection with other parts of the stage. He then recovered it with the cloth, which he almost instantly again removed, revealing quite a different picture in the frame. This performance he repeated until he had changed the pictures three times, thus showing four different paintings in the same frame without having removed the latter from the easel.

Every few moments he passed the stick behind the picture, and also showed that the covering-cloth contained nothing whereby aid was offered in the deception. As may have already occurred to the reader who has examined the illustrations, the picture consisted of a pivoted board having a drop flap affixed to it in front, and one attached behind, on the surfaces of which were painted four distinct subjects. The first time the cloth was replaced, a spring was touched, and, consequently, a flap fell as in the right-hand frame; at the second stage in the performance the whole picture revolved, as in the left-hand frame; whilst upon the third repetition being made, another flap fell.

What made the trick the more surprising was the fact that the picture itself was greater in width

than the space between the legs of the easel, and also that the top of the frame was also lifted forward, conveying the wrong idea that the front supports continued completely from top to bottom behind the frame. The truth was that the easel's front legs broke off just below the top of the frame, and just above the bottom of it, the two parts being connected by a frame of iron, which allowed sufficient opening wherein the picture could revolve. Of course, it would never do, if this deception is henceforth repeated, to shift the frame forward if any portion of the audience should command a view from an elevation above the top of the picture. I suggest that some enterprising amateur conjurer may profitably adopt this contrivance, as well as another, hereafter explained, and call it "THE STRAND MAGAZINE Picture Trick," having an enlarged copy of the cover for the first picture shown.



NO. 2.—OPERATING-TABLE FOR A HORSE—PREPARING.

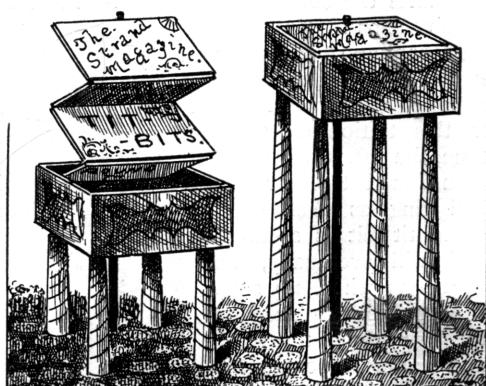
Notwithstanding the easy control that man has been enabled, by a proper exercise of his superior mental qualities, to effect over horses, I fear that very few men could achieve the conspicuously difficult manœuvre of handling a sick horse as he would a sick human being. To lift a horse on to a table, for instance, would prove an embarrassing, if not totally impossible, task if the process were undertaken without the aid of some kind of mechanism. The ingenuity of man has, however, obviated the depressing necessity for handling horses and cattle in this manner, as may be seen by a reference to my second and third draw-

ings. In the first, the horse is shown as having been strapped to the table-top, which has been placed perpendicularly for the purpose. By simply turning one or more handles, the table-top is turned to a horizontal position, and finally slid into its proper place, as in the following drawing.



NO. 3.—OPERATING-TABLE FOR A HORSE—READY.

An advertising invention, which had a decidedly pleasing effect upon those who observed it, is illustrated in my next drawing. Everyone must be aware of the fact that if a length of paper or card be rolled up, it is possible, by withdrawing the inner end of the roll, to extend it to the form of a long coil, such as appears at each corner as a support to the box, in the right-hand part of my illustration. It is possible, also, to reclose such a coil to its original shape. The device shown has a thin metal rod running right from the bottom of the box, down within each coil, and those rods are connected with a small tank beneath the flooring, the tank being supported upon very long chair-springs. A fifth rod, at the back, and not con-



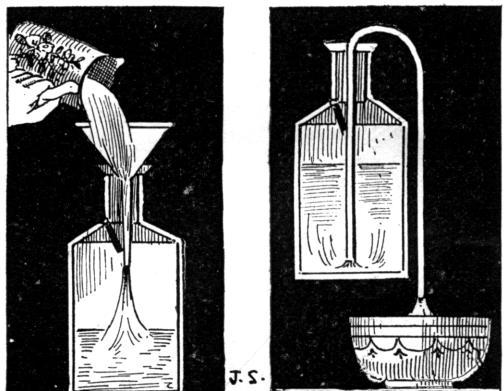
NO. 4.—CURIOS ADVERTISING DODGE.

nected to the tank, has its upper end united to the back edge of the lid (of course, it is not a proper lid), and stands thus quite rigid. Upon allowing water to run through a pipe ending above the hidden tank, the water received in it gradually increases its weight, and bears it downwards. The consequence is that the four rods and box are lowered automatically, and a set of hinged boards, one of which is that united to the rigid back rod, are gradually revealed to view. Of course, they are hitherto lying quite flat in the box, but cannot follow it downward.

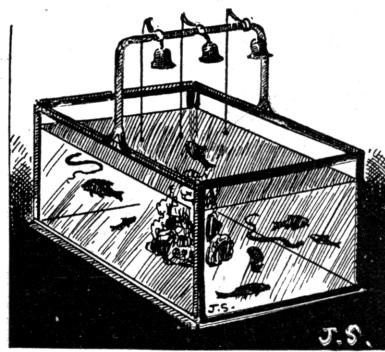
The merit of some of the articles dealt with in this paper is that—although they are, I hope, interesting to the general reader—they are yet capable of being utilized by some of those persons who may be on the lookout for something not too widely known.

Cats and dogs and horses are not the only creatures possessing reasoning powers. As a matter of fact, an apparently dull form of life, fish to wit, have been trained in a manner which should leave no doubt concerning their latent discrimination. I have heard of more than one instance in which the bright and familiar gold-fish has had its mild intelligence so developed as to induce it to ring a bell when it needed some trifling luxury. That which I consider to be the best innovation contrived for this purpose is illustrated in my next drawing. Three bells were properly balanced upon a rod, as shown, and cords, which just contacted with the water, hung from them. By placing an insect, or some equally tempting morsel of food, lightly on the lower end of the string, a fish will naturally grab it. Care must, of course, be exercised in order to prevent the string as well from being swallowed. The moment the insect is seized by the fish, the bell tinkles, and the fish associates the sound with the meal—a result which seems to contradict the common statement that fish have no sense of hearing. By adhering to this tuition for some time, the fish will become accustomed to hear the bell ring as every welcome tit-bit is secured, and will eventually, on occasions when no such trifle has been placed on the string, still tug at it, and produce the familiar sounds. Then will be

the time for impregnating the mind of the fish with the necessity of pulling the string whenever it desires food. Place the insect in the water, apart from the string. Probably the next time it hungers for luxuries, it will again pull the string. Of course, should the fish become dilatory in this respect, the original process of attaching the insect to it must be resumed; but it has transpired that when once the ring has been responded to promptly, it has been continued. This is a far less objectionable way of rendering an aquarium interesting than by inserting electric lights within the interior of the fish, and making them transparent. I am determined to experiment personally in this undoubtedly patience-trying business, for I am convinced that not only instinct, but reason, guides the fish in its performance.



NO. 6.—A MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.

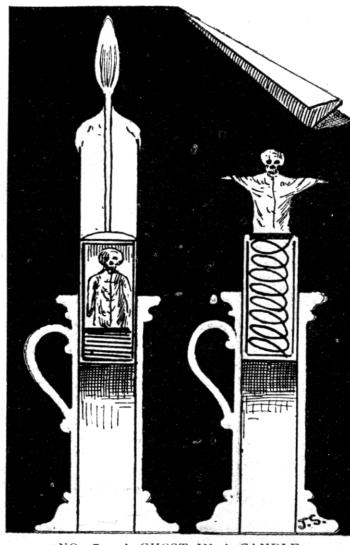


NO. 5.—A BELFRY FOR FISH.

Here comes a description of the trick to which I referred when writing just now concerning the transformation picture. An opaque glass bottle is filled with water in the direct view of the spectators; yet when it is reversed, without having been corked, it still retains its contents. The accompanying drawing (a sectional sketch) explains the simple contrivance used. In the first half of the illustration a funnel is shown inserted in the bottle. It has pushed downwards a valve, hinged on a spring, and situated at the bottom of the neck. The short black line indicates it. After the bottle has been filled, and the funnel withdrawn, the valve springs upwards, and,

consequently, prevents the water from returning when the bottle has been reversed. In order to show that water is actually within the bottle, it is only necessary to insert a bent tube, as shown in the right-hand half of the drawing, and give a preliminary suck at its lower end, when all the contents will be withdrawn.

I turn to a clever contrivance, shown in my next drawing, invented by a man as a rather peculiar surprise for a friend. He made that friend a present of some coloured wax candles, one of which contained the affair shown. The receiver was very fond of having a few candles of the coloured kind placed about his drawing-room, in candelabra, and was intensely surprised one night when one of those which he had thankfully accepted from his friend exploded with a loud "bang," after having burnt down about half-way, and revealed to view a miniature ghost, with outstretched arms, which had issued from the remaining portion of the candle. To say that the man was puzzled by so extraordinary an apparition is to incompletely describe his feelings. I wonder how the reader would accept such a crisis. I know that I should have been *very much* astonished. Yet the effect was produced in an exceedingly simple manner, as can be understood by examining the drawings. The lower half of the candle really consisted of a thin cardboard case, containing a spring and a small "ghost" with spring-arms, which would fly apart immediately upon being released from their bondage. A small portion of gunpowder, separated by a disc of paper from the head of the "ghost," completed the apparatus. The outside of the cylinder was waxed to appear as but the continuation of the candle. When the flame burnt to the powder it naturally caused it to explode,



NO. 7.—A GHOST IN A CANDLE.

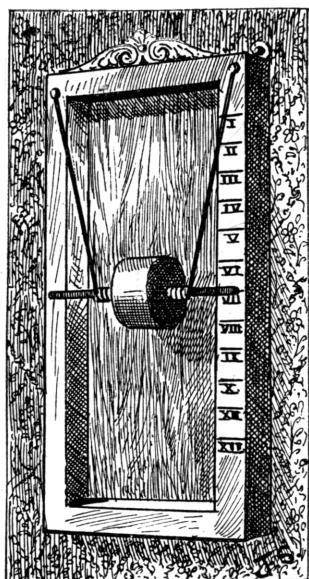
and simultaneously with the discharge the spring forced the little image upwards. This device would make an effective toy, I am inclined to think, as the cylinder could be used as often as required, by fixing a half-candle properly to the top of it and concealing the join.

Of curious clocks so much has been said at various times that I felt inclined to omit the next illustration; but perhaps it may interest some readers, and for that reason I crave for it a place of honour in these columns. A small circular box, partitioned into several compartments, was

suspended by two strings to an ordinary frame, backed by a wood panel. The hours were indicated along one side of the frame. The interior divisions took a similar form to those used in water wheels, and in each, at alternate ends of those divisions, was a very small hole. Water was sealed up in one compartment, and would be uppermost when the drum was at the top of the panel. It would slowly trickle into the next compartment below it, in front, and, on account of the leverage exerted by its weight, the drum would gradually revolve downwards.

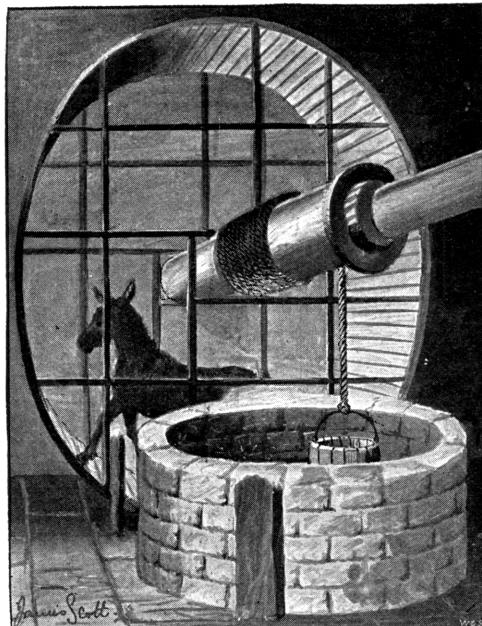
It was rewound to the top when another journey was necessitated. There is a very similar invention in the South Kensington Museum, I believe. I am given to understand that at a very remote date they were comparatively popular. What a primitive method when compared with the elaborate forms of mechanism now employed to denote time!

I believe that the custom of utilizing dogs for the purpose of turning spits, and thereby roasting huge joints of meat or game, is now an obsolete one; but the practice of applying the services of a donkey to the kind of work conveyed in my next drawing is, I believe, still in vogue at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight.



NO. 8.—A WATER CLOCK.

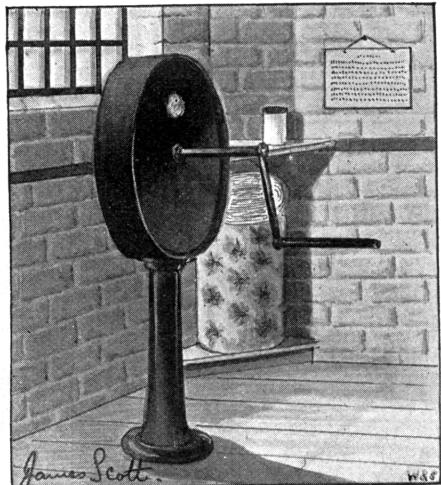
The forbearing animal is inserted within a huge wheel having a suitable footway, and his attempted progress, instead of carrying him forward, has the tantalizing effect (to him, no doubt) of merely causing the wheel to revolve. The wheel is connected to an immense crank, around which winds a rope



NO. 9.—THE DONKEY WHEEL, CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

bearing a bucket, which dips into the water contained in a well 200ft. deep and 1ft. across its mouth. An interesting fact in connection with this well is that when a pin is allowed to fall upon the surface of the water, which is at a distance of about 180ft. from the top of the well, the sound caused by its contact is distinctly audible.

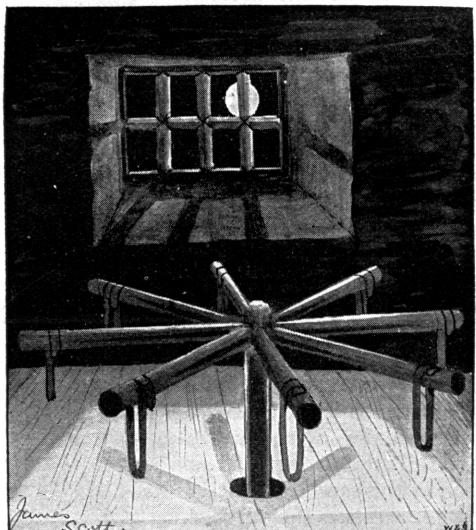
I will now give the reader an idea of what two devices, which still stand in some gaols, are like, although I must point out that the punishment itself has long been discontinued. The crank, No. 10, was an article devised to weary the limbs of the fellow sentenced to undergo its treatment. The labour consisted of turning the handle several hundreds of times daily, and the enormous amount of energy thus exercised was absolutely wasted, as no other return than the punishment of the criminal was secured. A glass-covered dial fitted into the iron drum registered the number of revolutions, so that there was no available way of deceiving the authorities in the matter. The interior consisted of a large



NO. 10.—THE CRANK.

amount of unoiled machinery, and the long handle testifies to the obnoxious desire of the inventor, for it must be apparent that to turn so large a handle, the movement must have burdened every muscle in a man's body.

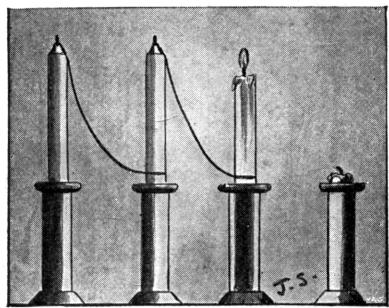
The capstan, depicted in No. 11 drawing, was an equally peculiar device, and it was necessary to employ sixteen men in connection with it, eight of whom handled the poles whilst the remaining half of the number were belted to the straps (shown dangling from the poles), and occupied a position midway between their fellows. The punishment consisted of walking round and round the central upright, meanwhile pushing and pulling the poles,



NO. 11.—THE CAPSTAN.

according to the respective tasks of the men. In connection with the matter, I am much indebted to the Chaplain of Oxford Prison for informing me, in a recent reply to a query addressed by me, that the object of the contrivance was to pump water from the adjacent river into tanks situated beneath the Anglo-Saxon tower which contains it. I am also told by him that its use was abolished on account of the splendid opportunity it afforded prisoners for indulging in the forbidden pleasure of talking; and one can well understand that the heavy tramp of sixteen men in close proximity to each other was capable of drowning the sound of a whispered conversation only audible to the strained ears of those engaged upon the monotonous task of propelling the apparatus.

It may be a relief to turn now to more cheerful subjects, and, perhaps, by way of contrast with the last article enumerated, the simplicity of the twelfth device illustrated by me may appear more vivid. Certainly it was an artful scheme for providing means of illumination during the night, notwithstanding the fact that it entailed the use of a large number of candlesticks. The sketch is almost self-explanatory; but, maybe, a few additional words will not prove unnecessary. Who the originator of the arrangement was, I am unable to say. I have heard it

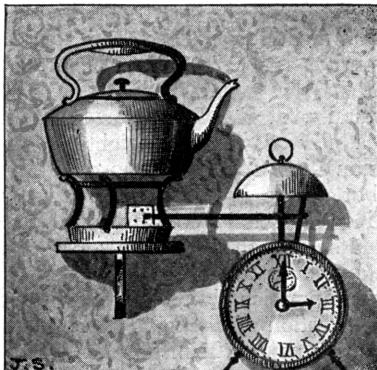


NO. 12.—SELF-LIGHTING CANDLES.

imputed to a poet, who desired less interruption during his night work, preferring, very reasonably, to be able to write down his inspirations continuously, instead of being frequently called upon by necessity to light a fresh candle. Pieces of twine were fastened from one candle to its nearest fellow, and so on; and then one ignited. When its flame reached the loop of twine, the latter naturally caught fire, and a tongue of flame would creep up to the

adjoining candle, lighting it in the manner desired. The scheme is a pretty example of the brilliancy of simplicity in idea, as compared with the complicated arrangements often devised to secure simple results.

I end my present paper with a drawing of an invention which is calculated



NO. 13.—AN AUTOMATIC KETTLE-BOILER.

to conjure up the delight experienced by indulging in a hearty breakfast at the termination of a sound and refreshing sleep—a very rare blessing, I believe. A few years ago there was publicly exhibited an invention fulfilling identical purposes to those expected from the device I now refer to, but which differed from it in that it was worked by electricity, whereas the one depicted in my thirteenth drawing was controlled by a purely automatic action. One end of a stiff wire was connected to the hammer of the alarm; and to its opposite extremity was attached a receptacle for a few matches, which engaged with a roughened surface situated immediately in contact with a spirit-saturated asbestos tank. At whatever hour the clock was timed to ring the bell, the violent to-and-fro motion of the hammer caused the matches to be rubbed against the material prepared for them, and consequently they ignited and set fire to the spirit, which, in its turn, boiled the water contained in the kettle, thus rendering great service to the aroused owner, who was in a position to make his tea, coffee, or cocoa as soon as he had dressed himself.

I find it far more pleasant to speak of serviceable outcomes of ingenuity, than by dwelling, as I did a few months ago, on notoriously nonsensical schemes.

The Ladies of Queen Victoria's Court.

HROM the very earliest times, Queens and Princesses, whether pregnant or consort, have had about their persons a select number of men and women to give them attendance and companionship. When Her Majesty ascended the throne she found the Court in bad repute, but she soon made it a model, as regarded dignity and purity, for every other Court in the world.

Naturally, at the first—the Queen being only a few days over eighteen at her accession—her Court was mostly chosen for her, but at the present day she has, while adhering to strictly constitutional conduct, selected herself all save those of the highest rank, and even amongst these there is less change in practice than is in theory required.

The question of changing her ladies at the same time as her Ministers gave rise to a sensational incident, called at the time "The Bedchamber Intrigue." Two years after her succession Sir Robert Peel had been sent for to form a Ministry in succession to that of Lord Melbourne. Sir Robert had an interview with Her Majesty, and thought that everything had been settled. It was but reasonable that the great ladies of the Whig Party, who were in close and constant intercourse with Her Majesty, and who might be supposed to influence her, should not be the wives or daughters of leading members of the Opposition. Sir Robert Peel therefore considered that, when he told the Queen that all ladies of aid above the rank of Lady of the Bedchamber must resign, he was acting in a constitutional and reasonable manner. The change which he required was, he imagined, a matter of course, and high constitutional authorities shared his views. Lord Melbourne, however, who had much influence with the girl-Queen, advised Her

Majesty to the contrary. It was set about by the Melbourne party that Peel wished to remove all her ladies and the friends of her youth. As a matter of fact, Peel had no such desire, while as to "the friends of her youth," the ladies thus designated had been scarcely known to the Queen before their appointments some two years previously. At all events, public opinion was on the side of the Queen when she wrote to Sir Robert Peel, and informed him that she would not consent to any changes among her ladies. On this Sir Robert Peel abandoned all attempts to form a Ministry, and Lord Melbourne remained in office. When, in 1841, Lord Melbourne again resigned, Prince Albert arranged with Peel that only those ladies who were nearly related to the leaders of the Whig Party should send in their resignations if requested to do so by the new Premier. On this footing matters have continued ever since.

THE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES, who is always a Duchess, is a State officer, and attends the Queen on every State occasion. She enjoys precedence over every lady

about the Court, and when in residence or on a visit to Her Majesty, presides at the Household table. She looks over and passes the Queen's personal bills, *i.e.*, those for dress, toilet requisites, bric-à-brac, etc., which are sent in to her from the Robes Office.

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.*

Susanna Stephania, Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, is the only daughter of the late General Sir James Charles Dalbiac, K.C.H. She married in 1836 the sixth Duke of Roxburghe, who died in 1879. In 1865 she was appointed a Lady of

the Bedchamber to the Queen, and in the same year a member of the Royal Order of



THE LATE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.
From a Photo. by Mackintosh & Co., Kelso.

* The Duchess has, unfortunately, died since the above was written.

Victoria and Albert, and she is at the present time acting as Mistress of the Robes.

The parents of the Duchess were so much attached to each other that, during several campaigns, Mrs. Dalbiac, herself a soldier's daughter, accompanied her husband, then commanding the 4th Light Dragoons. On one occasion she nearly paid for her conjugal devotion with her life. The following extract from the journal of Captain Tompkinson, 16th, published in "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere," by the Viscountess Combermere and Captain W. W. Knollys, gives an account of the incident, which occurred on the night before the Battle of Salamanca: "Dreadful thunder an hour after dark. The greatest number of the horses of the 5th Dragoon Guards ran away over the men sleeping at their heads, by which eighteen men in the brigade were wounded. . . . By each flash we saw the columns of infantry marching to their ground for the night. Colonel and Mrs. Dalbiac, of the 4th Dragoons, were sitting down on the ground in front of the brigade. We had just time to carry her under a gun, which stopped the horses and saved them both."

With courage undaunted by this narrow escape, Mrs. Dalbiac the following afternoon, with a heart full of dread as to the fate of her husband—for the cavalry had been hotly engaged—wended her way over the corpse-strewn plain in search for him. Napier, in his history of the Peninsular War, thus writes of her: "The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers and endured the privations of two campaigns with the patent fortitude which belongs only to her sex. In this battle, forgetful of everything but that strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire, trembling yet irresistibly impelled forward by feelings more imperious than horror, more pressing than the fear of death."

THE LADIES OF THE BEDCHAMBER are always the wives or widows of peers. Only one Lady of the Bedchamber is in waiting at a time. She is always in readiness to attend, when required, Her Majesty in her drives. The Lady in Waiting attends all State ceremonies, and presides at the Household table when the Mistress of the Robes is not present.

THE DOWAGER LADY CHURCHILL.

Jane, Dowager Lady Churchill, is the daughter of the second Marquis of Conyngham, and grand-daughter of the first Marquis, the favourite of George IV. In 1849 she married the second Baron Churchill, D.C.L., Prince of the Holy Roman Empire—he died in 1886—who, by the female line, was descended from the great Duke of Marlborough. The founder of his branch of the Spencer family was his father, Lord Francis Spencer, youngest son of George, third Duke of Marlborough. Lord Francis was created Baron Churchill in 1815. The second Baron Churchill was in early life in the diplomatic service, and for many years commandant of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. In 1854 Lady Churchill was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and has held that office ever since. She is a member of the Third Class of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert.

LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

Ismania Catherine, Dowager Lady Southampton, is a daughter of Walter Nugent, Esq., a Baron of the Austrian Empire. This is a branch of the Nugents, Earls of Westmeath, founded by Laval Nugent, who, born in 1777,

went to Austria in 1789. At the age of seventeen he entered the Austrian Army. So rapid was his rise that in 1809 he was made a Major-General. Soon after, being second Plenipotentiary at a congress preceding the marriage of the Archduchess Marie Louise with Napoleon, he refused to sign certain conditions insisted on by the Emperor



THE DOWAGER LADY CHURCHILL.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

of the French. In consequence of this event he fell into disgrace, and proceeded to England, where he was admitted into the English Army with the rank of Major-General, which he exchanged shortly afterwards for that of Lieutenant-General. After having been employed on certain diplomatic missions, he was sent on active service; and, in conjunction with Admiral Freemantle, drove the French out of Illyria and captured Trieste. Apparently, in 1814, he entered the service of Naples, for in 1815 he aided in the defeat of Murat, and afterwards became Captain-General of the Neapolitan Army. In 1820 he re-entered the Austrian Army, and was promoted to the rank of General in 1838. In 1848-9 he served in Hungary, and also in Italy under Radetzky, being given the bâton of Field-Marshal for his achievements. Ten years later he took part in the war between Austria and France and Italy. He died in 1862 a Count and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, a Magnate of Hungary of the First Class, and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. In 1862 she—Ismania Nugent—married, as his second wife, the third Baron Southampton—the first peer was a grandson of the second Duke of Grafton—who died in 1872. In 1878 Lady Southampton was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. She is in possession of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Third Class.

LADY AMPHILL.

Emily Theresa, Lady Ampthill, is the third daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, K.G., well known as an eminent statesman. In 1868 she married the first Baron Ampthill, G.C.B., Ambassador at Berlin from 1871 to 1884, in which year he died. Lord Ampthill was a brother of Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl Russell, the celebrated statesman. Lord Ampthill was raised to the peerage in 1881 for his eminent diplomatic services. In 1885 she was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Third Class.



LADY SOUTHAMPTON.
From a Drawing by J. Swoboda.

THE COUNTESS OF MAYO.

Blanche Julia, Dowager Countess of Mayo, is the third daughter of the first Lord Leconfield, and widow of the sixth Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India. He, when, in 1872 he was visiting the convict establishment in the Andaman Islands, met with his death under the following tragic circumstances. He had finished his inspection, and was, in the dusk of the evening, returning to the boat which was to convey him to the ship. Suddenly an Afghan convict, who had managed to conceal himself, rushed forward and stabbed Lord Mayo mortally in the midst of his suite. In 1874 she was appointed Lady

of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. Lady Mayo is in possession of Third Class of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. The



LADY AMPHILL.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

latter Order is only conferred upon Princesses of the Royal House of England, on the wives or female relatives of Governors-General of India, the Governors of Madras and Bombay, of the Secretaries of State for India, and of the Princes of India.

VISCOUNTESS CLIFDEN.

Eliza Horatia Frederica, Viscountess Clifden, is the second daughter of the late Frederick Charles William Seymour, Esq., a great-grandson of the first Marquis of Hertford. She married first, in 1861, the third Viscount Clifden, who died in 1866; and secondly, in 1875, Sir

Walter George Stirling, who succeeded his father as third baronet in 1888. Lady

Clifden was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen in 1867, and in 1872 became an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. She is a member of the Order of Victoria and Albert. Her husband, Sir Walter Stirling, was formerly in the Royal Artillery, in which he rose to be Captain. In 1866 he was appointed Governor to Prince Leopold, and in the same year Extra Groom of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. He held the office of Governor to Prince Leopold till His Royal Highness attained his majority in 1874.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Elizabeth, daughter of the fifth Earl

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THE COUNTESS OF MAYO.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



VISCOUNTESS CLIFDEN.
From a Photo. by G. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.

De La Warr, by the youngest daughter of the third Duke of Dorset. The first Baron De La Warr distinguished himself in the wars of Edward III., and the first Earl—raised to the dignity of Earl in 1761—was a general officer. The Duchess married, in 1844, the ninth Duke of Bedford, K.G., who was, at one time, a Captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards. She was appointed Mistress of the Robes in 1880, which office she held till 1883, when she resigned and was made an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber. The Duchess is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Third Class.

THE WOMEN OF THE BEDCHAMBER,

with the exception of some of the "Extra" ladies, who have been previously Maids of Honour, and, of course, of those entitled by birth or marriage to the prefix of "Honourable," do not enjoy that title. They must be always ready to attend Her Majesty, but they are not required to be in residence. They are, however, sometimes invited to Court.

THE HON. LADY HAMILTON-GORDON.

Caroline, the Hon. Lady Hamilton Gordon, is the daughter of the late Sir J. F. W. Herschel, D.C.L., first Baronet. He was the eldest son of Sir William Herschel, the



THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano.

great astronomer, and himself a man of the highest scientific eminence. She married, in 1852, General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hamilton-Gordon, K.C.B., son of the fourth Earl of Aberdeen; he died in 1890. Sir Alexander Gordon's military career was passed in the Grenadier Guards, and during the Crimean Campaign he served in the



THE HON. LADY HAMILTON-GORDON.
From a Photo. by herself.

Quartermaster-General's Department at headquarters. He was an officer of great ability and distinction. He was Equerry to the Prince Consort 1846-54, Extra Equerry to His Royal Highness from 1854 to 1861, and Honorary Equerry to the Queen from 1861. For several years he sat as M.P. for Aberdeenshire. In 1855 she was appointed Bedchamber Woman to the Queen. She is decorated with the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert of the Fourth Class.

THE HON. MRS. FERGUSON.

Nina Maria, the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson (of Pitfour), is a daughter of the first Viscount Bridport. She married, in 1861, Lieut-



THE HON. MRS. FERGUSON.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

Colonel George Arthur Ferguson, Grenadier Guards—with which regiment he served in the Crimea—of Pitfour, Aberdeenshire. She was made a Bedchamber Woman to the Queen in 1877, and is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class. It may be mentioned that in this lady's veins flows the blood of three heroes: Hood, Wellington, and Nelson; and that her father, who is Lord of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty, is also Duke of Bronté, whose mother was a niece of the great Nelson.

LADY ELIZABETH P. BIDDULPH.

Lady Elizabeth Philippa Biddulph is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Hardwicke, a

distinguished Admiral. She married first, in 1860, John Adeane, Esq., of Ledbury, Hereford. In 1870 he died, and in 1877 she married, secondly, Michael Biddulph, Esq., M.P. She was Bed-chamber Woman to the Queen from 1873 to 1877, when she was appointed Extra Bedchamber Woman. She has the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert of the Fourth Class.

THE HON. MRS. GERALD
WEELESLEY.

Magdalen, widow of the late Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, D.D., nephew of the first Duke of Wellington, and brother of Earl Cowley, Dean of Windsor, who died in 1882, was married to him in 1856. She was the daughter of the sixth and last Baron Rokeby, who, as an ensign in the 3rd Guards, was present when a lad of seventeen at the Battle of Waterloo, and took part in the defence of Hougemort. Forty years later Lord Rokeby, as Lieutenant-General, commanded the 1st Division in the Crimea. He subsequently held command of the Home District. In 1882, Mrs. Wellesley was appointed Extra Bedchamber Woman to the Queen. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class.



THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY.
From a Photo. by Numa Blanc, 81s, Cannes.



LADY ELIZABETH BIDDULPH.
From a Photo. by Alice Hughes.

MRS. GEORGINA TOWNS-
HEND WILSON

is a daughter of the late James Hope-Vere, Esq., of Craigie Hall, near Edinburgh, and Blackwood, County Lanark, and sister of the late Jane Marchioness of Ely. She married Lieutenant-Colonel Townshend Wilson, late Coldstream Guards. When the Marchioness of Ely died, having been a Lady of the Bed-chamber from 1856 to 1884, when she became Extra Lady of the Bed-chamber, the Queen, out of compliment to her memory, appointed Mrs. Townshend

Wilson Extra Bedchamber Woman to Her Majesty.



MRS. GEORGINA TOWNSHEND WILSON.
From a Photo by J. Thomson.

THE HON. LADY BIDDULPH.

Mary Frederica, Hon. Lady Biddulph, eldest daughter of the late Frederick C. W. Seymour, Esq., cousin of the fifth Marquis of Hertford, married in 1857 General Right Hon. Sir Thomas Myddleton Biddulph, P.C., K.C.B., Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, who died 1878. She was formerly Maid



THE HON. LADY BIDDULPH.
From a Photo. by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

of Honour, and is now Extra Bedchamber Woman to Her Majesty and Lady in Waiting to Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class.

THE HON. HARRIET PHIPPS.

The Hon. Harriet Lepel Phipps is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Sir Charles Beaumont Phipps, K.C.B., Keeper of the Queen's Privy Purse. She was appointed a Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1862, and afterwards a Woman of the Bedchamber. She has the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert of the Fourth Class. Her father was the brother of the first Marquis of Normanby, to whom he was Private Secretary—first when Lord Normanby was Governor of Jamaica, and afterwards when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—and served for some years in the Scots Fusilier Guards, which he left on being appointed Private Secretary to the late Prince Consort. He was after

a time promoted to the position of Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, and created a K.C.B. (Civil Division). Sir



THE HON. EMILY CATHCART.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Charles, in his youth, was an occasional contributor of no little merit to works like "The Keepsake," "The Bijou," "The Annual," etc.

THE HON. EMILY
CATHCART.

Emily Sarah Cathcart (Hon.), daughter of the late General Hon. Sir George Cathcart, who was killed at Inkerman, was first a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and in 1880 was appointed Extra Woman of the Bedchamber. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class. Her father, Sir George



THE HON. HARRIET LEPEL PHIPPS.
From a Photo. by Byrne, Richmond.

Cathcart, had seen much service in his youth as *aide-de-camp* to his father, Lord Cathcart, who was Military Commissioner

to the Allied Armies in 1813-14. In later years Sir George Cathcart commanded at the Cape of Good Hope, and gained the battle of Berea over the Basutos in 1852. Hardly returned from South Africa, he was sent out to the Crimea in command of the Fourth Division, with a dormant commission in his pocket to succeed Lord Raglan, in the event of his being killed or disabled, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the East. He was a man of dauntless courage, which caused his death at Inkermann. Thinking that he perceived an opening for a tactical success, he descended from the heights with about 400 men of the 20th Regiment and drove back the Russians in his front. Suddenly he found that 700 or 800 Russians were in possession of the heights which he had just quitted. The 20th had been dispersed by the fight in the valley, but fifty men having been collected, he proceeded to storm the height. A few cut their way through the opposing foe, a few were killed, while the remainder, having exhausted their cartridges, fell back under the brow, where they were, though only fifteen yards distant, under cover from the enemy's fire. Cathcart, himself regardless of personal consideration, quitted this cover to see personally what could be done. The next instant he fell dead from the saddle, shot through the heart.

THE HON. CAROLINE CAVENDISH.

Caroline Cavendish (Hon.), the daughter of the late General the Hon. Henry Cavendish, third son of the first Earl of Burlington, by a sister of the first Earl of Durham, was appointed Maid of Honour to Her Majesty in 1847, and Extra Maid of Honour in 1881, which office she retained till 1894, when she was made an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber.



THE HON. CAROLINE CAVENDISH.
The Shaftesbury Photographic Studio, Shaftesbury.

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR

are very different in every respect from their predecessors in the Court of Queen Elizabeth. These young ladies used to take light breakfasts of beef and ale, and their Royal Mistress, when angry, would sometimes box their fair ears. Neither do they follow the example of the Maids of Honour of James I.'s Queen Anne of Denmark, and get drunk on the occasion of masques. Still less have they the good fortune to draw pay as subalterns of cavalry, as did "the beautiful Molly Lepel," Maid of Honour to George II.'s wife, Queen Caroline, and afterwards wife of Lord Hervey. The lovely Molly, who was the daughter of Brigadier Lepel, was, we are told, at one time a Cornet of Horse.

The Maids of Honour of Queen Victoria are all young ladies of good family, who are selected by Her Majesty herself. On being appointed they receive, and enjoy for life, the courtesy title of "Honourable." They are in constant attendance on Her Majesty, two at a time, and reside at Court during their turn of waiting.

A Maid of Honour, on being married, receives a wedding gift of £1,000. A few years ago, it happening that several Maids of Honour married after a very short connection with the Court, a rule was laid down that the £1,000 in question should not be given unless the Maid about to marry had held her appointment for a certain number of years.

THE HON. ETHEL H. M. CADOGAN.

Ethel Henrietta M. Cadogan (Hon.) is the daughter of the Hon. Frederick William and Lady Adelaide Cadogan, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey, who commanded the allied cavalry at Waterloo. She was appointed Extra Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1876, and Maid of Honour in 1880. Miss Cadogan's father was Admiral,

fourth Earl of Cadogan, C.B., who was descended from the celebrated General who had served in the campaigns of William III. and Marlborough, being for some time Quartermaster-General to the latter, and who died in 1726. He was created Earl of Cadogan, Colonel of the 1st Guards, General Commanding in Chief, and Master General of the Ordnance.

THE HON. FRANCES
M. DRUMMOND.

Frances Mary Drummond (Hon.) is the daughter of the ninth Viscount Strathallan. She was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1872. The Strathallans are descended from a branch of the very ancient and illustrious family of Drummond, originally of Hungarian origin. The arms, which comprise



THE HON. ETHEL H. M. CADOGAN.
From a Photograph.

"three bars wavy," are traditionally supposed to represent the waves of the sea over which the Drummonds sailed when they came from Hungary to Scotland. The Barony of Maderty dates back to 1609, and the Viscountcy of Strathallan to 1686, both of Scotland. The Viscount of Strathallan of that day, having taken part in the rising of 1745, was attainted. His titles were, however, restored to the family in 1834, the attainder then having been removed.

THE HON. EVELYN L.
MOORE

is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Canon Edward Moore, Rector of Frittenden, Kent, son of the Rev. J. Moore, Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of Wrotham, Kent, by a daughter of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch. Miss Moore



THE HON. FRANCIS DRUMMOND.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.



THE HON. EVELYN L. MOORE.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

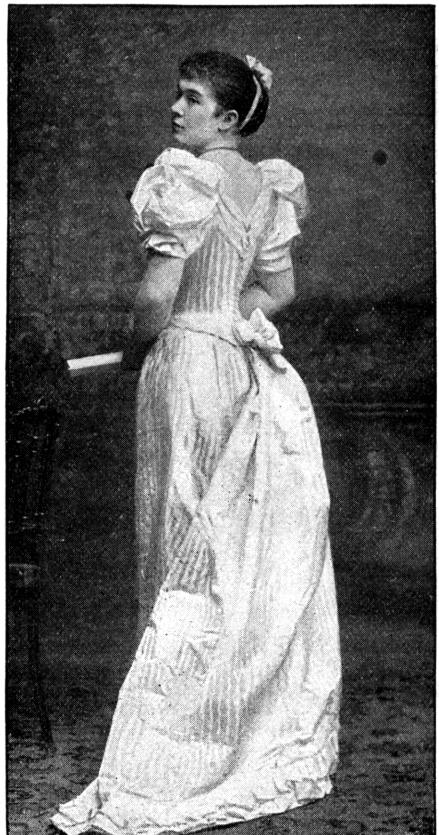
was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1881.

THE HON.
BERTHA LAMBART

is the seventh daughter of the late Gustavus William Lambart, Esq., of Beau Pare, Co. Meath, D.L., J.P., Secretary of the Order of St. Patrick—he was formerly Major of the Royal Meath Militia, and was State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1858-9 and 1874-5—by Lady Frances C. Lambart, a daughter of the second Marquis of Conyngham. Miss Lambart was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in January, 1890.

THE HON. MARY
FLORENTIA HUGHES

is the second daughter of Hugh Robert Hughes, of Kinmel, by Lady Florentia, daughter of the first Earl of Ravensworth. She was



THE HON. BERTHA LAMBART.
From a Photo. by Watery & Co.



THE HON. MARY FLORENTIA HUGHES.
From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell, Sloane Street.

appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in July, 1891. Mr. Hughes is the representative of an ancient Welsh family. His

ancestors held the hereditary office of bearer of the Prince of Wales's Coronet, which coronet was placed on the Prince's head at his coronation after he had been anointed by the Bishop of Bangor. Miss Hughes's father, who was a cousin of the second Lord Dinorben, is Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire.

THE HON.
ALINE MAJENDIE

is the only daughter of Lewis A. Majendie, Esq., of Hedlingham Castle, Essex, M.P., D.L., J.P., and of Lady Margaret Majendie, second daughter of the twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford. She was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1894.

THE HON.
MARY E. BYNG.

The Hon. Mary E. Byng is the eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Henry William John Byng, son of the second Earl of Strafford, by the late Lady Agnes Paget, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey.

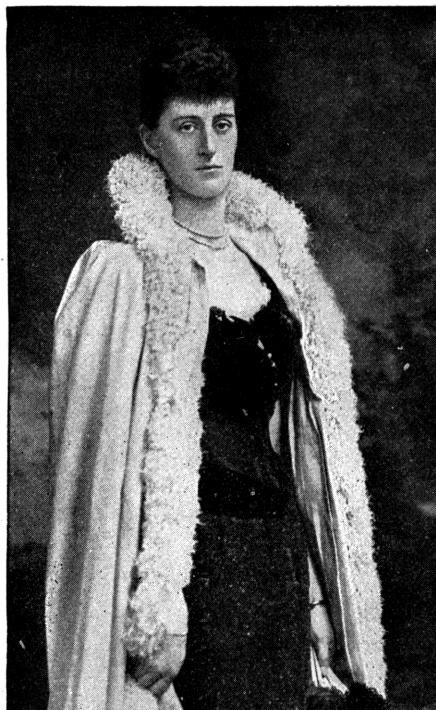


THE HON. ALINE MAJENDIE.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

Miss Byng's mother was the late Countess Henrietta, daughter of Count Christian Danneshiold-Samsøe. Colonel Byng was Page of Honour to Her Majesty, and afterwards entered the Coldstream Guards, and served in the Crimea & A.D.C. to General Bentinck. In 1872 he was appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty, which office he held till 1874, when he became Equerry to the Queen. Colonel Byng is heir presumptive to his brother, the third Earl of Strafford. Their grandfather was the distinguished soldier, Sir John Byng, who at Waterloo commanded the second brigade of the Guards, and afterwards, on the severe wound of General Cooke, succeeded to the command of the division. He, who died a Field-Marshal, was created in 1835 Baron and in 1847 Earl of Strafford. This branch of the Byngs are descended from Robert, son of the first Viscount Torrington, and uncle of the unfortunate Admiral Byng who was judicially murdered. Miss Byng was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1894.

THE HON.
JUDITH HARBORD.

Judith Harbord (Hon.), daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield, was appointed Maid of Honour to Her Majesty in 1894. Lord Suffield was formerly Lord of the Bedchamber to the Queen, 1868-72, and Master of the Buckhounds from 1886; Lord of the Bedchamber to the



THE HON. MARY E. BYNG.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.



THE HON. JUDITH HARBORD.
From a Photo. by H. Mace, Cromer.

Prince of Wales from 1872. Lady Suffield, who is a daughter of the late Henry Baring, Esq., and sister of the first Baron Revelstoke, has been Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales from 1873.

The "waits," as they are called, or the periods of attendance, are regulated by the Queen, and are often arranged to suit the convenience or health of the ladies concerned. The "wait" of a Lady of the Bedchamber ranges from twelve days to a month, and they have each from two to three "waits" a year.

The Women of the Bedchamber are in waiting from three to four times in the year, and their "waits" range from twelve to thirty days at a time.

The Maids of Honour are in waiting three or four times a year, the period of waiting being generally about four weeks.

There are a certain number of Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber, Women of the Bedchamber, and Maids of Honour. These receive no salaries, and, as a rule, perform no duties. Occasionally, however, they are called into waiting to fill a temporary vacancy, etc. For instance, the Hon. Emily Cathcart, Extra Woman of the Bedchamber, is in the list of "waits" for the current year. The Extra Ladies of the various classes are ladies who for some reason or other have resigned their appointments.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

V.—HOW THE BRIGADIER TOOK THE FIELD AGAINST THE MARSHAL MILLEFLEURS.



ASSENA was a thin, sour little fellow, and after his hunting accident he had only one eye, but when it looked out from under his cocked hat there was not much upon a field of battle which escaped it. He could stand in front of a battalion, and with a single sweep tell you if a buckle or a gaiter button were out of place. Neither the officers nor the men were very fond of him, for he was, as you know, a miser, and soldiers love that their leaders should be free-handed. At the same time, when it came to work they had a very high respect for him, and they would rather fight under him than under anyone except the Emperor himself, and Lannes, when he was alive. After all, if he had a tight grasp upon his money-bags, there was a day also, you must remember, when that same grip was upon Zurich and Genoa. He clutched on to his positions as he did to his strong box, and it took a very clever man to loosen him from either.

When I received his summons I went gladly to his head-quarters, for I was always a great favourite of his, and there was no officer of whom he thought more highly. That was the best of serving with those good old generals, that they knew enough to be able to pick out a fine soldier when they saw one. He was seated alone in his tent, with his chin upon his hand, and his brow as wrinkled as if he had been asked for a subscription. He smiled, however, when he saw me before him.

“Good day, Colonel Gerard.”

“Good day, Marshal.”

“How is the Third of Hussars?”

“Seven hundred incomparable men upon seven hundred excellent horses.”

“And your wounds—are they healed?”

“My wounds never heal, Marshal,” I answered.

“And why?”

“Because I have always new ones.”

“General Rapp must look to his laurels,” said he, his face all breaking into wrinkles as he laughed. “He has had twenty-one from the enemy’s bullets, and as many from Larrey’s knives and probes. Knowing that you were hurt, Colonel, I have spared you of late.”

“Which hurt me most of all?”

“Tut, tut! Since the English got behind these accursed lines of Torres Vedras, there has been little for us to do. You did not miss

much during your imprisonment at Dartmoor. But now we are on the eve of action.”

“We advance?”

“No, retire.”

My face must have shown my dismay. What, retire before this sacred dog of a Wellington—he who had listened unmoved to my words, and had sent me to his land of fogs! I could have sobbed as I thought of it.

“What would you have?” cried Massena, impatiently. “When one is in check, it is necessary to move the king.”

“Forwards,” I suggested.

He shook his grizzled head.

“The lines are not to be forced,” said he. “I have already lost General St. Croix and more men than I can replace. On the other hand, we have been here at Santarem for nearly six months. There is not a pound of flour nor a jug of wine on the country-side. We must retire.”

“There is flour and wine in Lisbon,” I persisted.

“Tut, you speak as if an army could charge in and charge out again like your regiment of hussars. If Soult were here with thirty thousand men—but he will not come. I sent for you, however, Colonel Gerard, to say that I have a very singular and important expedition which I intend to place under your direction.”

I pricked up my ears, as you can imagine. The Marshal unrolled a great map of the country and spread it upon the table. He flattened it out with his little, hairy hands.

“This is Santarem,” he said, pointing.

I nodded.

“And here, twenty-five miles to the east, is Almeixal, celebrated for its vintages and for its enormous Abbey.”

Again I nodded; I could not think what was coming.

“Have you heard of the Marshal Millefleurs?” asked Massena.

“I have served with all the Marshals,” said I, “but there is none of that name.”

“It is but the nickname which the soldiers have given him,” said Massena. “If you had not been away from us for some months, it would not be necessary for me to tell you about him. He is an Englishman, and a man of good breeding. It is on account of his manners that they have given him his title. I wish you to go to this polite Englishman at Almeixal.”



"HANG HIM TO THE NEAREST TREE."

"Yes, Marshal."

"And to hang him to the nearest tree."

"Certainly, Marshal."

I turned briskly upon my heels, but Massena recalled me before I could reach the opening of his tent.

"One moment, Colonel," said he; "you had best learn how matters stand before you start. You must know, then, that this Marshal Millefleurs, whose real name is Alexis Morgan, is a man of very great ingenuity and bravery. He was an officer in the English Guards, but having been broken for cheating at cards, he left the army. In some manner he gathered a number of English deserters round him and took to the mountains. French stragglers and Portuguese brigands joined him, and he found himself at the head of five hundred men. With these he took possession of the Abbey of Almeixal, sent the monks about their business, fortified the place, and gathered in the plunder of all the country round."

"For which it is high time he was hanged," said I, making once more for the door.

"One instant!" cried the Marshal, smiling at my impatience. "The worst remains behind. Only last week the Dowager Countess

of La Ronda, the richest woman in Spain, was taken by these ruffians in the passes as she was journeying from King Joseph's Court to visit her grandson. She is now a prisoner in the Abbey, and is only protected by her——"

"Grandmotherhood," I suggested.

"Her power of paying a ransom," said Massena. "You have three missions, then: To rescue this unfortunate lady; to punish this villain; and, if possible, to break up this nest of brigands. It will be a proof of the confidence which I have in you when I say that I can only spare you half a squadron with which to accomplish all this."

My word, I could hardly believe my ears! I thought that I should have had my regiment at the least.

"I would give you more," said he, "but I commence my retreat to-day, and Wellington is so strong in horse that every trooper becomes of importance. I cannot spare you another man. You will see what you can do,

and you will report yourself to me at Abrantes not later than to-morrow night."

It was very complimentary that he should rate my powers so high, but it was also a little embarrassing. I was to rescue an old lady, to hang an Englishman, and to break up a band of five hundred assassins—all with fifty men. But after all, the fifty men were Hussars of Conflans, and they had an Etienne Gerard to lead them. As I came out into the warm Portuguese sunshine my confidence had returned to me, and I had already begun to wonder whether the medal which I had so often deserved might not be waiting for me at Almeixal.

You may be sure that I did not take my fifty men at haphazard. They were all old soldiers of the German wars, some of them with three stripes, and most of them with two. Oudet and Papilette, two of the best sub-officers in the regiment, were at their head. When I had them formed up in fours, all in silver grey and upon chestnut horses, with their leopard skin shabracks and their little red panaches, my heart beat high at the sight. I could not look at their weather-stained faces, with the great moustaches which bristled over their chin-straps, without feeling a glow of

confidence, and, between ourselves, I have no doubt that that was exactly how they felt when they saw their young Colonel on his great black war-horse riding at their head.

Well, when we got free of the camp and over the Tagus, I threw out my advance and my flankers, keeping my own place at the head of the main body. Looking back from the hills above Santarem, we could see the dark lines of Massena's army, with the flash and twinkle of the sabres and bayonets as he moved his regiments into position for their retreat. To the south lay the scattered red patches of the English outposts, and behind the grey smoke-cloud which rose from Wellington's camp—thick, oily smoke, which seemed to our poor starving fellows to bear with it the rich smell of seething camp-kettles. Away to the west lay a curve of blue sea flecked with the white sails of the English ships.

You will understand that as we were riding to the east, our road lay away from both armies. Our own marauders, however, and the scouting parties of the English, covered the country, and it was necessary with my small troop that I should take every precaution. During the whole day we rode over desolate hill-sides, the lower portions covered by the budding vines, but the upper turning from green to grey, and jagged along the skyline like the

back of a starved horse. Mountain streams crossed our path, running west to the Tagus, and once we came to a deep strong river, which might have checked us had I not found the ford by observing where houses had been built opposite each other upon either bank. Between them, as every scout should know, you will find your ford. There was none to give us information, for neither man nor beast, nor any living thing except great clouds of crows, was to be seen during our journey.

The sun was beginning to sink when we came to a valley clear in the centre, but shrouded by huge oak trees upon either side. We could not be more than a few miles from Almeixal, so it seemed to me to be best to keep among the groves, for the spring had been an early one and the leaves were already thick enough to conceal us. We were riding then in open order among the great trunks, when one of my flankers came galloping up.

"There are English across the valley, Colonel," he cried, as he saluted.

"Cavalry or infantry?"

"Dragoons, Colonel," said he; "I saw the gleam of their helmets, and heard the neigh of a horse."

Halting my men, I hastened to the edge of the wood. There could be no doubt about it. A party of English cavalry was travelling in a line with us, and in the same direction.



"I HASTENED TO THE EDGE OF THE WOOD."

I caught a glimpse of their red coats and of their flashing arms glowing and twinkling among the tree-trunks. Once, as they passed through a small clearing, I could see their whole force, and I judged that they were of about the same strength as my own—a half squadron at the most.

You who have heard some of my little adventures will give me credit for being quick in my decisions, and prompt in carrying them out. But here I must confess that I was in two minds. On the one hand there was the chance of a fine cavalry skirmish with the English. On the other hand, there was my mission at the Abbey of Almeixal, which seemed already to be so much above my power. If I were to lose any of my men, it was certain that I should be unable to carry out my orders. I was sitting my horse, with my chin in my gauntlet, looking across at the rippling gleams of light from the further wood, when suddenly one of these red-coated Englishmen rode out from the cover, pointing at me and breaking into a shrill whoop and halloo as if I had been a fox. Three others joined him, and one who was a bugler sounded a call which brought the whole of them into the open. They were, as I had thought, a half squadron, and they formed a double line with a front of twenty-five, their officer—the one who had whooped at me—at their head.

For my own part, I had instantly brought my own troopers into the same formation, so that there we were, hussars and dragoons, with only two hundred yards of grassy sward between us. They carried themselves well, those red-coated troopers, with their silver helmets, their high white plumes, and their long, gleaming swords; while, on the other hand, I am sure that they would acknowledge that they had never looked upon finer light horsemen than the fifty hussars of Conflans who were facing them. They were heavier, it is true, and they may have seemed the smarter, for Wellington used to make them burnish their metal work, which was not usual among us. On the other hand, it is well known that the English tunics were too tight for the sword-arm, which gave our men an advantage. As to bravery, foolish, inexperienced people of every nation always think that their own soldiers are braver than any others. There is no nation in the world which does not entertain this idea. But when one has seen as much as I have done, one understands that there is no very marked difference, and that although nations differ very much in discipline, they are all equally brave—except that the French have rather more courage than the rest.

Well, the cork was drawn and the glasses ready, when suddenly the English officer raised his sword to me as if in a challenge, and cantered his horse across the grassland. My word, there is no finer sight upon earth than that of a gallant man upon a gallant steed! I could have halted there just to watch him as he came, with such careless grace, his sabre down by his horse's shoulder, his head thrown back, his white plume tossing—youth and strength and courage, with the violet evening sky above and the oak trees behind. But it was not for me to stand and stare. Etienne Gerard may have his faults, but, my faith, he was never accused of being backward in taking his own part. The old horse, Rataplan, knew me so well that he had started off before ever I gave the first shake to the bridle.

There are two things in this world that I am very slow to forget, the face of a pretty woman, and the legs of a fine horse. Well, as we drew together, I kept on saying, "Where have I seen those great roan shoulders? Where have I seen that dainty fetlock?" Then suddenly I remembered, and as I looked up at the reckless eyes and the challenging smile, whom should I recognise but the man who had saved me from the brigands and played me for my freedom—he whose correct title was Milor the Hon. Sir Russell Bart.!

"Bart!" I shouted.

He had his arm raised for a cut, and three parts of his body open to my point, for he did not know very much about the use of the sword. As I brought my hilt to the salute he dropped his hand and stared at me.

"Halloo!" said he. "It's Gerard!" You would have thought by his manner that I had met him by appointment. For my own part I would have embraced him had he but come an inch of the way to meet me.

"I thought we were in for some sport," said he. "I never dreamed that it was you."

I found this tone of disappointment somewhat irritating. Instead of being glad at having met a friend, he was sorry at having missed an enemy.

"I should have been happy to join in your sport, my dear Bart," said I. "But I really cannot turn my sword upon a man who saved my life."

"Tut, never mind about that."

"No, it is impossible. I should never forgive myself."

"You make too much of a trifle."

"My mother's one desire is to embrace you. If ever you should be in Gascony——"

"Lord Wellington is coming there with 60,000 men."

"Then one of them will have a chance of surviving," said I, laughing. "In the meantime, put your sword in your sheath!"

Our horses were standing head to tail, and the Bart. put out his hand and patted me on the thigh.

"You're a good chap, Gerard," said he. "I only wish you had been born on the right side of the Channel."

"I was," said I.

"Poor fellow!" he cried, with such an earnestness of pity that he set me laughing again. "But look here, Gerard," he continued, "this is all very well, but it is not business, you know. I don't know what Massena would say to it, but our Chief would jump out of his riding-boots if he saw us. We weren't sent out here for a picnic—either of us."

"What would you have?"

"Well, we had a little argument about our hussars and dragoons, if you remember. I've got fifty of the Sixteenth all chewing their carbine bullets behind me. You've got as many fine-looking boys over yonder, who seem to be fidgeting in their saddles. If you and I took the right flanks we should not spoil each other's beauty—though a little blood-letting is a friendly thing in this climate."

There seemed to me to be a good deal of sense in what he said. For the moment Mr. Alexis Morgan and the Countess of La Ronda

and the Abbey of Almeixal went right out of my head, and I could only think of the fine level turf and of the beautiful skirmish which we might have.

"Very good, Bart.," said I. "We have seen the front of your dragoons. We shall now have a look at their backs."

"Any betting?" he asked.

"The stake," said I, "is nothing less than the honour of the Hussars of Conflans."

"Well, come on!" he answered. "If we break you, well and good—if you break us, it will be all the better for Marshal Millefleurs."

When he said that I could only stare at him in astonishment.

"Why for Marshal Millefleurs?" I asked.

"It is the name of a rascal who lives out this way. My dragoons have been sent by Lord Wellington to see him safely hanged."

"Name of a name!" I cried. "Why, my hussars have been sent by Massena for that very object."

We burst out laughing at that, and sheathed our swords. There was a whirr of steel from behind us as our troopers followed our example.

"We are allies," he cried.

"For a day."

"We must join forces."

"There is no doubt of it."

And so, instead of fighting, we wheeled our half squadrons round and moved in two little columns down the valley, the shakos and the helmets turned inwards, and the men



"THE SHAKOS AND THE HELMETS."

looking their neighbours up and down, like old fighting dogs with tattered ears who have learned to respect each other's teeth. The most were on the broad grin, but there were some on either side who looked black and challenging, especially the English sergeant and my own sub-officer Papilette. They were men of habit, you see, who could not change all their ways of thinking in a moment. Besides, Papilette had lost his only brother at Busaco. As for the Bart. and me, we rode together at the head and chatted about all that had occurred to us since that famous game of *ecarté* of which I have told you. For my own part, I spoke to him of my adventures in England. They are a very singular people, these English. Although he knew that I had been engaged in twelve campaigns, yet I am sure that the Bart. thought more highly of me because I had had an affair with the Bristol Bustler. He told me, too, that the Colonel who presided over his court-martial for playing cards with a prisoner, acquitted him of neglect of duty, but nearly broke him because he thought that he had not cleared his trumps before leading his suit. Yes, indeed, they are a singular people.

At the end of the valley the road curved over some rising ground before winding down into another wider valley beyond. We called a halt when we came to the top; for there, right in front of us, at the distance of about three miles, was a scattered, grey town, with a single enormous building upon the flank of the mountain which overlooked it. We could not doubt that we were at last in sight of the Abbey that held the gang of rascals whom we had come to disperse. It was only now, I think, that we fully understood what a task lay in front of us, for the place was a veritable fortress, and it was evident that cavalry should never have been sent out upon such an errand.

"That's got nothing to do with us," said the Bart.; "Wellington and Massena can settle that between them."

"Courage!" I answered. "Piré took Leipzig with fifty hussars."

"Had they been dragoons," said the Bart., laughing, "he would have had Berlin. But

you are senior officer: give us a lead, and we'll see who will be the first to flinch."

"Well," said I, "whatever we do must be done at once, for my orders are to be on my way to Abrantes by to-morrow night. But we must have some information first, and here is someone who should be able to give it to us."

There was a square, whitewashed house standing by the roadside, which appeared, from the bush hanging over the door, to be one of those wayside tabernas which are provided for the muleteers. A lantern was hung in the porch, and by its light we saw two men, the one in the brown habit of a Capuchin monk, and the other girt with an apron, which showed him to be the landlord.



"FOR MERCY'S SAKE, SPARE ME!"

They were conversing together so earnestly that we were upon them before they were aware of us. The innkeeper turned to fly, but one of the Englishmen seized him by the hair, and held him tight.

"For mercy's sake, spare me," he yelled.

"My house has been gutted by the French and harried by the English, and my feet have been burned by the brigands. I swear by the Virgin that I have neither money nor food in my inn, and the good Father Abbot, who is starving upon my doorstep, will be witness to it."

"Indeed, sir," said the Capuchin, in excellent French, "what this worthy man says is very true. He is one of the many victims to these cruel wars, although his loss is but a feather-weight compared to mine. Let him go," he added, in English, to the trooper, "he is too weak to fly, even if he desired to."

In the light of the lantern I saw that this monk was a magnificent man, dark and bearded, with the eyes of a hawk, and so tall that his cowl came up to Rataplan's ears. He wore the look of one who had been through much suffering, but he carried himself like a king, and we could form some opinion of his learning when we each heard him talk our own language as fluently as if he were born to it.

"You have nothing to fear," said I, to the trembling innkeeper. "As to you, father, you are, if I am not mistaken, the very man who can give us the information which we require."

"All that I have is at your service, my son. But," he added, with a wan smile, "my Lenten fare is always somewhat meagre, and this year it has been such that I must ask you for a crust of bread if I am to have the strength to answer your questions."

We bore two days' rations in our haversacks, so that he soon had the little he asked for. It was dreadful to see the wolfish way in which he seized the piece of dried goat's flesh which I was able to offer him.

"Time presses, and we must come to the point," said I. "We want your advice as to the weak points of yonder Abbey, and concerning the habits of the rascals who infest it."

He cried out something which I took to be Latin, with his hands clasped and his eyes upturned. "The prayer of the just availeth much," said he, "and yet I had not dared to hope that mine would have been so speedily answered. In me you see the unfortunate Abbot of Almeixal, who has been cast out by this rabble of three armies with their heretical leader. Oh! to think of what I have lost!" his voice broke, and the tears hung upon his lashes.

"Cheer up, sir," said the Bart. "I'll lay nine to four that we have you back again by to-morrow night."

"It is not of my own welfare that I think," said he, "nor even of that of my poor, scattered flock. But it is of the holy relics which are left in the sacrilegious hands of these robbers."

"It's even betting whether they would ever bother their heads about them," said the Bart. "But show us the way inside the gates, and we'll soon clear the place out for you."

In a few short words the good Abbot gave us the very points that we wished to know. But all that he said only made our task more formidable. The walls of the Abbey were forty feet high. The lower windows were barricaded, and the whole building loopholed for musketry fire. The gang preserved military discipline, and their sentries were too numerous for us to hope to take them by surprise. It was more than ever evident that a battalion of grenadiers and a couple of breaching pieces were what was needed. I raised my eyebrows, and the Bart. began to whistle.

"We must have a shot at it, come what may," said he.

The men had already dismounted, and, having watered their horses, were eating their suppers. For my own part I went into the sitting-room of the inn with the Abbot and the Bart., that we might talk about our plans.

I had a little cognac in my *sauve vie*, and I divided it among us—just enough to wet our moustaches.

"It is unlikely," said I, "that those rascals know anything about our coming. I have seen no signs of scouts along the road. My own plan is that we should conceal ourselves in some neighbouring wood, and then, when they open their gates, charge down upon them and take them by surprise."

The Bart. was of opinion that this was the best that we could do, but, when we came to talk it over, the Abbot made us see that there were difficulties in the way.

"Save on the side of the town there is no place within a mile of the Abbey where you could shelter man or horse," said he. "As to the townsfolk, they are not to be trusted. I fear, my son, that your excellent plan would have little chance of success in the face of the vigilant guard which these men keep."

"I see no other way," answered I. "Hussars of Conflans are not so plentiful that I can afford to run half a squadron of them against a forty foot wall with five hundred infantry behind it."

"I am a man of peace," said the Abbot, "and yet I may, perhaps, give a word of

counsel. I know these villains and their ways. Who should do so better, seeing that I have stayed for a month in this lonely spot, looking down in weariness of heart at the Abbey which was my own? I will tell you now what I should myself do if I were in your place."

"Pray tell us, father," we cried, both together.

"You must know that bodies of deserters, both French and English, are continually coming in to them, carrying their weapons with them. Now, what is there to prevent you and your men from pretending to be such a body, and so making your way into the Abbey?"

I was amazed at the simplicity of the thing, and I embraced the good Abbot. The Bart., however, had some objections to offer.

"That is all very well," said he, "but if these fellows are as sharp as you say, it is not very likely that they are going to let a hundred armed strangers into their crib. From all I have heard of Mr. Morgan, or Marshal Millefleurs, or whatever the rascal's name is, I give him credit for more sense than that."

"Well, then," I cried, "let us send fifty in, and let them at day-break throw open the gates to the other fifty, who will be waiting outside."

We discussed the question at great length and with much foresight and discretion. If it had been Massena and Wellington instead of two young officers of light cavalry, we could not have weighed it all with more judgment. At last we agreed, the Bart. and I, that one of us should indeed go with fifty men under pretence of being deserters, and that in the early morning he should gain command of the gate and admit the others. The Abbot, it is true, was still of opinion that it was dangerous to divide our force, but finding that we were both of the same mind, he shrugged his shoulders and gave in.

"There is only one thing that I would ask," said he. "If you lay hands upon this Marshal Millefleurs—this dog of a brigand—what will you do with him?"

"Hang him," I answered.

"It is too easy a death," cried

the Capuchin, with a vindictive glow in his dark eyes. "Had I my way with him—but, oh, what thoughts are these for a servant of God to harbour!" He clapped his hands to his forehead like one who is half demented by his troubles, and rushed out of the room.

There was an important point which we had still to settle, and that was whether the French or the English party should have the honour of entering the Abbey first. My faith, it was asking a great deal of Etienne Gerard that he should give place to any man at such a time! But the poor Bart. pleaded so hard, urging the few poor skirmishes which he had seen against my four-and-seventy engagements, that at last I consented that he should go. We had just clasped hands over the matter when there broke out such a shouting and cursing and yelling from the front of the inn, that out we rushed with our drawn sabres in our hands, convinced that the brigands were upon us.

You may imagine our feelings when, by the light of the lantern which hung from the porch, we saw a score of our hussars and dragoons all mixed in one wild heap, red



"HUSSARS AND DRAGOONS ALL MIXED IN ONE WILD HEAP."

coats and blue, helmets and busbies, pomelling each other to their hearts' content. We flung ourselves upon them, imploring, threatening, tugging at a lace collar, or at a spurred heel, until, at last, we had dragged them all apart. There they stood, flushed and bleeding, glaring at each other, and all panting together like a line of troop horses after a ten-mile chase. It was only with our drawn swords that we could keep them from each other's throats. The poor Capuchin stood in the porch in his long brown habit, wringing his hands and calling upon all the saints for mercy.

He was indeed, as I found upon inquiry, the innocent cause of all the turmoil, for, not understanding how soldiers look upon such things, he had made some remark to the English sergeant that it was a pity that his squadron was not as good as the French. The words were not out of his mouth before a dragoon knocked down the nearest hussar, and then, in a moment, they all flew at each other like tigers. We would trust them no more after that, but the Bart. moved his men to the front of the inn, and I mine to the back, the English all scowling and silent, and our fellows shaking their fists and chattering, each after the fashion of their own people.

Well, as our plans were made, we thought it best to carry them out at once, lest some fresh cause of quarrel should break out between our followers. The Bart. and his men rode off, therefore, he having first torn the lace from his sleeves, and the gorget and sash from his uniform, so that he might pass as a simple trooper. He explained to his men what it was that was expected of them, and though they did not raise a cry or wave their weapons as mine might have done, there was an expression upon their stolid and clean-shaven faces which filled me with confidence. Their tunics were left unbuttoned, their scabbards and helmets stained with dirt, and their harness badly fastened, so that they might look the part of deserters, without order or discipline. At six o'clock next morning they were to gain command of the main gate of the Abbey, while at that same hour my hussars were to gallop up to it from outside. The Bart. and I pledged our words to it before he trotted off with his detachment. My sergeant, Papilette, with two troopers, followed the English at a distance, and returned in half an hour to say that, after some parley, and the flashing of lanterns upon them from the grille, they had been admitted into the Abbey.

So far, then, all had gone well. It was a

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cloudy night with a sprinkling of rain, which was in our favour, as there was the less chance of our presence being discovered. My vedettes I placed two hundred yards in every direction, to guard against a surprise, and also to prevent any peasant who might stumble upon us from carrying the news to the Abbey. Oudin and Papilette were to take turns of duty, while the others with their horses had snug quarters in a great wooden granary. Having walked round and seen that all was as it should be, I flung myself upon the bed which the innkeeper had set apart for me, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

No doubt you have heard my name mentioned as being the beau-ideal of a soldier, and that not only by friends and admirers like our fellow-townsfolk, but also by old officers of the great wars who have shared the fortunes of those famous campaigns with me. Truth and modesty compel me to say, however, that this is not so. There are some gifts which I lack—very few, no doubt—but, still, amid the vast armies of the Emperor there may have been some who were free from those blemishes which stood between me and perfection. Of bravery I say nothing. Those who have seen me in the field are best fitted to speak about that. I have often heard the soldiers discussing round the camp-fires as to who was the bravest man in the Grand Army. Some said Murat, and some said Lasalle, and some Ney; but for my own part, when they asked me, I merely shrugged my shoulders and smiled. It would have seemed mere conceit if I had answered that there was no man braver than Brigadier Gerard. At the same time, facts are facts, and a man knows best what his own feelings are. But there are other gifts besides bravery which are necessary for a soldier, and one of them is that he should be a light sleeper. Now, from my boyhood onwards, I have been hard to wake, and it was this which brought me to ruin upon that night.

It may have been about two o'clock in the morning that I was suddenly conscious of a feeling of suffocation. I tried to call out, but there was something which prevented me from uttering a sound. I struggled to rise, but I could only flounder like a hamstrung horse. I was strapped at the ankles, strapped at the knees, and strapped again at the wrists. Only my eyes were free to move, and there at the foot of my couch, by the light of a Portuguese lamp, whom should I see but the Abbot and the innkeeper!

The latter's heavy, white face had appeared

to me when I looked upon it the evening before to express nothing but stupidity and terror. Now, on the contrary, every feature bespoke brutality and ferocity. Never have I seen a more dreadful-looking villain. In his hand he held a long, dull-coloured knife. The Abbot, on the other hand, was as polished and as dignified as ever. His Capuchin gown had been thrown open, however, and I saw beneath it a black-frogged coat, such as I have seen among the English officers. As our eyes met he leaned over the wooden end of the bed and laughed silently until it creaked again.

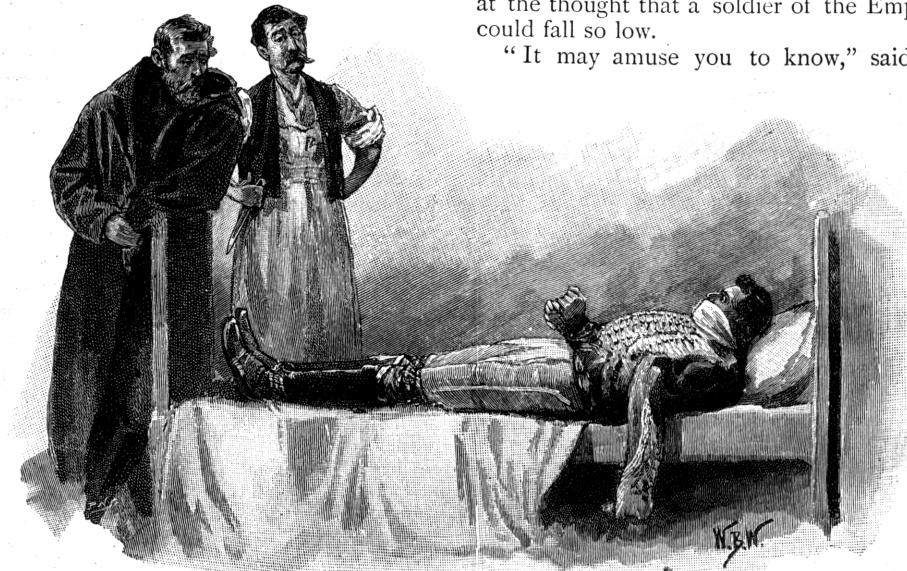
"You will, I am sure, excuse my mirth, my dear Colonel Gerard," said he. "The fact is, that the expression upon your face when you grasped the situation was just a

rascal his nickname. I could say nothing, but they must have read my threat in my eyes, for the fellow who had played the part of the innkeeper whispered something to his companion.

"No, no, my dear Chenier, he will be infinitely more valuable alive," said he. "By the way, Colonel, it is just as well that you are a sound sleeper, for my friend here, who is a little rough in his ways, would certainly have cut your throat if you had raised any alarm. I should recommend you to keep in his good graces, for Sergeant Chenier, late of the 7th Imperial Light Infantry, is a much more dangerous person than Captain Alexis Morgan, of His Majesty's foot-guards."

Chenier grinned and shook his knife at me, while I tried to look the loathing which I felt at the thought that a soldier of the Emperor could fall so low.

"It may amuse you to know," said the



"I SHOULD RECOMMEND YOU TO KEEP IN HIS GOOD GRACES."

little funny. I have no doubt that you are an excellent soldier, but I hardly think that you are fit to measure wits with the Marshal Millefleurs, as your fellows have been good enough to call me. You appear to have given me credit for singularly little intelligence, which argues, if I may be allowed to say so, a want of acuteness upon your own part. Indeed, with the single exception of my thick-headed compatriot, the British dragoon, I have never met anyone who was less competent to carry out such a mission."

You can imagine how I felt and how I looked, as I listened to this insolent harangue, which was all delivered in that flowery and condescending manner which had gained this

Marshal, in that soft, suave voice of his, "that both your expeditions were watched from the time that you left your respective camps. I think that you will allow that Chenier and I played our parts with some subtlety. We had made every arrangement for your reception at the Abbey, though we had hoped to receive the whole squadron instead of half. When the gates are secured behind them, our visitors find themselves in a very charming little mediæval quadrangle, with no possible exit, commanded by musketry fire from a hundred windows. They may choose to be shot down; or they may choose to surrender. Between ourselves, I have not the slightest doubt that they

have been wise enough to do the latter. But since you are naturally interested in the matter, we thought that you would care to come with us and to see for yourself. I think I can promise you that you will find your titled friend waiting for you at the Abbey with a face as long as your own."

The two villains began whispering together, debating, as far as I could hear, which was the best way of avoiding my vedettes.

"I will make sure that it is all clear upon the other side of the barn," said the Marshal at last. "You will stay here, my good Chenier, and if the prisoner gives any trouble you will know what to do."

So we were left together, this murderous renegade and I—he sitting at the end of the bed, sharpening his knife upon his boot in the light of the single smoky little oil-lamp. As to me, I only wonder now as I look back upon it, that I did not go mad with vexation and self-reproach as I lay helplessly upon the couch, unable to utter a word or move a finger, with the knowledge that my fifty gallant lads were so close to me, and yet with no means of letting them know the straits to which I was reduced. It was no new thing for me to be a prisoner; but to be taken by these renegades, and to be led into their Abbey in the midst of their jeers, befooled and outwitted by their insolent leaders—that was indeed more than I could endure. The knife of the butcher beside me would cut less deeply than that.

I twitched softly at my wrists, and then at my ankles, but whichever of the two had secured me was no bungler at his work. I could not move either of them an inch. Then I tried to work the handkerchief down over my mouth, but the ruffian beside me raised his knife with such a threatening snarl that I had to desist. I was lying still looking at his bull neck, and wondering whether it would ever be my good fortune to fit it for a cravat, when I heard returning steps coming down the inn passage and up the stair. What word would the villain bring back? If he found it impossible to kidnap me, he would probably murder me where I lay. For my own part, I was indifferent which it might be, and I looked at the doorway with the contempt and defiance which I longed to put into words. But you can imagine my feelings, my dear friends, when, instead of the tall figure and dark, sneering face of the Capuchin, my eyes fell upon the grey pelisse and huge moustaches of my good little sub-officer, Papilette!

The French soldier of those days had seen

too much to be ever taken by surprise. His eyes had hardly rested upon my bound figure and the sinister face beside me before he had seen how the matter lay.

"Sacred name of a dog!" he growled, and out flashed his great sabre. Chenier sprang forward at him with his knife, and then, thinking better of it, he darted back and stabbed frantically at my heart. For my own part, I had hurled myself off the bed on the side opposite to him, and the blade grazed my side before ripping its way through blanket and sheet. An instant later I heard the thud of a heavy fall, and then almost simultaneously a second object struck the floor—something lighter but harder, which rolled under the bed. I will not horrify you with details, my friends. Suffice it that Papilette was one of the strongest swordsmen in the regiment, and that his sabre was heavy and sharp. It left a red blotch upon my wrists and my ankles, as it cut the thongs which bound me.

When I had thrown off my gag, the first use which I made of my lips was to kiss the sergeant's scarred cheeks. The next was to ask him if all was well with the command. Yes, they had had no alarms. Oudin had just relieved him, and he had come to report. Had he seen the Abbot? No, he had seen nothing of him. Then we must form a cordon and prevent his escape. I was hurrying out to give the orders, when I heard a slow and measured step enter the door below, and come creaking up the stairs.

Papilette understood it all in an instant. "You are not to kill him," I whispered, and thrust him into the shadow on one side of the door; I crouched on the other. Up he came, up and up, and every footfall seemed to be upon my heart. The brown skirt of his gown was not over the threshold before we were both on him, like two wolves on a buck. Down we crashed, the three of us, he fighting like a tiger, and with such amazing strength that he might have broken away from the two of us. Thrice he got to his feet, and thrice we had him over again, until Papilette made him feel that there was a point to his sabre. He had sense enough then to know that the game was up, and to lie still while I lashed him with the very cords which had been round my own limbs.

"There has been a fresh deal, my fine fellow," said I, "and you will find that I have some of the trumps in my hand this time."

"Luck always comes to the aid of a fool," he answered. "Perhaps it is as well, other-



"DOWN WE CRASHED."

wise the world would fall too completely into the power of the astute. So, you have killed Chenier, I see. He was an insubordinate dog, and always smelt abominably of garlic. Might I trouble you to lay me upon the bed? The floor of these Portuguese tabernas is hardly a fitting couch for anyone who has prejudices in favour of cleanliness."

I could not but admire the coolness of the man, and the way in which he preserved the same insolent air of condescension in spite of this sudden turning of the tables. I dispatched Papilette to summon a guard, whilst I stood over our prisoner with my drawn sword, never taking my eyes off him for an instant, for I must confess that I had conceived a great respect for his audacity and resource.

"I trust," said he, "that your men will treat me in a becoming manner."

"You will get your deserts—you may depend upon that."

"I ask nothing more. You may not be aware of my exalted birth, but I am so placed that I cannot name my father without treason, nor my mother without a scandal.

I cannot *claim* Royal honours, but these things are so much more graceful when they are conceded without a claim. The thongs are cutting my skin. Might I beg you to loosen them?"

"You do not give me credit for much intelligence," I remarked, repeating his own words.

"*Touché!*" he cried, like a pinked fencer. "But here come your men, so it matters little whether you loosen them or not."

I ordered the gown to be stripped from him and placed him under a strong guard. Then, as morning was already breaking, I had to consider what my next step was to be. The poor Bart. and his Englishmen had fallen victims to the deep scheme which might, had we adopted all the crafty suggestions of our adviser, have ended in the capture of the whole instead of the half of our force. I must extricate them if it were still possible. Then there was the old lady, the Countess of La Ronda, to be thought of. As to the Abbey, since its garrison was on the alert it was hopeless to think of capturing that. All

turned now upon the value which they placed upon their leader. The game depended upon my playing that one card. I will tell you how boldly and how skilfully I played it.

It was hardly light before my bugler blew the assembly, and out we trotted on to the plain. My prisoner was placed on horseback in the very centre of the troops. It chanced that there was a large tree just out of musket-shot from the main gate of the Abbey, and under this we halted. Had they opened the great doors in order to attack us, I should have charged home upon them; but, as I had expected, they stood upon the defensive, lining the long wall and pouring down a torrent of hootings and taunts and derisive laughter upon us. A few fired their muskets, but finding that we were out of reach they soon ceased to waste their powder. It was the strangest sight to see that mixture of uniforms, French, English, and Portuguese, cavalry, infantry and artillery, all wagging their heads and shaking their fists at us.

My word, their hubbub soon died away when we opened our ranks, and showed whom we had got in the midst of us! There

was silence for a few seconds, and then such a howl of rage and grief ! I could see some of them dancing like madmen upon the wall. He must have been a singular person, this prisoner of ours, to have gained the affection of such a gang.

I had brought a rope from the inn, and we slung it over the lower bough of the tree.

" You will permit me, monsieur, to undo your collar," said Papilette, with mock politeness.

" If your hands are perfectly clean," answered our prisoner, and set the whole half-squadron laughing.

There was another yell from the wall, followed by a profound hush as the noose was tightened round Marshal Millefleurs' neck. Then came a shriek from a bugle, the Abbey gates flew open, and three men rushed out waving white cloths in their hands. Ah, how my heart bounded with joy at the sight of them. And yet I would not advance an inch to meet them, so that all the eagerness might seem to be upon their side. I allowed my trumpeter, however, to wave a handkerchief in reply, upon which the three envoys came running towards us. The Marshal, still pinioned, and with the rope round his neck, sat his horse with a half smile, as one who is slightly bored and yet strives out of courtesy not to show it. If I were in such a situation I could not wish to carry myself better, and surely I can say no more than that.

They were a singular trio, these ambassadors. The one was a Portuguese caçadore in his dark uniform, the second a French chasseur in the lightest green, and the third a big English artilleryman in blue and gold. They saluted, all three, and the Frenchman did the talking.

" We have thirty-seven English dragoons in our hands," said he. " We give you our most solemn oath that they shall all hang from the Abbey wall within five minutes of the death of our Marshal."

" Thirty-seven ! " I cried. " You have fifty-one."

" Fourteen were cut down before they could be secured."

" And the officer ? "

" He would not surrender his sword save with his life. It was not our fault. We would have saved him if we could."

Alas for my poor Bart. ! I had met him but twice, and yet he was a man very much after my heart. I have always had a regard for the English for the sake of that one friend. A braver man and a worse swordsman I have never met.

I did not, as you may think, take these rascals' word for anything. Papilette was dispatched with one of them, and returned to say that it was too true. I had now to think of the living.

" You will release the thirty-seven dragoons if I free your leader ? "

" We will give you ten of them."

" Up with him ! " I cried.

" Twenty," shouted the chasseur.

" No more words," said I. " Pull on the rope ! "

" All of them," cried the envoy, as the cord tightened round the Marshal's neck.

" With horses and arms ? "

They could see that I was not a man to jest with.

" All complete," said the chasseur, sulkily.

" And the Countess of La Ronda as well ? " said I.

But here I met with firmer opposition. No threats of mine could induce them to give up the Countess. We tightened the cord. We moved the horse. We did all but leave the Marshal suspended. If once I broke his neck the dragoons were dead men. It was as precious to me as to them.

" Allow me to remark," said the Marshal, blandly, " that you are exposing me to a risk of a quinsy. Do you not think, since there is a difference of opinion upon this point, that it would be an excellent idea to consult the lady herself ? We would neither of us, I am sure, wish to over-ride her own inclinations."

Nothing could be more satisfactory. You can imagine how quickly I grasped at so simple a solution. In ten minutes she was before us, a most stately dame, with her grey curls peeping out from under her mantilla. Her face was as yellow as though it reflected the countless doubloons of her treasury.

" This gentleman," said the Marshal, " is exceedingly anxious to convey you to a place where you will never see us more. It is for you to decide whether you would wish to go with him, or whether you prefer to remain with me."

She was at his horse's side in an instant. " My own Alexis," she cried, " nothing can ever part us."

He looked at me with a sneer upon his handsome face.

" By the way, you made a small slip of the tongue, my dear Colonel," said he.

" Except by courtesy, no such person exists as the Dowager Countess of La Ronda. The lady whom I have the honour to present to

you is my very dear wife, Mrs. Alexis Morgan—or shall I say Madame la Marèchale Millefleurs?"

It was at this moment that I came to the conclusion that I was dealing with the cleverest, and also the most unscrupulous, man whom I had ever met. As I looked upon this unfortunate old woman my soul was filled with wonder and disgust. As for her, her eyes were raised to his face with

is nothing which I can do for you before you go?"

"There is one thing."

"And that is?"

"To give fitting burial to this young officer and his men."

"I pledge my word to it."

"And there is one other."

"Name it."

"To give me five minutes in the open with



"HER EYES WERE RAISED TO HIS FACE."

such a look as a young recruit might give to the Emperor.

"So be it," said I, at last; "give me the dragoons and let me go."

They were brought out with their horses and weapons, and the rope was taken from the Marshal's neck.

"Good-bye, my dear Colonel," said he. "I am afraid that you will have rather a lame account to give of your mission, when you find your way back to Massena, though, from all I hear, he will probably be too busy to think of you. I am free to confess that you have extricated yourself from your difficulties with greater ability than I had given you credit for. I presume that there

a sword in your hand and a horse between your legs."

"Tut, tut!" said he. "I should either have to cut short your promising career, or else to bid adieu to my own bonny bride. It is unreasonable to ask such a request of a man in the first joys of matrimony."

I gathered my horsemen together and wheeled them into column.

"Au revoir," I cried, shaking my sword at him. "The next time you may not escape so easily."

"Au revoir," he answered. "When you are weary of the Emperor, you will always find a commission waiting for you in the service of the Marshal Millefleurs."

Notable Families.

BY ALBERT H. BROADWELL.

I.—THE GLADSTONE FAMILY.

NOW, when Mr. Gladstone's familiar figure has deserted the benches of the Commons, we all, as Englishmen, be we Liberals or Conservatives, Unionists or Radicals, admire him as a man, as a great English statesman, as a kind husband and loving father, whose descendants have been intrusted with the bearing of a name that will ever remain a shining light in the history of this country. Through the kind assistance of one member of Mr. Gladstone's family, we have the privilege of publishing here a complete set of portraits of his twenty-two direct descendants, with the addition of a few facts regarding them.

The old people of Hawarden well remember an interesting double event which occurred on July the 25th, 1839, when Miss Catherine Glynne and Miss Mary Glynne, both known for their singular beauty and loveliness of character, were married respectively to Mr. W. E. Gladstone and the late Lord Lyttelton. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's golden wedding was observed locally on the 25th of July, 1889, by the erection of a fountain in Hawarden Village.

This wedding was eventful for Hawarden, for, at the invitation of his brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glynne, who never married, Mr. Gladstone made it his home. Hawarden was chosen because Mr. Gladstone had no call for residence elsewhere, except, perhaps, at his father's estate, Fasque, in Kincardineshire, where he paid regular visits with his family until Sir John Gladstone's death in 1851.

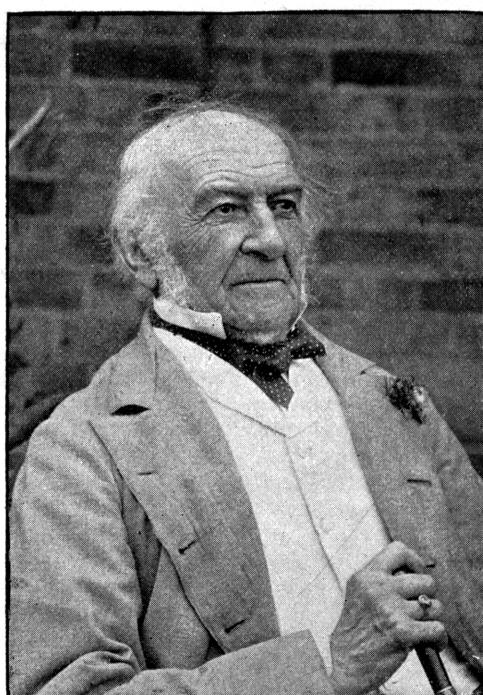
Mr. Gladstone's brother-in-law, the late Sir Stephen R. Glynne, then owner of the

Hawarden Estate and Castle, had very early to face the changes and chances of life. His agent of the day, to whom everything was intrusted, brought, by rash speculations in iron, the estate to the verge of ruin, which it will yet take generations to repair. Mr. Gladstone was able to give great assistance in meeting this crisis. He himself also purchased properties in the vicinity, but, as is well known, he made over all his own property to his eldest son, not long after that son had succeeded by will Sir S. R. Glynne at his death, in 1874. The castle and grounds belong, however, to Mrs. Gladstone for life.

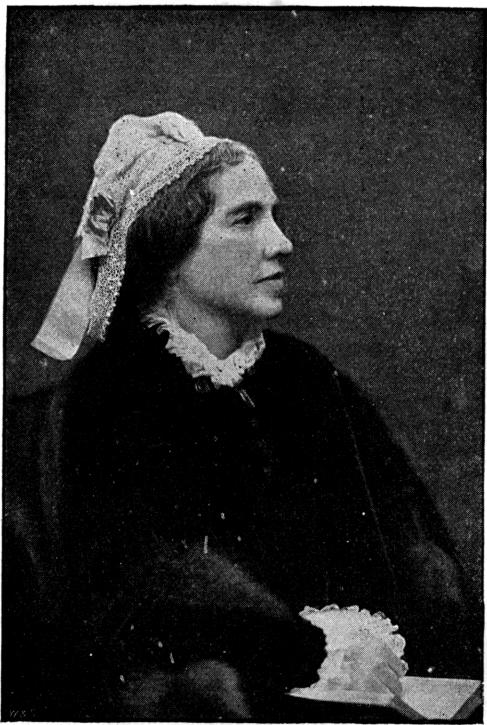
This surrender of his property in land so many years ago was only characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's general principle in favour of devolving property and responsibility on the younger generation, not when death compels, but when a sense of propriety commends it. Thus Mr. Gladstone himself has long ago divided his living for the most part among his children, while at the same time setting aside a large sum for the founding and endowment of St. Deiniol's Library and Hostel.

It has often been one of his most grateful expressions that his children have never caused him, except by illness or death, a moment's anxiety; and he has, therefore, been able to see his way to make them all independent many years before his old age set in.

One of Mrs. Gladstone's gifts has been an intuitive knowledge in matters of health and nursing; in fact, though Mrs. Gladstone has the greatest respect for doctors and nurses, she is herself an excellent doctor and nurse combined. Husband, children, and scores of friends and relations have had the benefit



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co., Richmond, Surrey.



From a photograph.
MRS. CATHERINE GLADSTONE.

of her skill and care. It must be said that in this respect, notwithstanding her present strength of constitution, she never remembered to take much care of herself. Another gift is seen in the way in which by influence and organizing power, by contempt for red tape and by ready resource, she has established and carried forward, for many years, valuable institutions by simple means and methods ; the Orphanage and the Little Home, both of which are near, or, rather, at, Hawarden Castle, are an example of this. Here she has spent much of her time, and latterly encouraged her grandchildren to do the like. In other words, Mrs. Gladstone is everybody's friend, and has an unlimited capacity for entering, with real sympathy, into the sorrows of all with whom she comes in contact.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Gladstone, with his blended gifts of tender feeling and sense of justice, has never had favourites in his own family. Circumstances

would bring him in contact much more with some than with others of the circle, but he always made it unmistakably felt that his heart and mind were equally large and equally ready for all.

The Gladstones are said to be a very argumentative family amongst themselves. Be this as it may, there have *never* been any serious differences of thought or feeling between Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and their sons and daughters, even on those subjects of politics and religion which are productive of differences in so many families.

Mr. Gladstone's direct descendants number twenty-two in all, and their portraits, with notes, follow here in chronological order :—

FIRST CHILD.—WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, who married, in 1875, the Hon. Gertrude Stuart, daughter of Lord Blantyre ; was born June 3, 1840 ; and died July 4, 1891. He was M.P., 1865-85 ; a Lord of Treasury, unpaid, 1869-74. He studied at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. At Eton he showed himself pre-eminent in Latin and Greek verse, and excelled in football and “fives.” A great lover and student of ecclesiastical music, he set the music at Hawarden Church for many years, and often played the organ himself. He was close friends with nearly all the leading musicians —Oakeley, Ouseley, Stainer, Elvey, Wesley, Parrott, etc. He was devoted to his estate and country life, being for many years a regular attendant at the Board of Guardians. He also took an active part in all parish affairs, was a most considerate and wise landlord, and died in the prime of life and good

health, of an illness probably resulting from a former accident. As an intense lover of the mountains, especially Swiss and Welsh, he knew every stone of Snowdonia. He was distinguished for daring, combined with an excellent and cool judgment. On one occasion he fell into a crevasse on the Titlis, but was saved by the rope worn by the party of four, consisting of Mr. Charles Parker (late M.P. for Perth), the Rev. S. E. Gladstone, and a friend. This, however, is not the accident referred to above. There is a beautiful memorial tablet of solid



THE LATE MR. W. H. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

alabaster in Hawarden Church, by the organ. It reads as follows :—

WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE,

Born June 3rd, 1840.

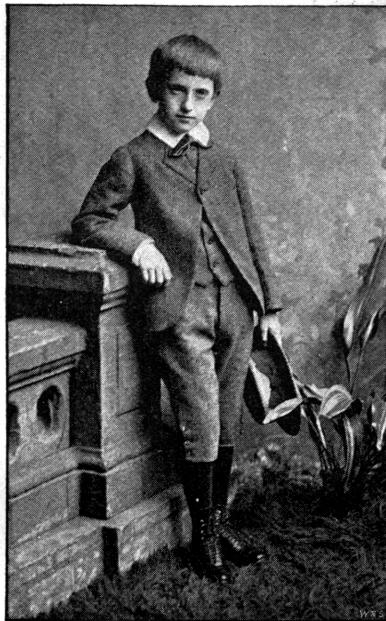
Uniting the single-heartedness of childhood to the full development of his mental powers and to high accomplishment, he closed in perfect peace a life of love and service to God and man on July 4th, 1891. Placed by his father and mother.

Their three children are William Glynne Charles, born 1885; Evelyn Catherine, born 1882; Constance Gertrude, born 1883. It need not be said with what tender fondness Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone look upon the three children of their eldest son, whose happy and useful life was cut short by unexpected and early death.

Especially since retiring from public life, Mr. Gladstone has seen much of them, and delights in their frequent visits to the Castle. Little Will is but ten years old, but he bids fair to follow in his father's and in his grandfather's steps. He has a remarkable blending of fun and seriousness; he is very fond of adventure, riding, and rural sports; but he has a much deeper vein also in his character. For eleven years more he will be a minor, and his mother, who devotes herself entirely to her children (though she also proves a most capable trustee, with an almost intuitive knowledge of people and things), is his sole

(so intimately known to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone), and the younger one more after her grandfather, Lord Blantyre. Both are full of life and energy.

SECOND CHILD.—AGNES, born 1842 (Mrs. Wickham), married 1873. Wife



MASTER WILLIAM G. C. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

guardian. The beautiful inheritance of Hawarden passed to him at his father's death in 1891, it having been willed to him (as already stated) by his uncle, Sir Stephen Glynne, Mrs. Gladstone's brother. Mrs. Gladstone alone survives of the two sisters and brothers (the Rev. Henry Glynne, whose daughters are Mary, living still at Hawarden, and Lady Penrhyn), having outlived Sir Stephen Glynne, who died in 1874. Of the two daughters, Evelyn and Constance, the older may be said to take after her great-grandmother, the previous Duchess of Sutherland



MRS. AGNES WICKHAM.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn.



THE MISSES EVELYN AND CONSTANCE GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

of the present Dean of Lincoln, for twenty years Head Master of Wellington College.

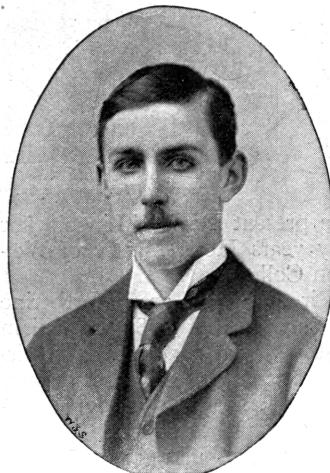
Their children are : Catherine Mary Lavinia, born 1875; William Gladstone, born 1878; Lucy Christian, born 1878; Margaret Agnes, born 1879; Edward Stephen Gladstone, born 1883. Catherine, called Katie, is the eldest grandchild, and Mrs. Gladstone had the pleasure of seeing her grow up and of presenting her to the Queen two years ago. William, the eldest grandson, in his early days at school (at Temple Grove and Winchester, where, as head of his house, he

is now completing his school life before entering the University), was known to stand up, against the vast majority of



From a MISS CATHERINE WICKHAM. [Photograph.] *W.S.*

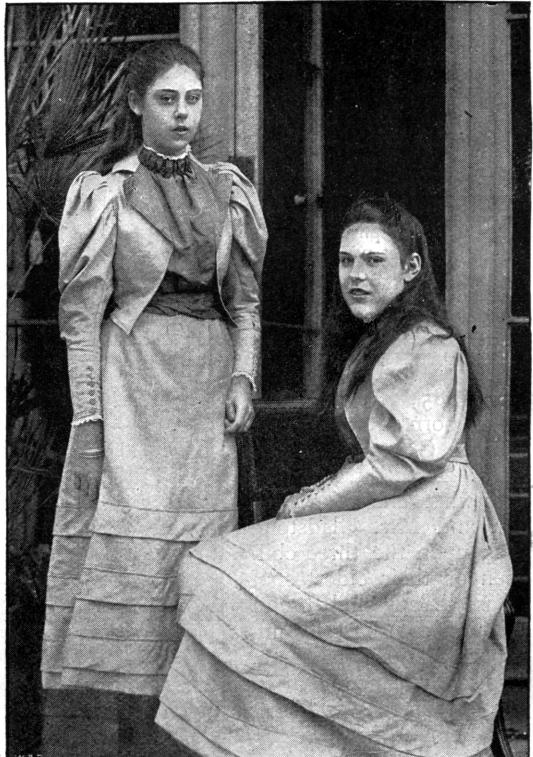
his schoolfellows, for Liberalism and his grandfather. This, no one will gainsay, means a good deal in a schoolboy. Christian and Margaret are now completing their education at St. Andrews, N.B. Little Edward is a charming blend of spirit and gentleness,



MR. W. G. WICKHAM.
From a Photo. by G. Hadley, Lincoln.

and a general favourite wherever he goes.

THIRD CHILD.—STEPHEN EDWARD. Born 1844. Four



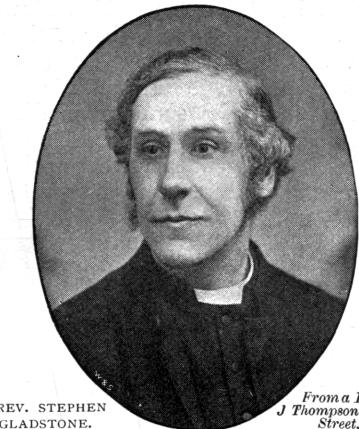
THE MISSES MARGARET AND CHRISTIAN WICKHAM.
From a Photograph. *W.S.*

years Curate of S. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, under Dean Gregory. He became Rector of Hawarden in 1872, and married, in 1885, Miss Annie C. Wilson, Liverpool, daughter of Dr. Wilson.

Their children are Catherine, born 1885; Albert Charles, born 1886; Charles Andrew, born 1889; Stephen Deiniol, born 1892; Edith, born 1895. Catherine is (so far) the only Catherine Gladstone (her grandmother's name) amongst Mr. Gladstone's direct descendants. Albert



MASTER E. S. G. WICKHAM.
From a Photo. by Walton & Adams, Reading.



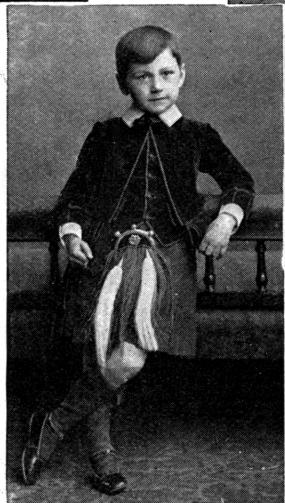
THE REV. STEPHEN
E. GLADSTONE.

From a Photo. by
J. Thompson, Grosvenor
Street, S. W.



MISS CATHERINE GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

Charles is the constant and devoted companion of his elder sister, and both are very fond of books. Charles Andrew was so called after the great physician, Sir Andrew Clark, for many years the beloved and trusted medical attendant of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and all their family. It is not too much to say that he was one of the very few who were the most intimate friends of Mr. Gladstone. This little boy was Sir Andrew Clark's



MASTER ALBERT C. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.



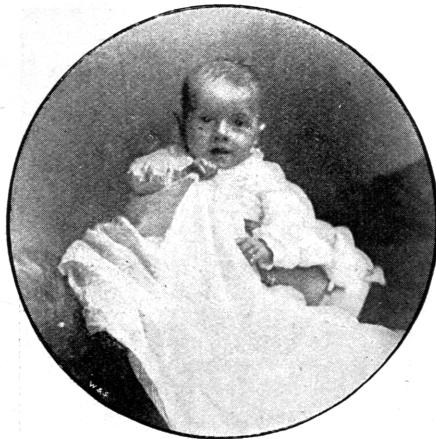
MASTER CHARLES ANDREW GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

godson. Stephen Deiniol was so called after the patron saint and founder of Hawarden Church,



MASTER STEPHEN DEINIOL GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

first Bishop of Bangor about 550 A.D. Mr. Gladstone has also called his library and hostel after this name. Edith is Mr. Gladstone's youngest grandchild. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended her baptism in the parish church when she was three days old, just before going abroad last January.



EDITH GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

FOURTH CHILD.—JESSIE CATHERINE, born July 27, 1845; died April 9, 1850. A lovely and precious child, of whose last illness Mr. Gladstone wrote, from hour to hour, a very full and close account in a private diary, which still exists as a monument of fatherly anxiety and affection, showing how he followed with the utmost keenness every least turn in the painful illness which resulted in the first, but not the last, death within the number of his own children. Mr.



JESSIE CATHERINE GLADSTONE.
From a Painting in Hawarden Castle.

Gladstone bore the little body (Jessie was not yet five years old) to Fasque, and placed it in the vault of the little Episcopal chapel built by his father, where he also was present at the interment of so many others near and dear to him, especially his parents, two sisters, eldest brother, and others.

FIFTH CHILD.—MARY, born 1847. Married to the Rev. Harry Drew. They have one child, namely, Dorothy Mary

Catherine, born in 1890. Mrs. Drew has almost always lived with her father and mother, and her marriage has made no difference in this. The birth of little Dorothy was the addition of a sunbeam in the house and home of the old people. The child's bright and intelligent ways, her quaint talk, her romantic appearance and bare feet are



MRS. MARY DREW.
From a Portrait by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

amongst the characteristics which make her so well known and loved.

SIXTH CHILD.—HELEN, born 1849. For many years connected with Newnham College, Cambridge, where she has latterly been head of one of the two halls; we have already had the pleasure of publishing this lady's



DOROTHY DREW.
From a Photo. by Faulkner, Baker Street, W.

photographs at different ages in THE STRAND MAGAZINE a short time ago, together with a short biographical sketch.

SEVENTH CHILD.—
HENRY NEVILLE, born 1852. He married the Hon. Maud Ernestine, daughter of Lord Rendel. Mr. H. N. Gladstone is a merchant of London and Calcutta, and formerly spent some ten years in India, hard at work. His father thought from early times that he showed the business capacity which distinguished his grandfather, Sir John Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone has always had a high respect for the merchant life, as giving opportunity for the development and exercise, under discipline, of some of the noblest qualities in human nature.

EIGHTH CHILD.—HERBERT JOHN, born 1854. The Right Hon. Herbert J. Gladstone, M.P., is, as all know, a familiar figure in politics. He is a most devoted son and uncle. A short account of his life and his portraits at different ages have already appeared in our July number.

To wind up this interesting record of one of our greatest families, it will be interesting to give a little story which refers especially to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's children. One day it was arranged to give the children a treat, with an intended picnic tea and bonfire in the old castle. Sir Stephen Glynne, of all men the most generous and noble-hearted, freely allowed the public to use the castle and park, but did not permit picnics and fires in the old



MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



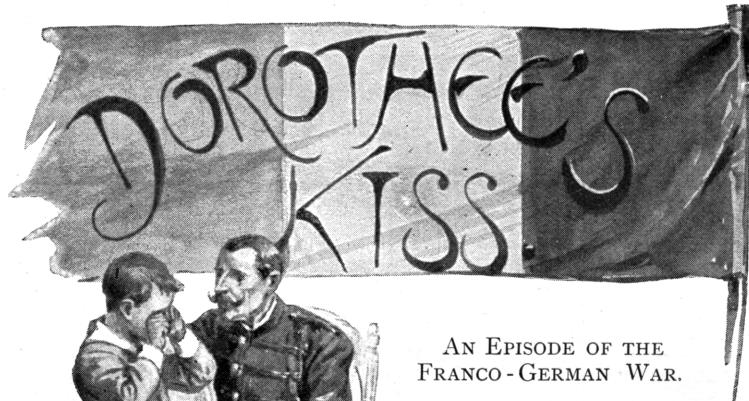
MR. H. N. GLADSTONE.
From a Photograph.



THE RT. HON. HERBERT J. GLADSTONE, M.P.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

castle. It was then planned to play a practical joke on the fond uncle, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were made partners in the plot. They were to take Sir Stephen Glynne for a walk in the direction of the old castle, where a fire had been lit. He soon saw the smoke in the trees and was much perturbed, and advanced with his companions to see who dared to break his rules. There, to be sure, was the fire, and the kettles by it, and, ensconced under the ruins, a party of children and older folk, looking like gipsies, enjoying a

well-spread tea on the grass. Sir Stephen Glynne was horrified, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone advised him to go up to the party, thinking he would recognise his nephews and nieces and their nurses. They were so well disguised, however, that, on coming up and strongly remonstrating with the head of the party (the nurse, a sturdy Scotchwoman, who stuck to her guns in the parley), he failed to see the joke. His dismay was much increased when, on looking at the well-spread tablecloth, he saw his own china and other materials, but what could he do with such a brazen-faced lot? It was then that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone told him to look more closely at the faces, and so at last he discovered the little game, and heartily joined in the consequent merriment.



AN EPISODE OF THE
FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.
BY MINNIE MORTIMER.

son? Is he not promising? He has ambition, eh?"

Madelon said nothing, but shrugged her shoulders and glanced at her husband and sighed. Since war had broken out between France and Germany, she had not seen him until to-day—when it chanced that the general commanding the district had ordered Maury's regiment to Harville to meet an expected attack of the Prussian advanced guard, on the march to Paris. Captain Maury, on learning that his duty brought him near his home for the first time since the terrible reverse of Sedan, was naturally overjoyed at the prospect of embracing his wife and children, who were no less delighted when the long-absent one sent them a message from camp that he had obtained leave of absence for a few hours, and would soon clasp the dear ones in his arms. Until the outbreak of hostilities, the married life of the young officer had been one of unclouded happiness. He was devotedly attached to his sweet and gentle wife, whilst his love for their two children amounted almost to idolatry. Little Pierre we have already seen; let us now briefly describe his sister, Dorothée, the boy's junior by nearly two years.

I.
ND may I not fight the Prussians, papa? I am strong enough, I know—and a big boy, too!"

"Hush, hush. What idle talk is this? Fight the Prussians? A fine idea! What could a little boy like you do in a great war? Tut, tut, child, don't talk nonsense. Come, drill your soldiers!"

Here Captain Etienne Maury picked up some miniature wooden soldiers, which were lying scattered about the floor, and proceeded to place them side by side—bolt upright—on the table. But his little son did not appear to be interested in the toys—Etienne could see that the child's lips were quivering, and that his large, blue eyes were filling with tears. Then, drawing him gently to his side, Maury caressed him tenderly.

"What is the matter, my little Pierre? There, now, don't cry—why, that is not manly!"

"I want—I want"—began Pierre, between his sobs—"I want to fight the Prussians!"

"Well, well, never mind—you shall become a soldier all in good time," replied his father. Then he turned to the child's mother, who was busily preparing the midday meal: "What do you think of our

Dorothée was tall for her age. She was not what is called pretty, but her face indicated intelligence and perhaps self-will. Her large, sad eyes might have belonged to one of much greater age and experience, who had seen scarcely aught but the dark side of life, rather than to a little girl of scarcely seven years. But Dorothée was a strange child, and by no means easy to comprehend. She had few companions or playmates of her own age, and showed no interest in the favourite fancies of other children.

Her walks were usually taken alone, and her greatest pleasure was to seek out a solitary nook, where she often remained alone for hours, absorbed in some weird fairy tale or story of enchantment. When her father had returned home so unexpectedly after his long absence, Dorothée's delight was unbounded for the first few moments of his presence; but if the truth must be told, she soon withdrew quietly into a corner and gave herself up to her thoughts. She understood but vaguely why "papa" had been away so long—and hitherto had made no effort to penetrate the mystery of "fighting the Prussians," of which she had heard so much during his protracted absence. But now she suddenly became curious to know what it all meant. Why should her father fight the Prussians? Why could he not leave such pugnacious proceedings to other men, and stay at home?

"Papa," said she, "will the Prussians kill you?"

Etienne, who had been carefully aiding Pierre to arrange his soldiers in their little box, glanced at Dorothée with contracted brow.

"I cannot say, darling," he replied, slowly. "I hope that God will spare me to you many years."

"What a question to ask of your father!" exclaimed Madelon, indignantly—alarmed at the bare idea of losing her husband.

"Well, why can't papa stay here—why should he fight?" demanded the little one.

"Don't talk of things you do not understand, child," returned her mother. "Come and drink your soup—you are certainly growing too curious—that is an ugly fault!"

And Dorothée, with a wondering look, drew her chair up to the table and began her meal in silence.

Outwardly, she appeared to be cold and unconcerned. Inwardly, her little heart was troubled about "papa." Would he die? He had remained unharmed as yet, but perhaps the Prussians would kill him before long! No, she would not ask him again—she did not like to. Should she climb upon his knee and tell him how much she loved him? No—she was too proud to betray her feelings. Her question: "Will the Prussians kill you?" had certainly damped her parents' spirits. Dorothée could see that her father was troubled, and that her mother appeared anxious—why, there were even tears in her eyes! "It is all my fault," thought the little girl, and she felt sorry and ashamed, but dared not admit the fact.

"Papa will never love me again," she

mused, sadly; "perhaps he doesn't want me here—he will forget all about Dorothée—and he won't kiss me 'good-bye' before he leaves us." Then the child quietly stole away, and crept softly upstairs. Throwing herself upon the cot in her own little room, she sobbed bitterly for a long time, until at last, exhausted by her grief, she fell fast asleep.

II.

WHEN Dorothée awoke, she was surprised to find that the daylight had faded, for the room was wrapped in darkness. She was in bed, too—and clothed in her night-dress.

"Mamma must have undressed me," thought she. Then she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Why, papa has surely gone! And I never bade him good-bye. Ah, but that is my own fault."

She sprang from her bed, and groping her way towards the door opened it softly. How silent everything seemed! They must have gone to bed. Yes, she could hear heavy breathing proceeding from her mother's sleeping-room.

"Then it is late," thought Dorothée.

At that moment, a neighbouring church clock began to strike the hour. The child listened attentively. It was eleven o'clock. She returned to her room, lit the candle on the mantelshelf, and softly drew aside the window curtains. Peering into the street below, she could just discern that all was dark and silent.

"So papa has gone, without saying good-bye to me. Why didn't he come and wake me? Perhaps I shall never see him again—the cruel Prussians may kill him."

Tears filled her eyes. She turned and picked up a little picture of her father, and pressed it to her lips.

"Oh, that I could really kiss him!" sighed Dorothée.

Struck by a sudden impulse, she gently closed the curtains and commenced to dress herself hastily.

This occupied but a few minutes. Then mounting a chair, she unhooked her hood and cloak, which hung upon the door. Carefully placing the miniature in the bosom of her dress, she extinguished the light, and with many precautions crept downstairs and left the house, after unbolting the street door with some difficulty.

Dorothée had made up her mind to find "papa," at all hazards, and to press a kiss upon his lips.

On she hurried through the darkness. Though she knew where her father's regiment was encamped, she was ignorant of the way thither.

"My good angel will surely guide my steps," thought the child, while onward she wandered—she knew not where. At length Dorothée found herself in the open country, apparently in a field, hedged in with waving bushes, which sighed and moaned in the night breeze. She did not dream that she was but a few yards from where the French had pitched their tents.

Suddenly the little girl heard stealthy footsteps behind her. A fear which she could not account for seized her, and spying a bush close by, she crouched behind it, trembling from head to foot. She peered cautiously through its branches and beheld a tall, dark figure approaching. As it drew nearer, she quickly noted that it was a man, and resembled her father in stature—so much, indeed, that she sprang forward, crying out in glad tones :—

"Papa, papa, c'est toi ! c'est toi !"

Dorothée rushed eagerly into the arms extended to her, but drew back surprised and disappointed, when a stranger's voice addressed her :—

"What art thou doing here at this time of night, little one ?"

His tone was gruff, though not unkindly. The child hesitated a moment.

"Who are you ?" she asked, at length ; "a soldier ! like papa ?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And do you belong to papa's regiment ?" she demanded.

The other muttered to himself something in a language unintelligible—to Dorothée, and then replied :—

"Most assuredly."

"Please take me to papa, then, because I want to kiss him good-bye. You see," she continued, sadly, "I was asleep when he left us, and he forgot all about me, I know."

"Oh, I don't think so," returned the stranger. "Why do you wish to kiss him ? You love him so dearly—eh ?"

"Yes," eagerly assented Dorothée, "and if I don't see him to-night, perhaps I shall never kiss him again."

"Eh ? What's that ? Well, and pray, why not ?"

"Because the Prussians may kill him !"

The other stroked the child's soft cheek—he was troubled evidently, for he shook his head sadly and murmured :—

"Poor little one—poor little one !"

Dorothée burst into tears.

"There now, don't cry," he continued. "I advise you to run home as fast as you can."

"No, no, I want to find papa—I must kiss him. Oh, monsieur, I beseech you to take me to him !"

"That is impossible. For I have an important message to deliver in quite another direction—and I must hasten there at once. The duty of a soldier, you know, is to obey. Now listen : Run home quickly and let me bear the kiss to your father. I shall return to the spot where he is stationed, early to-morrow morning—and therefore can easily deliver your message of love. Come, what do you say to that ?"

"If you will promise," began Dorothée, reluctantly.

"Yes, yes ; you may trust me. What is your father's name ?"

"Etienne Maury."

"Describe him."

"Why, you know him, don't you ?"

"Well—no ; you see, I am a stranger in his regiment comparatively, and I haven't yet had time to look about me and to recognise the different faces."

"I have a picture of him," said Dorothée.

"Good ! Give it to me—or lend it, and I will show it to your father to-morrow."

"And will you kiss him for me ?"

"That, I promise."

The soldier then lifted the child in his arms, and she entwined her own around his neck ; then, softly kissing his cheek, she said :—

"Take care of papa ; don't let the Prussians kill him."

Again she pressed her lips to his cheek—and felt that it was wet with tears.

"Why do you cry ?" she asked.

"Poor little one !" he replied, in a broken voice ; "tell me, what is your name ?"

"Dorothée."

"Then, dear little Dorothée, run home quickly. Do you know your way ? Where do you live ?"

The child told him.

"Part of the distance lies in my direction, so you may come with me."

Clasping her still in his arms, the soldier strode on, and when they drew near the town he placed her gently on her feet, and left her.

He continued his way with a heavy heart, and carrying the miniature.

"What is to be done ?" he asked himself.

"It is my duty to report their whereabouts.



"TAKE CARE OF PAPA."

Perhaps, though, one of my comrades may save me the unpleasant task. Poor little one ! She did not guess into whose hands she had fallen, nor that she had unconsciously betrayed her father and his companions. No, no, I must inform my commander—besides, I have promised to deliver his child's kiss to this Maury. What!—to my enemy? Well, for all that, I will endeavour to prove true to my word. 'Take care of papa; don't let the Prussians kill him.' Poor child ! poor child !'

He passed his hand across his eyes, for they were moist with tears. You can guess now that this soldier was an enemy to the French—in fact, a Prussian. He and several of his comrades had been sent hither by one of the German commanders as spies. A division of the invading army was near at hand, and the general in command had given orders to reconnoitre the French detachment encamped in the vicinity, with the intention of attacking them the next

morning at dawn. Fritz Grau—the soldier with whom we have become acquainted—had arranged with his fellow-scouts that each should choose a different direction, and meet at midnight at the spot where they were about to part. He did not dream that such speedy success would fall to his dangerous mission, and when Dorothée had unconsciously given him the information he required, he was delighted. But afterwards he became touched to the heart, especially when the child had said :

"Take care of papa; don't let the Prussians kill him."

"I will take care of him—God grant!" he exclaimed, at length.

When he met his comrades at the agreed rendezvous one of their number hailed him as follows :

"Grau—all is well ! The French are discovered, thanks to myself!"

"Excellent on your part!" ejaculated Fritz, but he did not inform them of his adventure—and was secretly thankful that another should bear the information he had obtained at the risk of his life.

The German spies, after having exchanged a few whispered words, went their way in silence, each engrossed with his own thoughts. Meanwhile, Dorothée had arrived home safely, finding, to her joy, that the door had not been closed during her absence. She entered the house softly, and creeping to her room, went silently to bed—but did not fall asleep until daylight.

III.

EARLY the following morning, the French were surprised by the enemy. Fritz Grau, it must be mentioned, had managed to take a hasty glance at the photograph, when Maury's every feature became speedily impressed on his mind. He had then hidden the picture about his person.

The skirmish proved fierce indeed, and promised to end disastrously for the French, attacked by overwhelming numbers. They saw this, but did not lose heart. Grau, being in the foremost ranks, searched intently amongst the French soldiers nearest his gaze, hoping to perceive Maury, but he did not, much to his disappointment. At last, however, he discovered him in the thickest of the fray, fighting desperately. The recognition was instantaneous. He saw that the young officer was making havoc among the Prussians, of whom several had already fallen by his hand. After some time, Fritz

managed to advance a few paces nearer Etienne. At this juncture Maury mortally wounded Grau's nearest comrade. The brave Frenchman was now in his (Fritz's) power — the Prussian could have shot him then and there, but he thought of Dorothee and spared him, though only to fall the next instant—yes, shot down by Maury! As he fell, never to rise again, Etienne could see that he wished to speak with him. He hesitated a moment, then he knelt beside the dying man.

"Bend down," murmured Grau, faintly ; "there is but short time for an explanation. I wish to give you a message of love from your little daughter, Dorothee. Last night she pressed a kiss for you upon my cheek—I have promised to deliver it."

Wonderingly, Maury allowed the Prussian to carry out his desire, the desire of his child, too.

"Ah, I am satisfied. Unbutton my coat —your picture is hidden there ; I must return it you."

Etienne obeyed the dying soldier, and drew the photograph from its hiding-place. There was no time to ask the questions which hung upon his lips—the Prussian was dying. The next instant, he fell back lifeless, and Maury reverently closed the eyes of the dead, breathing a prayer for the departed soul.

At noon, the French troops marched joyfully back to the town. The Prussians had suffered a complete repulse, and had lost half their men, while the other side had incurred

comparatively little loss. Etienne was among the victorious throng, with not even so much as a scratch. But his thoughts were more with Fritz than with the glory of victory. He was puzzled somewhat, and longed to see his little daughter again —more than any other member of his family.

When Etienne Maury at last returned home, he gathered from Dorothee the story of her meeting with the soldier. She told him all—and was astonished when her father informed her that the stranger was a Prussian.

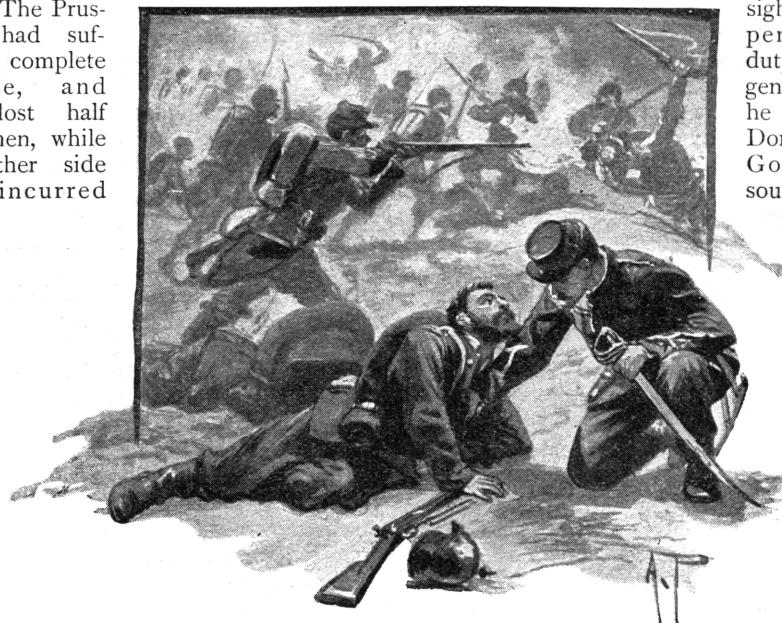
"But no enemy, papa," she said ; "he faithfully kissed you for me, as he promised, and gave you the photograph. You will love me a little more now, won't you ?"

Etienne did not answer, but he folded the child in his arms and covered her with caresses.

"Pierre and Dorothee shall receive an equal share of papa's love," he answered, at length. Then he continued : "My little daughter perhaps is not aware that she betrayed her father to the Prussians ?"

"Did I ?" she exclaimed, with wide-opened eyes.

"There, never mind, you are too young to understand such serious things." He had guessed that Fritz was a spy. "Poor fellow ! " he sighed, "he only performed his duty. His was a generous heart : he proved it by Dorothee's kiss. God rest his soul !"



"ETIENNE OBEYED THE DYING SOLDIER."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

DUMB BELL-S. ONE night early in the last Session of the Rosebery Parliament a breathless messenger brought news to the Serjeant-at-Arms that the bells would not ring. It happened that an important division, on which the fate of the Government depended, was within measurable distance. The House of Commons and its precincts are connected by an elaborate system of electric bells, commanded from the seat of the principal doorkeeper. When a division is called he touches a knob and, lo ! in the smoking-room, dining-room, tea-room, library, along all the corridors, upstairs and downstairs, there throbs the tintinnabulation of the bells.

This phenomenon is so familiar, and works with such unerring regularity, that members absolutely depend upon it, absenting themselves from the Chamber with full confidence that, as long as they remain in the building, they cannot miss a division. The only places in the Palace at Westminster frequented by members of the House of Commons which the electric bells do not command are the bar and the galleries of the House of Lords. On the few occasions when attractive debate is going forward in the other Chamber, drawing to the audience a contingent of members of the House of Commons, special arrangements are made for announcing a division. A troop of messengers stand in the lobby like hounds in leash. At the signal of a division, they set off at the top of their speed, racing down the corridor, across the central lobby, into the Lords' lobby, and so, breathless, bring the news to Ghent.

In an instant all

is commotion in the space within the House of Lords allotted to the Commons. The time between signalling a division and closing the doors of the House of Commons against would-be participants is, nominally, two minutes. This is jealously marked by a sand-glass which stands on the clerks' table. When it empties, the doors are locked, the Speaker puts the question for the second time, and only those within hearing may vote. Two minutes is a somewhat narrow space of time for the double event of the race of the messengers to the door of the House of Lords and the rally of legislators to the door of the House of Commons. The always-waiting crowd of strangers in the lobby are on such occasions much astonished to find tearing along—some handicapped by years or undue weight of flesh, most of them out of training and breath—a long string of legislators.

From any of the ante-chambers of the House of Commons the race can be comfortably done under the stipulated time. But when electric bells fail, the situation becomes serious. With such majorities as the late Government commanded, the acci-



THE RUSH FROM THE LOBBY.

dent of half-a-dozen or a dozen of their supporters missing the call might, as it finally did, lead to defeat and dissolution. Happily, on the occasion here recorded, notice of the failure had been duly conveyed to the Serjeant-at-Arms. In order to avoid catastrophe, the police and messengers were specially organized. Each man had his appointed beat. When the signal was given he was to run along it, roaring "Division! Division!" It was rather an exciting pastime, but it succeeded, and the Ministry were for the time saved.

CUTTING THE WIRES. When workmen arrived on the scene and traced the accident to its source, it was discovered that the central wire had become dis-

connected. It was evidently an accident, but it suggests possibilities which certainly on one occasion were realized. It happened in the earliest days of Irish obstruction. A little band, under the captaincy of Mr. Parnell, fought with their backs to the wall against the united Saxon host. All-night sittings were matters of constant occurrence. About this time the St. Stephen's Club was opened, and the Conservative wing cheerfully availed themselves of the opportunity of varying the monotony of long sittings by going across to dine. A special doorway opened out from the club on to the underground passage between the Houses of Parliament and the Metropolitan District Railway Station, which the Committee of the House of Commons, before whom the Company's Bill came, insisted upon as a condition of passing it. The club dining room was connected with the House of Commons by an electric bell, an extension of the system which called to divisions members within the precincts of the House. A series of experiments demonstrated that the division lobby could be reached in good time if the summons were promptly answered.

One night, towards the close of a fighting Session, the Irish members moved an amendment to the passing of the Annual Mutiny Bill. They loudly protested their intention of sitting

all night if necessary to delay, if it were not possible to defeat, the Government Bill. In view of this prospect, a good dinner, leisurely eaten at the St. Stephen's Club, promised an agreeable and useful break in the sitting. Just before eight o'clock the Gentlemen of England trooped off to the club. They were not likely to be wanted for the division till after midnight. If by accident a division were sprung upon the House, the bell would clang here as it did in the Commons' dining-room, and they would bolt off to save the State.

Nothing happened. They ate ANXIOUS moments, and, strolling back about half-past ten, were met at the lobby door by the desperate Whip, who, in

language permitted only to Whips and the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, reproached them with their desertion. They learned to their dismay that soon after eight o'clock the Irish members had permitted the debate to collapse. Ministers, grateful for the deliverance and assured of a majority, made no attempt to prolong it. The bells clanged along the corridors and through all the rooms. The Irish members mustered in full force. Ministerialists trickled in in surprisingly small numbers. It was no business of the Liberal Opposition to help the Government on this particular issue. They had gone off com-

fortably to dinner. The Ministerial Whips had in hand, dining in the House, sufficient to make a quorum. Presently the St. Stephen's contingent would come rushing in, and all would be well.

Mr. Hart Dyke whipped his men into the lobby. The face of Mr. Rowland Winn grew stonier and stonier as he stood at the top of the stairway waiting for the hurried tramp of the diners-out. But Sister Anne saw no one coming, and just managed to get back herself before the doors closed. Ministers had a majority, but it was an exceedingly small one.

Investigation revealed the curious fact that the bell wire running along the underground



"DIVISION!"

passage between the House and the St. Stephen's Club had been cut. Of course, it was never—at least, hardly ever—known who did it.

Richard Doyle, familiarly known SIR ROBERT as "Dicky," was, at

PEEL. least, once present at a debate in the House of Commons. The occasion was fortunate for posterity, since it chanced upon the night of the maiden speech of the late Sir Robert Peel, son of the great Commoner, whose last wish it was that he might "leave a name remembered by expression of good-will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow."

Dicky Doyle, after a fashion still common to his brethren and successors on the *Punch* staff, was accustomed to illustrate his private correspondence with pen-and-ink sketches. In a letter dated from 17, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, March 27th, 1851, Doyle sent to Lady Duff Gordon a sketch of the then new member for Tamworth, which, by the courtesy of Mr. Fisher Unwin, F. C. G. is permitted here to reproduce. The letter will be found, with much other interesting matter, in Mistress Janet Ross's "Three Generations of Englishwomen."

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH. "Through the kindness of the Speaker," Doyle writes, "I have been permitted every evening almost during the 'Aggression' debates to sit in that part of the House of Commons devoted to the peers and foreign Ministers. Under which of these denominations I passed it is impossible for me to decide, but we will suppose it was a diplomatic 'poor' relation from Rome. In this distinguished position I heard the speeches of Sir James Graham with delight, of Mr. Newdegate with drowsiness, of Mr. Drummond with shame mingled with indignation, of the new Sir Robert Peel with surprise and contempt. This (the sketch) is

what the last-named gentleman is like. How like his father, you will instantly say. His appearance created in the 'House' what Miss Talbot's did in the fashionable world, according to Bishop Hendren, a 'sensation'; and

when he rose to speak, shouts of 'New member!' rose from every side, and expectation rose on tiptoe, while interest was visible in every upturned and outstretched countenance, and the buzz of eager excitement prevailed in the 'first assembly of gentlemen in the world.' There he stood, leaning upon a walking-stick, which from its bulk you would have fancied he carried as a weapon of defence, young and rather handsome, but with a somewhat fierce

and, I would say, truculent look about the eyes; hair brown, plentiful, and curly, shirt collar turned down, and, O shade of his father! a large pair of moustaches upon his Republican-looking 'mug'!!! He has a manly voice and plenty of confidence, and his speech made up by its originality what it wanted in common-sense, and was full of prejudice, bigotry, and illiberal Radicalism, while it lacked largeness of view, and was destitute of statesmanship."

That is to say, the new member differed entirely from Doyle on the subject under discussion. Whence these remarks which show

that, in the matter of political criticism, things did not greatly differ in the Exhibition Year from the manner in which they run to-day.

Sir Robert Peel was elected member for Tamworth CAREER. in 1850, and had not been in the House many months when he made his maiden speech. To the end he succeeded in sustaining that interest of the House of Commons which the shrewd, if prejudiced, observer in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery noted forty-four years ago. There was a time when Sir Robert promised to sustain in the political and Parliamentary world the high reputation with which his name had been endowed by his illustrious father. He was promptly made a Lord of the Treasury, and



THE LATE
SIR ROBERT PEEL (AFTER
RICHARD DOYLE).



THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

in 1861 Lord Palmerston promoted him to the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Robert was always original, and he asked to be relieved from this post for a reason Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. John Morley will contemplate with amazed interest. There was not enough for him to do, he said, and he must needs clear out.

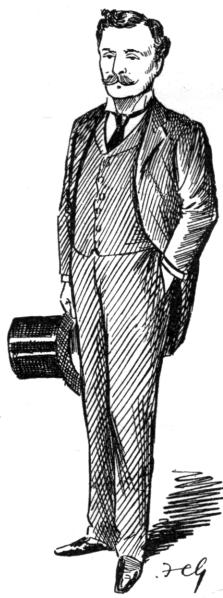
He sat for Tamworth through an uninterrupted space of thirty years. The wave of Radical enthusiasm that brought Mr. Gladstone into power in 1880 swept away Sir Robert Peel and many others, whose Liberalism was not sufficiently robust for the crisis. For four years he was out of Parliament. But his heart, untravelled, fondly turned to the scene with which his family traditions and the prime of his own life were closely associated. In 1884 he returned as member for Huntingdon, to find fresh lustre added to the name of Peel. His brother had, in the previous month, been elected Speaker, and the House was already beginning to recognise in him supreme ability for the post.

I have to this day a vivid recollection of the play of Sir Robert's lips and the twinkle in his eye when Sir Erskine May, then still Chief Clerk, brought him up in the usual fashion to introduce him to the Speaker. Sir Robert bowed with courtly grace, and held out his hand with respectful gesture towards his new acquaintance. One mindful for the decorum of Parliamentary proceedings could not help being thankful when the episode was over. There was something in Sir Robert's face, something in his rolling gait as he approached the Chair, that would not have made it at all astonishing if he had heartily slapped the Speaker on the shoulder, or even playfully poked him in the ribs, and observed, "Halloa, old fellow! Who'd have thought of finding you here? Glad to see you!"

"IT SMELLS AN ENGLISH NAME." That Sir Robert was not to be warned off from the use of colloquialisms by seriousness of surroundings was often proved during the latter portion of his Parliamentary career. On the historic night in the Session of 1878, when the House of Commons was thrown into a state of consternation by a telegram received

from Mr. Layard, announcing that the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople, Sir Robert Peel airily lectured the House in general, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright in particular, for "squabbling about little points." A bolder and better remembered passage in his speech occurred to him when discussing a vote in Committee of Supply on account of a so-called work of art just added to the national store by the sculptor Boehm. Sir Robert's peculiar pronunciation of the word, his dramatic sniffing of the nostrils as he looked round, and his exclamation, "Boehm? Boehm? It *smells* an English name," immensely delighted an after-dinner audience.

TWO SERVICES AT ST. MARGARET'S. The last time I saw Sir Robert Peel was at St. Margaret's Church, on the occasion of



MR. ROCHFORT MAGUIRE.

the wedding of his niece, the Speaker's daughter, to Mr. Rochfort Maguire. He came in late and stayed for awhile, looking upon the scene from the top of the aisle. His bright face, upright figure, and general bearing gave no premonition of the fact that three weeks later, to the very day, St. Margaret's Church would be filled again, partly by the same congregation, and once more the occasion closely connected with the Peel family history. But now the wedding chimes were hushed; the funeral bells took up the story, telling how, at that hour, in the parish church where his father had worshipped and where he had himself slumbered through long sermons in schoolboy days, the second Sir Robert Peel was laid to his final rest.

A CHILD OF NATURE. Many years ago, on an Atlantic steamer outward bound, I

made the acquaintance of a notable man. It was at the time when, long before South Africa had become Tom Tiddler's ground, cattle ranches were a booming market for the English speculators. My friend, who was, of course, a Colonel, had commenced life as a cowboy, and had gradually acquired flocks and herds till he became rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He was a man of distinguished appearance, of gentlest manner, and, as I soon learned, of most chivalrous nature. But so deeply ingrained were his cowboy habits, so recently applied the veneer of

civilization, that in the course of conversation—and on some subjects his talk had all the freshness and charm of a little child—he interpolated a prolonged and fearsome oath.

"Ex-cuse," he said, when these fits came over him, bowing his head and speaking in gentlest tones. Then he went on talking with his musical drawl till suddenly he stumbled into another pitfall of bad language, coming out again with bowed head, sweet smile, and his long-drawn, plaintive, "Ex-cuse."

One thing he told me of his first appearance in civilization befell him on his first visit to Chicago. Putting up, as became a man of his wealth, at the best hotel in the city, he was struck with the magnificence of the dining saloon, with its rich, soft, thick carpets, its massive chandeliers, its gilt pillars, and its many mirrors. Seeing another large room leading out of the one in which he stood at gaze, the Colonel advanced to explore it—and walked right into a mirror, smashing the glass and cutting himself. He had never in his life seen anything of that kind. The delusion was complete, broken only with the shivered glass.

I thought of my friend the A SPECTRE Colonel the other night at the GUEST. house of a well-known Amphitryon. It was an evening party, at which Royalty was present in unusual muster. A brilliant company had gathered to meet them, many of the women fair, and most of the men bravely attired in Ministerial, Court, naval, or military uniforms. At midnight the room in which a sumptuous supper was spread was crowded. At one table stood a well-known member of the House of Commons, in animated conversation with a group of friends. Bidding them good-night, he turned to leave the room, and strode straight up to a mirror that covered a wall at one end.

He halted abruptly as he observed a man walking with rapid pace to meet him. He stood and looked him straight in the face, the other guest regarding him with equal

interest. The hon. member, the pink of courtesy, slightly bowed and moved a step to the right to let the new-comer enter. By an odd coincidence (not uncommon in these encounters) the stranger took exactly the same direction, and there they stood face to face again. With a smile and another bow, the hon. member moved smartly to the left.

Never shall I forget the look of amazement reflected in his face as, staring into the glass, he discovered that the stranger had once more made a corresponding movement and stood before him.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, in faltering tones.

Whether the sound of his own voice broke the spell, or whether he saw the lips of his *vis-à-vis* moving and recognised his identity, I do not know. The truth flashed upon him, and with rapid step he made for the door in the corner at right angles with the mirror and disappeared.

As to a story told me by an IRISH MEMBER with reference to a PEERAGE. peerage (which, by the way, in dis- coursing on the subject I did not name), G. S. writes from County Antrim :—

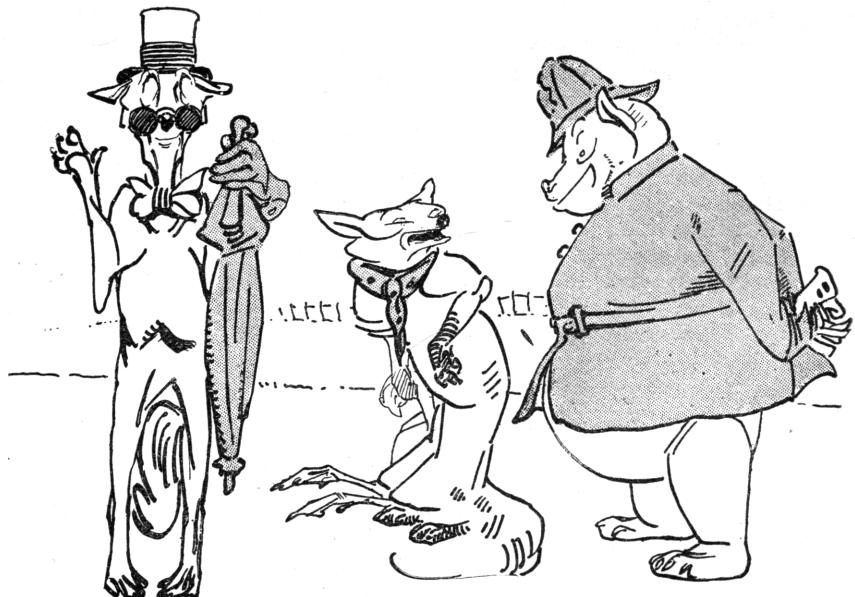
"My father spent his youth very near Woodlands, now Luttrellstown, Lord Annally's place in County Dublin. I often heard him speak of Luke White, the bookseller, father to the first Lord Annally, and as to his accumulation of wealth. The report current at that time was that he found in a book not bank-notes but a lottery ticket, which came out a prize for a large sum. A small document like this would be more likely to escape notice than a number of bank-notes. This Luke White kept, among his other avocations, a lottery office in Dublin, and, probably, made large profits by it : at any rate, he left his four sons well off. Three of them were Colonels of Irish Militia regiments and members of Parliament. The youngest of these three Colonels, Henry White, was created first Baron Annally. Hoping you will excuse the liberty in sending you these few particulars."

Illustrated
by
J. A. Shepherd

Fables



1.—THE WOLF ACCUSED THE FOX OF STEALING A PULLET FROM HIS LARDER—



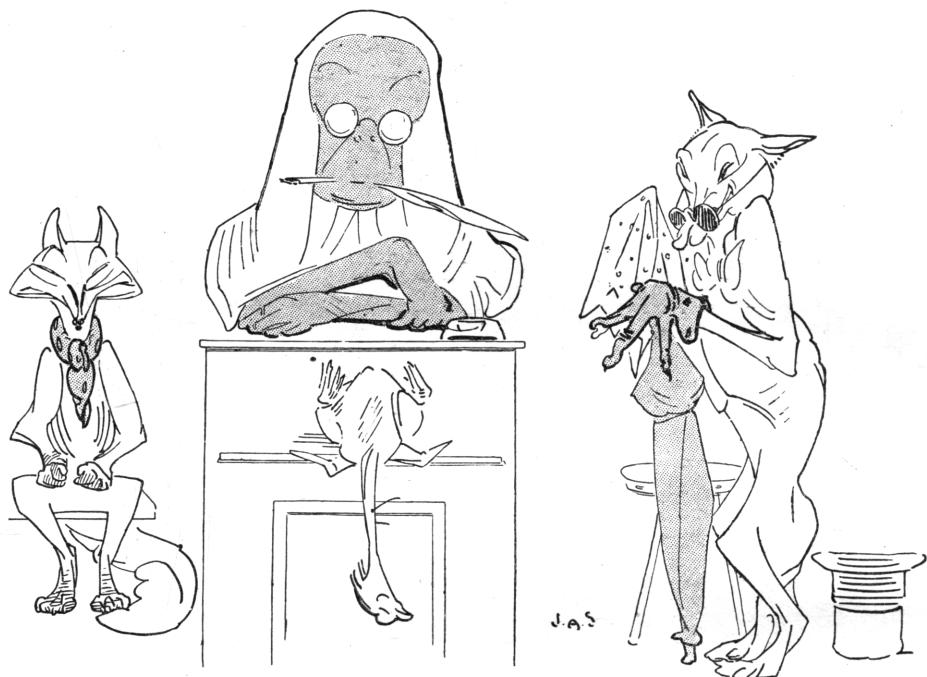
2.—AND GAVE HIM IN CHARGE ON THE SPOT.



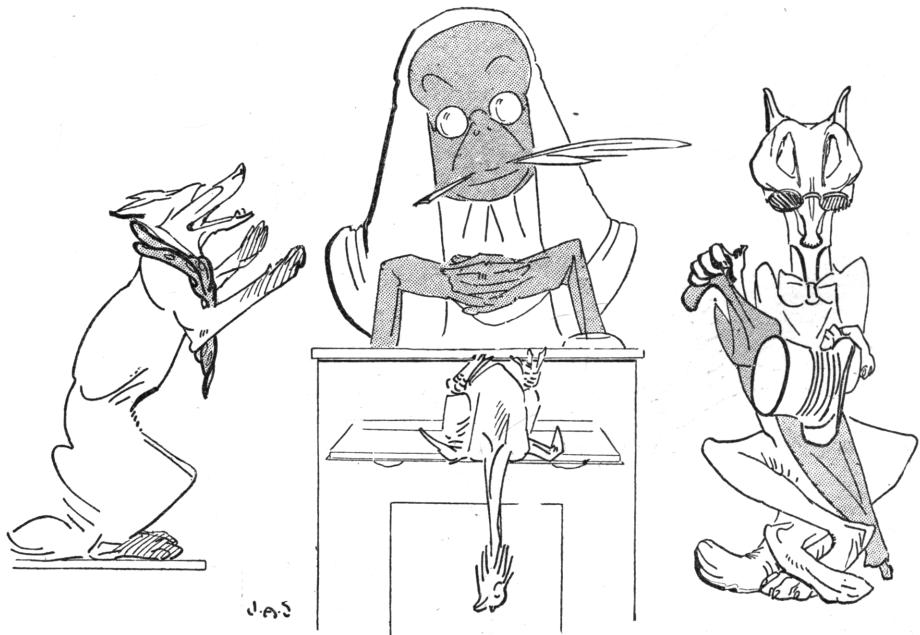
3.—ACCORDINGLY, THEY PROCEEDED TO THE POLICE-COURT—



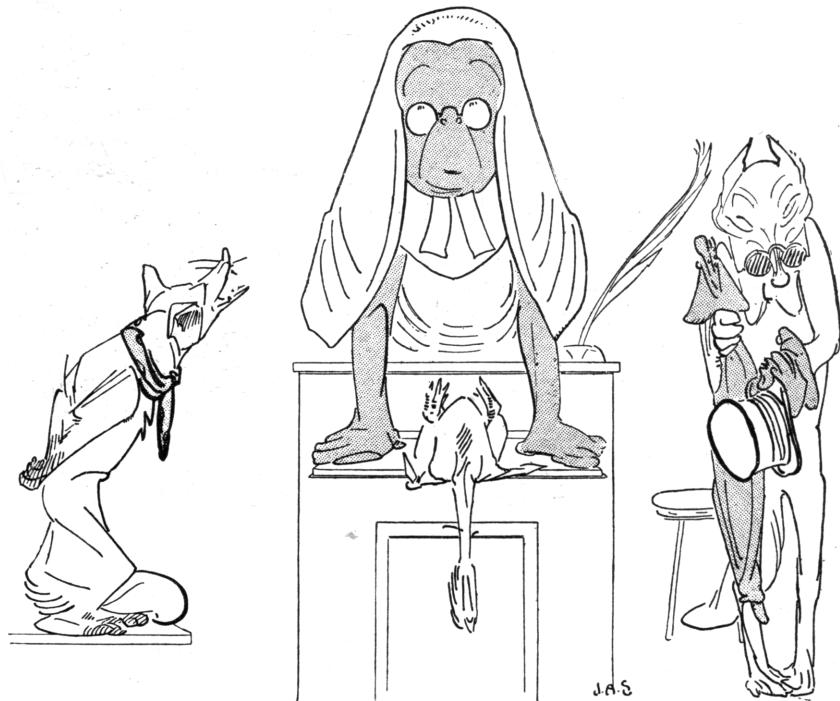
4.—WHERE THE CASE WAS TRIED BY MR. JUSTICE APE.



5.—FIRST, THE WOLF GAVE HIS VERSION OF THE MATTER—



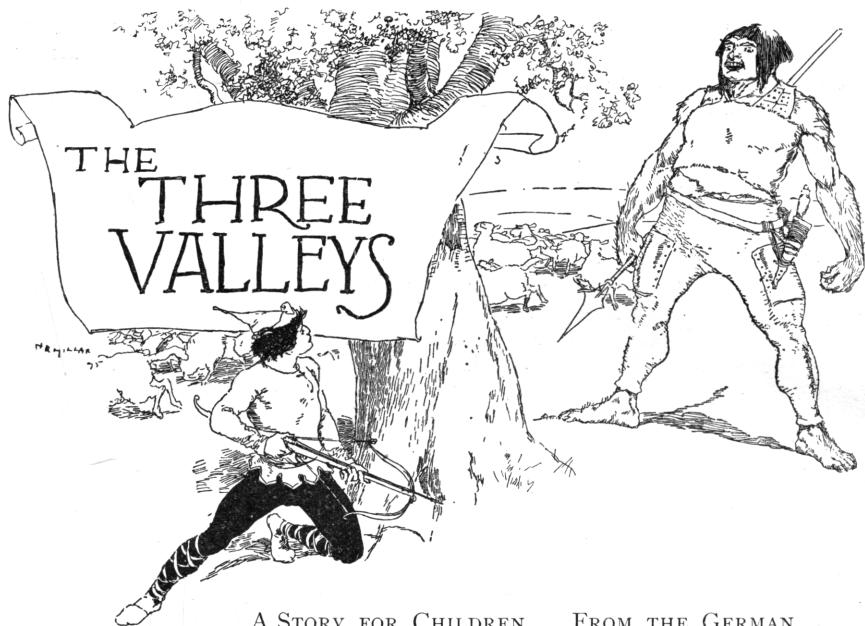
6.—AND THEN THE FOX FOLLOWED WITH A PLEA OF INNOCENCE.



7.—MR. JUSTICE APE CONDEMNED THE WOLF TO PAY COSTS FOR BRINGING A FALSE CHARGE, AND INFORMED THE FOX THAT HE WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE HANGING AS A THIEF—



8.—WHILE HE TOOK POSSESSION OF THE PULLET AS HIS OWN FEE.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN. FROM THE GERMAN.

Nolden days there lived a Count, who had many castles and estates, and a most beautiful daughter, but no one would associate with him, for it was rumoured he was in league with the Evil One ; indeed, from time to time one or other of his servants most mysteriously disappeared.

The last who disappeared was the shepherd. One evening he did not return to the castle. Search was made for him throughout the village, but in vain ; no trace of him could be found. After this no one would enter the Count's service as shepherd ; but at last, a bold, handsome youth presented himself ; he had travelled far as a soldier, and cared nothing for evil spirits. The Count immediately engaged him, and said he could take the sheep to feed wherever he liked, only he must never go into the three valleys to the east of the castle. For a time all went well ; the young man drove the sheep into the rich meadows around the castle as his master had ordered, and led a very comfortable life. But he was always thinking of the three valleys, and being a brave youth who did not fear evil spirits, he one day took the crossbow and bolts he had used when soldiering, put a new string to his bow, and said, as he struck his rusty spear against the ground :—

“ I will see who will venture to harm me in the three valleys ; it will fare badly with him, I think.”

Going towards the east, he soon arrived with his sheep in the first valley, where he found beautiful meadows in which he could safely leave his flock. He looked carefully around, but, except the butterflies fluttering to and fro, and the humming of the bees, there was neither sound nor movement. Then he sat down beneath an oak and began to play on his pipe ; suddenly, in the wood near, arose a crashing and cracking as if some mighty animal were breaking through the bushes, and, before our shepherd could fix a bolt in his cross-bow, a powerful giant stood before him and cried :—

“ What are you doing here with your grass-eaters, destroying my meadows, you insolent fellow ? You shall answer for this.”

He did not wait for an answer, but threw his spear with fearful force at the shepherd, who saved himself by springing behind the oak, into which the spear sank so deep that the point stuck out on the other side. Then, fixing a bolt into his crossbow, the shepherd took aim, and struck the giant so skilfully in the centre of the forehead that he fell with a deep groan to the earth. Before he had time to rise, the shepherd bounded forward and ran his spear through his adversary's neck, nailing him to the ground, and his spirit soon fled. The shepherd took the giant's sword and armour, and was about to return home, when in an opening of the forest he saw a stately castle. The doors were wide open ;

he entered. In the spacious hall stood a stone table on which was a cup covered with a silver plate bearing these words :—

Who drinks of this cup
Shall overcome the Evil One.

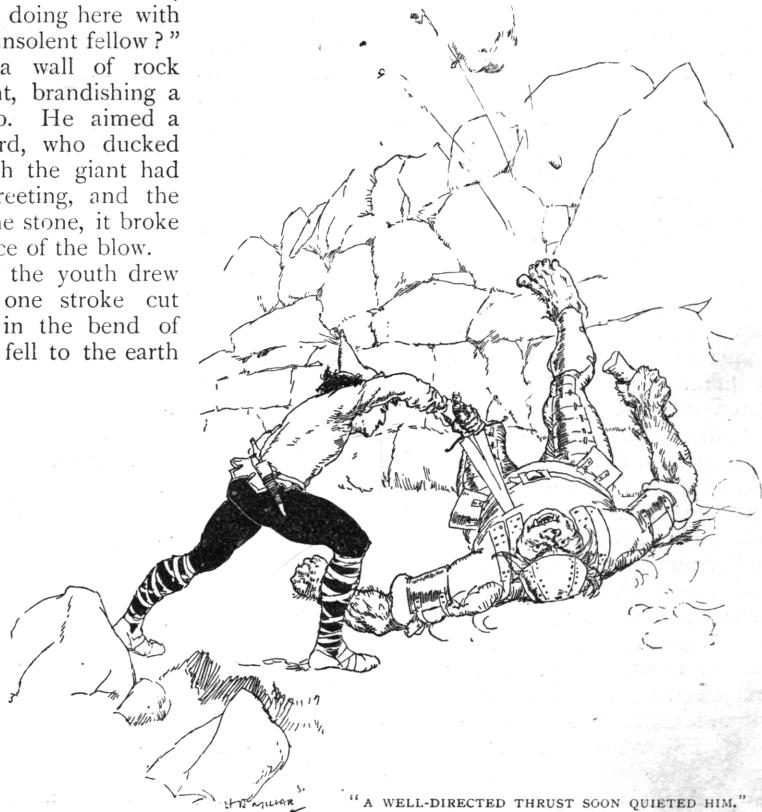
The young man had no confidence in the words or the drink, and left the cup untouched. He laid the dead giant's armour in the hall ; then, taking the key of the door with him, he returned home with his flock, and went to rest without mentioning his adventure to anyone. The next day he tended his sheep on the mountain slopes surrounding the castle, but the second day he could not rest ; so, girding on the sword he had taken from the dead giant, he started with his flock for the second valley, in hopes of fresh adventure. Here also were beautiful pastures, if possible richer and more luxuriant than in the first valley ; the flowers breathed forth their fragrance, the birds sang sweetly, and through the meadows meandered a stream clear as crystal, by whose bank the shepherd lay down to rest. He was just thinking that all adventure and danger were past when an enormous block of rock fell on the ground near him, and a voice rough and wild, like that of a bear, said : " What are you doing here with your grass-eaters, you insolent fellow ? " And from behind a wall of rock stepped a mighty giant, brandishing a ponderous stone club. He aimed a blow at the shepherd, who ducked behind the rock which the giant had thrown as his first greeting, and the club descending on the stone, it broke in pieces from the force of the blow.

Quick as lightning the youth drew his sword, and with one stroke cut through the sinews in the bend of the giant's knee, who fell to the earth with a loud roar. He struck out wildly with his fists, but a well-directed thrust through the heart soon quieted him. The shepherd left him lying there, and turned towards the wall of rock ; here he found a massive door concealed amongst the thicket. Through this he passed, and entered a hall-like cavern, in which, at a stone manger, stood

a snow-white horse ready saddled, and over the manger was engraved this saying :—

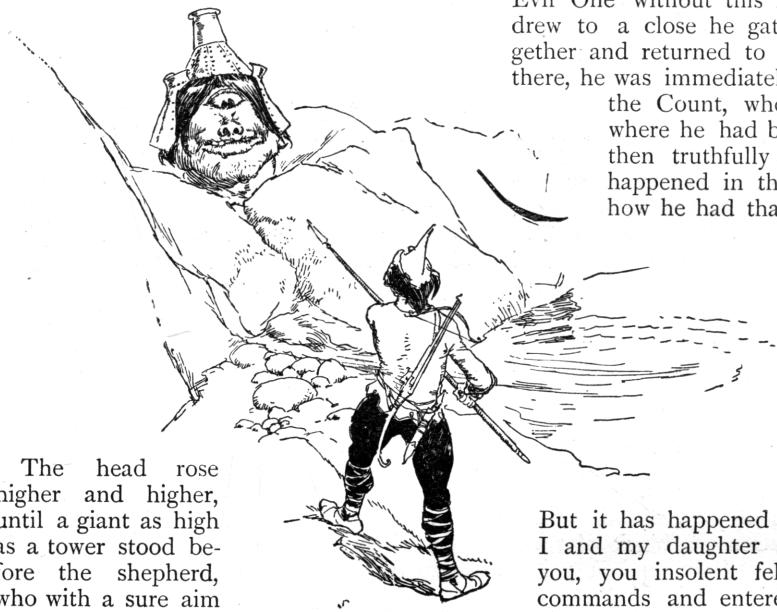
Who springs on this white horse
Shall overcome the Evil One.

Now, the shepherd thought : " I am strong enough to take care of myself, and I do not want to overcome the Evil One, he has always left me in peace ; but I will remember that here stands a fine horse on which I can ride forth into the wide world." He threw fresh oats into the manger, shut the door, and returned home. The next few days he remained very quiet, lest his movements might have been observed ; then, as no one questioned him, he one fine morning drove his sheep into the third valley. Beautiful meadows glittered in the sunshine ; from a hill of rock a waterfall plashed down, forming a small sea in which sported innumerable fish. The shepherd looked carefully around, searched under every bush, but found nothing. No sound was heard save the continued splash, splash, of the cool water. The day was very sultry, and the shepherd was just preparing for a bathe in the fresh, clear water, when from out a ravine near the sea appeared a horrible human head, with one



"A WELL-DIRECTED THRUST SOON QUIETED HIM."

eye, as large as a plate, in the centre of the forehead, and a voice loud as the roll of thunder shouted : "What do you want here, you insolent earth-worm ?"



"WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?"

The head rose higher and higher, until a giant as high as a tower stood before the shepherd, who with a sure aim sent his lance into the eye of his adversary. The monster, thus blinded, groped wildly about with his hands, in hopes to strangle his enemy, but he only seized an oak which he tore up by the roots, and threw it high into the air. Now the victory was easy, for though the giant could no longer be hurt by cuts and thrusts, which slipped off from his body as from a mossy stone, the shepherd soon found other means. He mocked and insulted the blind giant, and by the sound of his voice drew him ever nearer and nearer to the sea, at the side where the cliff overhung the water. At last he sprang for a moment on the edge of the precipice, and gave a loud, mocking cry, then silently concealed himself behind a tree. The giant, deceived by the shout, pursued him eagerly, lost his footing, and fell heavily into the sea.

Then the shepherd went down into the ravine from which the monster had appeared. Here lay a meadow full of beautiful flowers, in the midst of which rose a spacious mansion, built of the trunks of trees. The shepherd entered the hall and saw a mighty spear, on whose shaft these words were cut :—

Who throws this lance
Shall overcome the Evil One.

He seized the spear, but his arms were too

weak to raise it, and he wearily laid the mighty weapon back in the corner ; at the same time he thought, since he had conquered three giants, he could surely overcome the Evil One without this lance. As the day drew to a close he gathered his sheep together and returned to the castle. Arrived there, he was immediately summoned before the Count, who asked him angrily where he had been. The shepherd then truthfully related all that had happened in the three valleys, and how he had that day slain the giant as tall as a tower.

"Woe to you and to me," replied the Count, with pale lips. "I heard the giant's cries of rage, and hoped you were paying for your disobedience with your life.

But it has happened otherwise, and now I and my daughter must suffer because you, you insolent fellow, disobeyed my commands and entered the giants' territories ; for it has been made known to me that to-morrow the mighty lord of the giants, the Prince of the Infernal Regions, will appear, and demand my daughter or me as a sacrifice ; but before that you, you miserable fellow, shall suffer all the agonies of torture, as a punishment for bringing me into this trouble.

"Seize him !" he cried to the servants who were standing in the entrance-hall. His command was at once obeyed, when the Count's daughter, who had listened with glowing cheeks to the shepherd's story, threw herself on her knees and implored for delay.

"Dearest father," she cried, "should you not rather endeavour to make use of this brave youth for our deliverance than put him to the torture ? He has overcome three giants ; surely he will be able to vanquish the Prince of the Infernal Regions."

The Count remained for a few moments in deep thought, and then acknowledged that his daughter's suggestion was both good and clever. He asked the shepherd if he were willing to expiate his crime by a combat with the Evil One, and the young man, with a grateful look at his deliverer, at once agreed. With the first dawn of morning he rose from his couch, for he now recalled the words about overcoming the Evil One, and hastened

to the first valley, where in the castle stood the cup with the inscription:—

Who drinks of this cup
Shall overcome the Evil One.

He seized the cup and emptied it at one draught, and—wonderful—the magic draught flowed through his veins like fire, and he felt courage and strength enough to combat a whole army. With sparkling eyes he hastened to the second valley,



"SHE IMPLORÉ FOR DELAY."

mounted the white horse, who greeted him with a joyful neigh, and then galloped as if in flight to the third valley, in which stood the mighty lance. Yesterday he could scarcely move it; to-day, with one hand, he swung it high over his head, as if it had been a small arrow.

By sunrise he was again at the Count's castle, waiting eagerly for what would happen, but the day passed and no one appeared. The sun had sunk to rest, and the moon had just risen in all her splendour, when in the north of the heavens was seen what appeared to be a dark storm-cloud. With the speed of lightning it approached the castle, and a voice, as of a bassoon, sounded from out the cloud: "Where are my propitiatory sacrifices?" At the same time a gigantic eagle, with greenish-grey wings, like the storm-cloud, hovered high over the castle, ready to

swoop down on his prey. Then the young man set spurs into his white horse, and shaking his lance high above his head, cried with a loud voice: "There are no sacrifices here for you, you robber! Begone instantly, or you shall feel my arrows!" On hearing these words, the eagle swooped down with a wild cry, before the shepherd could take his cross-bow, and the young man would certainly have perished had it not been for his presence of mind and the strength and activity of his steed. A touch with the spur, and it flew swift as the wind under a very old and thickly leaved linden tree, whose branches hung down almost to the ground, so that the eagle could only break in through the side.

This the bird at once attempted, and it caused his death, for his outspread wings became entangled in the branches, and the brave rider, with one powerful blow of his sword, severed the head from the body. But, oh, horror! instead of blood there came forth from the headless body of the eagle a huge serpent,

who, with wide-open jaws, approached the shepherd and tried to enfold him in the rings of its flexible body. By a skilful movement, it encircled the horse and rider, and crushed them until the young man thought he should be pressed into the body of his steed, but the horse pressed himself so close against the tree that the head of the serpent came round on the other side of the trunk, and thus it was hindered from harming the shepherd with its poisonous bite or breath. One stroke of the shepherd's sharp dagger, and the body of the serpent fell in two pieces to the ground; the horse immediately trampled on the head. But the hinder part of the serpent swelled and swelled, the cut became a frightful mouth, which spurted out smoke and flames, while from the rings of the serpent's body grew forth claws and wings, and at last a horrible monster in the form of a

dragon threw itself on the shepherd, whose strength had already begun to fail through the dreadful pressing of the serpent. But in his greatest need a saving thought occurred to him—he turned his horse round: it broke through the branches of the linden tree into the open field, and sped with its rider to the nearest stream, in whose waters they both cooled themselves. The dragon snorted after them, spitting forth fire and smoke. But as the head of the serpent, from whose body the dragon had grown, had been destroyed, there was no deadly poison in its breath, and the rider was safe from the flames through bathing in the stream. So he rode boldly towards the approaching dragon with lance in rest, and tried to approach it from the side; but all his blows glanced off from its scaly body as from a coat of mail. Suddenly it occurred to him to thrust his lance down the monster's throat. He turned his horse and spurred him straight towards the dragon, and thrusting his lance through the smoke and flame, stuck it right into the creature's throat. He was obliged to leave his lance, for his horse, singed by the fiery breath of the dragon, bounded far to one side; but the monster did not attempt to follow them, the lance had stuck deep into its body. It struck wildly with its tail on the ground, until the earth burst, then it shivered and fell over, first on its side, then on its back, a stream of fire poured forth from its wide-open jaws, and with the flames its life passed away.

Thus was the combat ended and the Evil One subdued. Joyfully the shepherd rode back to the Count and his daughter, and told them all that had happened. The Count, embracing him, said, "You are our deliverer, to you I owe my life and all that I possess:

take the half of whatever is mine, or choose from it whatever pleases you."

The shepherd gazed earnestly into the eyes of the Count's lovely daughter, and replied:—

"I know of nothing, sir Count, in the whole world which is dearer to me than your daughter. Give her to me for my wife, if she be willing."

The Count smiled. "Are you willing, my child?"

"I love him more than words can express," said the maiden, and sank on the breast of the shepherd.

The next day the marriage was celebrated with great splendour, and when Heaven had blessed their union with children, and these were grown up, the hero of this story, a shepherd no longer, used to say to his sons when telling them of his adventures: "There are three things by which one can subdue giants and evil spirits, and become great: courage, perseverance, and presence of mind."



"WITH THE FLAMES ITS LIFE PASSED AWAY."